

PHOTOPLAY



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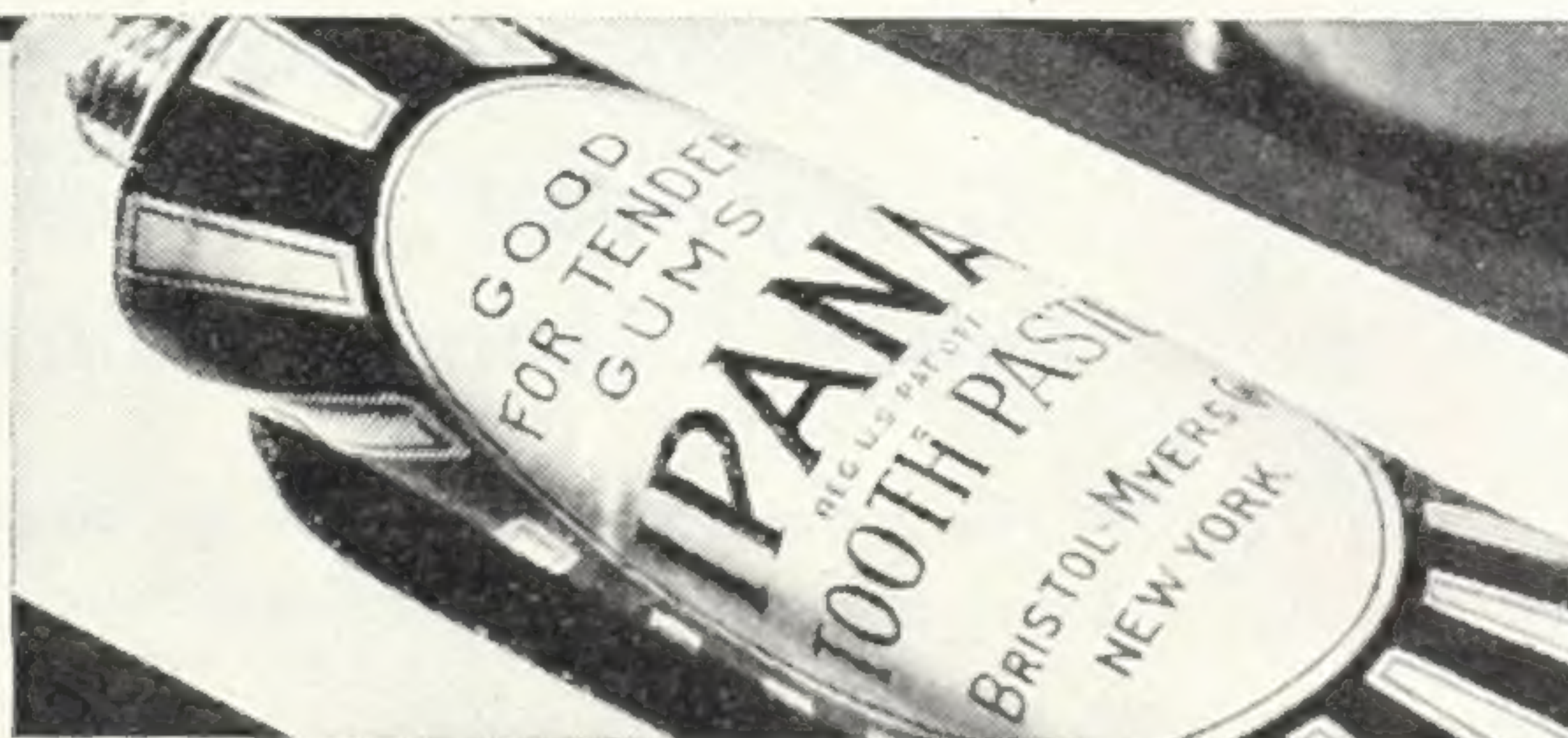
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★ The reproduction above of an original painting of Marion Davies by William Cotton is the third of a series of caricatures by famous artists of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIV No. 2

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

July, 1933



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

1926
"BEAU GESTE"

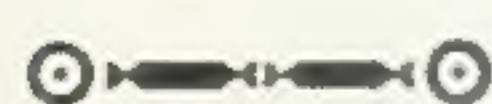
1927
"7th HEAVEN"

1928
"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"

1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

1931
"CIMARRON"



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On the cover—Helen Hayes—Painted by Earl Christy

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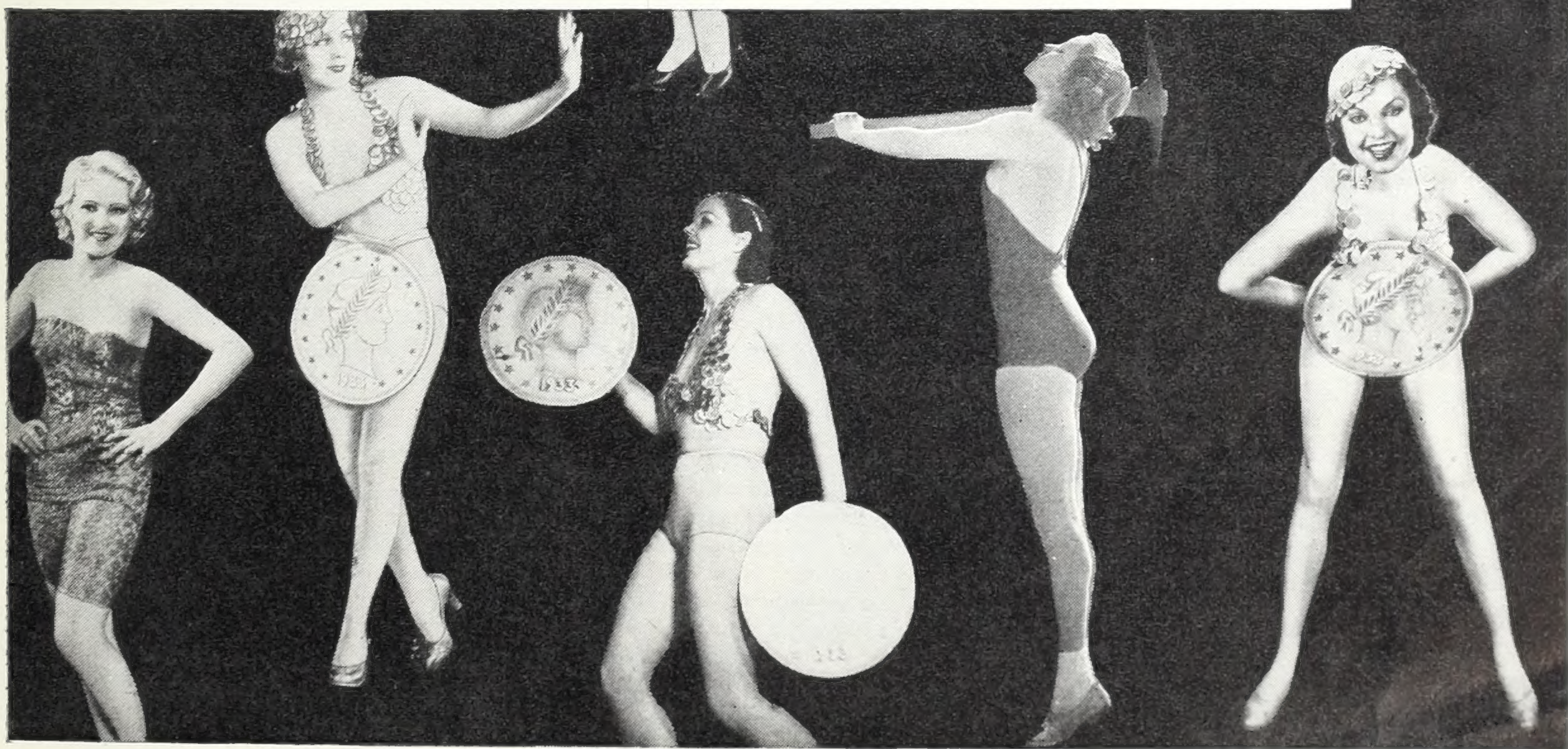
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THE GLORIES OF "42nd STREET" WITH

DIGGERS OF 1933



The Audience Talks Back

THE \$25 LETTER

During these difficult times I found I had only one dollar a week to spend on amusements, travel, etc. As one dollar would not pay club fees, bridge teas, etc., I gave them up and decided to use the money for movies and traveling—yes traveling. I travel by my own power downtown to a show four times a week to an early matinee and see the best for twenty-five cents. A distance of eight miles. That multiplied by four makes a very good walk each week for a woman of fifty-nine.

The walk now is nothing to me. I come in as peppy as I go out.

MRS. B. H. BRUCE, Toronto, Ont., Can.

THE \$10 LETTER

AT BEST

AT WORST

MARLENE DIETRICH

An angel with a past. Form without substance.

GRETA GARBO

A sunlit fjord. Venus with neuralgia.

MIRIAM HOPKINS

Scandal whispered in A cocktail without ice church.

LESLIE HOWARD

A poet selling bonds. A bond salesman writing poetry.

GEORGE RAFT

Pimientos and olives. An Eighth Avenue barber shop.

ANNA MAY WONG

Buddha winking. Sandalwood incense in Woolworth's.

CHARLES B. NELSON, New York, N. Y.

THE \$5 LETTER

Being the oldest sister of nine fatherless children I learned social etiquette mostly through the school of hard knocks, so I decided to help the younger members of the family. My mother and I planned to try movies. The children were thrilled with the idea being taught and entertained at the same time. It was delightfully surprising to see how fast they learned. Now they do and say easily and unconsciously the things that I learned through embarrassing situations.

R. F. SEAMOR, Tacoma, Wash.

RUBY'S STILL "WOWING 'EM"

After the recent releases featuring gigantic apes, lion men, waxen mummies and murder *a la carte*, "42nd Street" came as a great relief.

When you come down to brass tacks, there is one sure way to pep up a weary audience, a way that has pleased the tired business man—and others—for many years, and that is a group of pretty girls, some snappy music, good dancing and a few colorful scenes. Ruby Keeler demonstrates that Al Jolson has something to sing about besides his mammy.

HELEN M. WATSON, Concord, N. H.

Ruby Keeler is like a buoyant breath of spring air, after the exotic perfume of a Hepburn or Crawford. She conforms to no accepted formula for a heroine. Glamorous, sophisticated, beautiful, clever—it is evident that the usual glib adjectives do not apply. She is natural and individual.

If there ever was a time when the average American girl was the self-sufficient, artificial creature the movies made her out, Ruby Keeler has opened the way for a new era of individualism.

ESTHER M. SPORE, Oberlin, Ohio

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Not in years has a newcomer swept to such instant, widespread acclaim as did dainty Ruby Keeler with her "42nd Street." Perhaps this picture, showing her flashing humor and unspoiled sweetness, will help explain her swift rise to fame

NEW plays, new players, new favorites—how the kaleidoscopic scene shifts! But one favorite is still at high tide—dainty Ruby Keeler, who still dominates the mail.

"The White Sister" has provoked new encomiums for Helen Hayes, and revived the perennial *pro* and *anti* Gable debate. Joan Crawford's "Today We Live" will come in for universal attention, while, of course, "Cavalcade" is at peak. And how Baby LeRoy "wowed" them in Chevalier's "A Bedtime Story"!

But the most interesting fact of all, is seeing what discriminating audiences we have. Movies for idle enjoyment seem a thing of the past; our readers are thinking, studying what they want, more than ever before, and speaking their minds plainly about what they decide. With producers awake to this as they are, this is bound to give us the finest movies in years.

WHO CAN HELP?

I wish to get in touch with every movie Fan Club in the United States, but do not know where I can obtain a list. Is it possible for PHOTOPLAY to print this list in its next issue?

MAY REILLY, 424 E. 57th St., New York City

NOW THAT GARBO'S BACK—

In your April PHOTOPLAY, I read the story by Amelia Cummings about Garbo. It was extremely interesting, except—I disagree entirely on Miss Cummings' opinion of high school students and their preference for sweet girlish heroines. Heaven forbid!

We want Garbo as she is, as only she can be: "Glamorous!" She is our ideal. We love her and are waiting discontentedly till she returns to us.

Oh, please Mr. Producer, don't change our beloved into one of us. It is because she is unusual that we can escape from our uncolorful school surroundings.

JEANNE BENDELL, Norfolk, Nebr.

You can be sure I bought the April number of PHOTOPLAY with its two splendid articles, "Is the Garbo Rage Over?" and "What is This Thing Called 'X'?"

As far as I am concerned, the "Garbo rage" will never be over. Garbo has something that no other actress—not even Hepburn, Crawford or Dietrich, the other "X" girls—can ever possess.

I agree with the writer of this article that Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins are potential "X" girls; but Sylvia Sydney seems too sweet, too colorless, to have this quality. In her place, I'd substitute Constance Bennett, who is certainly slow-moving enough to qualify.

ROBIN MARSH, Syracuse, N. Y.

Your April issue asks what we suppose it thinks is a daring question: "Is the Garbo Rage Over?"

Here at last, we said, is someone who has courage to tell the truth.

But instead of a clear cut statement to the affirmative, there is paragraph after paragraph of evasion.

Garbo of the "silents" was really an illusion, mysterious, strange and fascinating. But then came the microphone. Garbo hurled her harsh, brittle tones at a surprised audience and the spell was broken.

If only she could realize that one must seek joy and accept sorrow to understand life, to acquire that mellow, rich personality that makes Marie Dressler great.

It takes more than cleverness to make an actress.

GENE MASTERSON, Bryn Mawr, Penna.

CANADA ON "CAVALCADE"

"Cavalcade"—what a marvelous picture! We, as British subjects, are obliged to take off our hats to the producers of "Cavalcade." Any company that is diplomatic enough to produce a picture revealing the history of another country, without a trace of sarcasm, ridicule or prejudice, deserves the salute of the nation represented.

Each member of the cast gave outstanding performances, but this only goes to signify that Britain produces the players, but it takes American companies to do them justice.

VICTORIA DONOVAN, Toronto, Can.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Meet Alma Mammy and Her Hotcha Pappy!

Here's dear old "Whoosis" set to
gay music!

Here's college... as a pink-kneed
rhapsody of kissable co-eds know
it... but dare not tell it!

Here's a picture with no long
underwear, but plenty of campus
life in the raw, raw, raw!

"College Humor"

A Paramount Picture with

BING CROSBY
RICHARD ARLEN
MARY CARLISLE
JACK OAKIE
GEORGE GRACIE
BURNS & ALLEN

DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES

Here's college daze and Ox-road nights
... done by a cast of song-dance-and
laugh stars... borrowed from Broadway,
the Radio, and Hollywood!

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (June)

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia.—Evalyn Knapp's wifely troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (April)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mae Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (April)

BACHELOR MOTHER—Goldsmith Prod.—Evalyn Knapp, James Murray and Margaret Seddon in a dull piece about a dear old soul who plays mother to placate a speed court. (March)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Graustark" with Myrna Loy. (June)

BEDTIME STORY, A—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears his sweetheart's father of murder. (April)

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (April)

BIG CAGE, THE—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (May)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (April)

BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL, THE—Paramount.—An ex-rough (Robert Armstrong), exposes and tells all in a "Teapot Dome" melodrama. Not for children. (March)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (April)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (May)

★ **CAVALCADE**—Fox.—"Battling through" from the Boer War to the present, with two contrasting British families. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard and others superb. Simply must be seen. (March)

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHILD OF MANHATTAN—Columbia.—Nancy Carroll and John Boles turn in a brightly done tale of a dance-hall Cinderella who marries the prince. (March)

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)

★ **CLEAR ALL WIRES**—M-G-M.—A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (April)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jobyna Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE—World Wide.—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (May)

CRASHIN' BROADWAY—Monogram.—Rex Bell starts as a stage cowboy, and while on tour becomes a real one. Doris Hill, Charles King, also help. (March)

CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE—Paramount.—Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (April)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

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and rules, turn to pages
32 and 33, this issue of

PHOTOPLAY
And start to win right now!

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox.—Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordan, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (April)

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (April)

DECEPTION—Columbia.—Slicker Leo Carrillo ropes Nat Pendleton into the fake wrestling game and Nat outslips the slickers. Wooden tale, but has good action shots. (March)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (June)

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.—A downtrodden cobbler borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (April)

★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN**—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing rum-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

★ **DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE**—Hal Roach—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (June)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Allied.—A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (May)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

EX-LADY—Warners.—Bette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eyeful. (April)

FACE IN THE SKY, THE—Fox.—A good cast with Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon can't make this a good picture. (March)

FAST WORKERS—M-G-M.—Mae Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (May)

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-shocked veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (June)

42ND STREET—Warners.—Outpoints all previous revues. Ruby Keeler jumps from chorus to fame in a big way—in the story and as an actress. You must see this! (March)

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (May)

★ **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie's in it. (April)

★ **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE**—M-G-M.—"What an inspired President would do to depression," splendidly played by Walter Huston. Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (June)

GAMBLING SEX—Freuler Film.—Ruth Hall, an heiress who shoots the wad, and Grant Withers, in a drearily done race-track tale. (March)

GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainsborough.—A spectral train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creaks badly. (May)

GIRL MISSING—Warners.—You can be, without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (June)

★ **GRAND SLAM**—Warners.—You needn't know bridge to enjoy this rollicking satire on bridge experts, done by a Russian waiter (Paul Lukas) and a hat-check girl (Loretta Young). (March)

★ **GREAT JASPER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

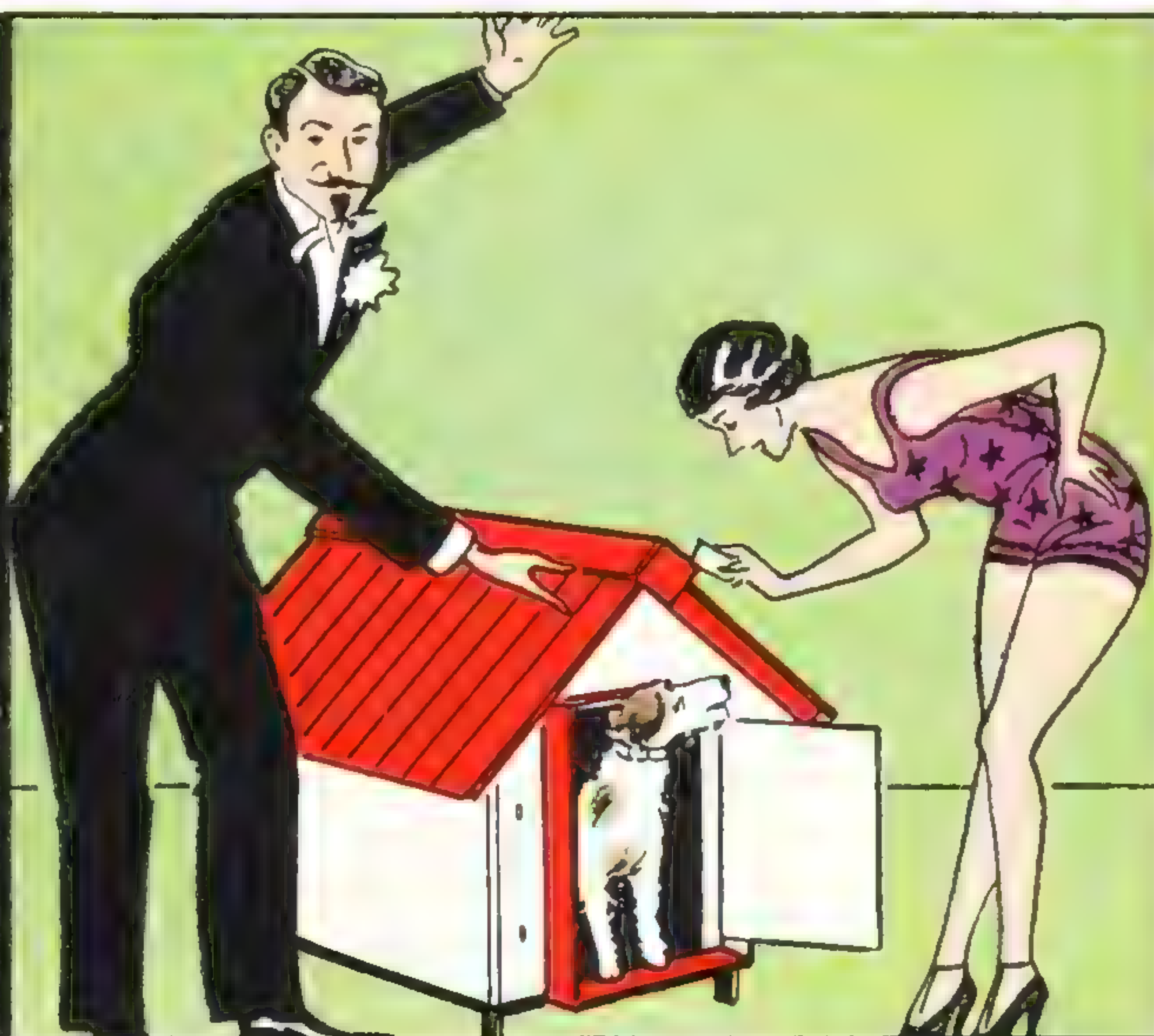
IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

SPECIAL TODAY
Live Dog
from an Empty Kennel



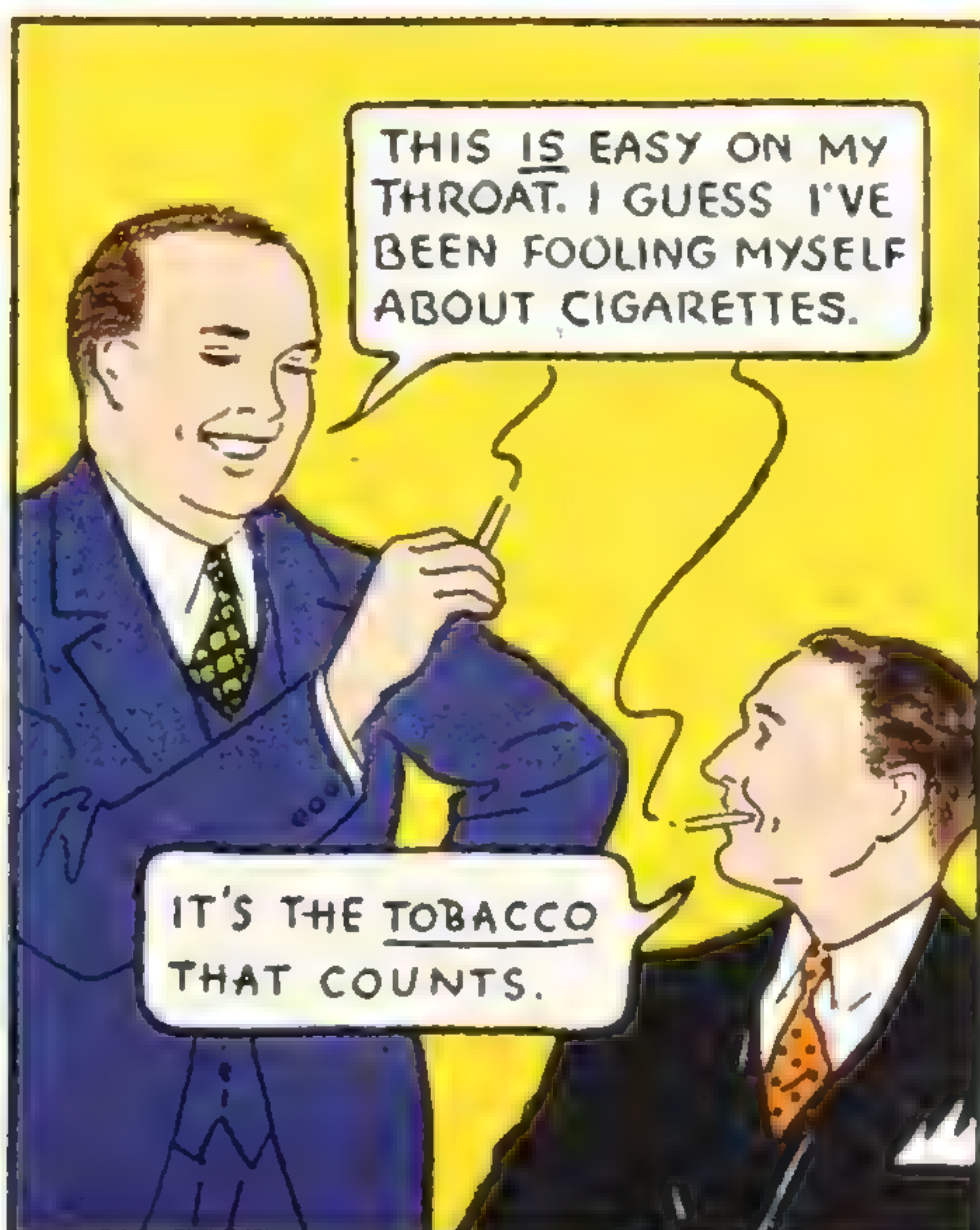
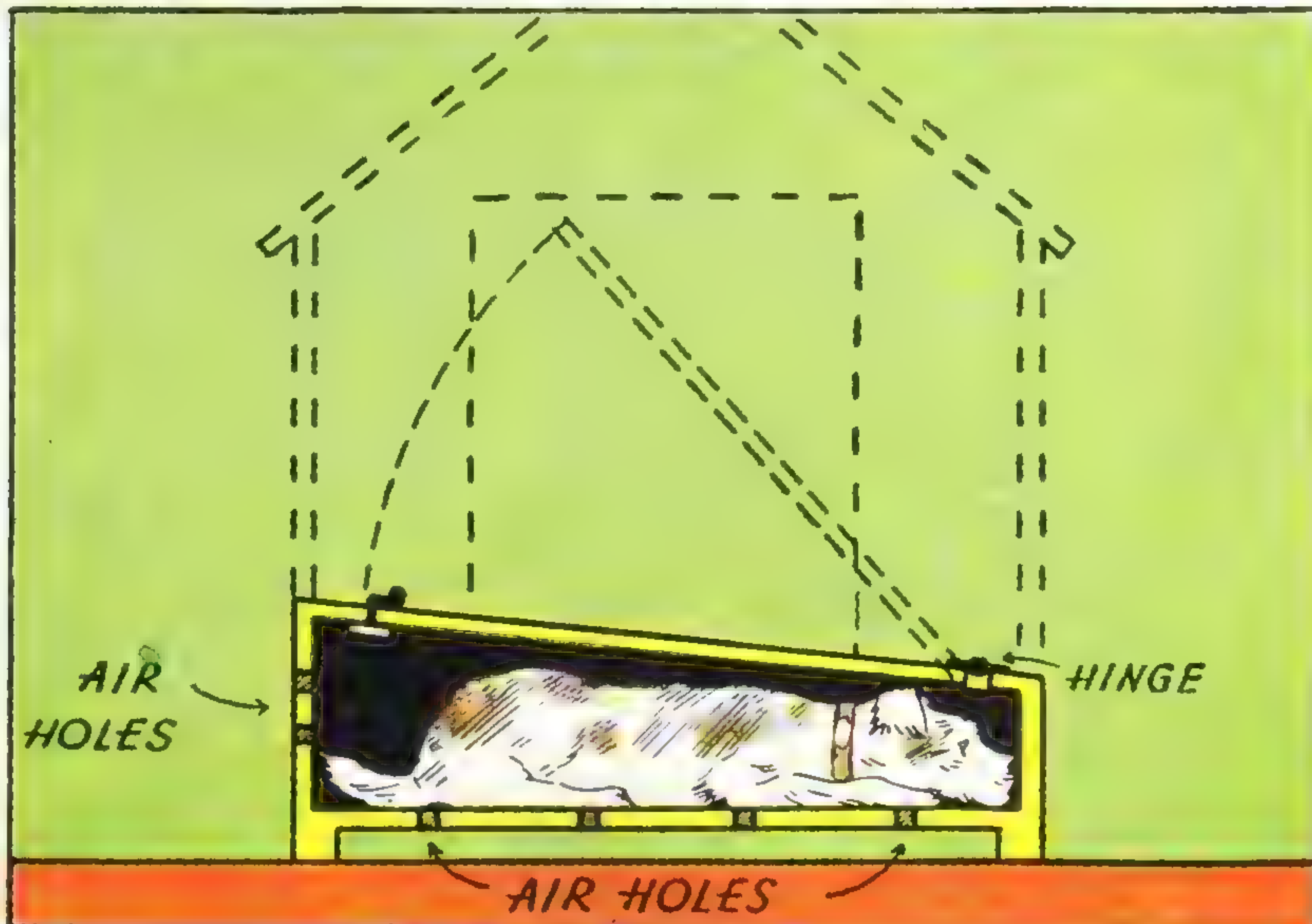
HERE'S WHAT HE SAW

THE MAGICIAN ERECTED A KENNEL ON SMALL PLATFORM SHOWING THE AUDIENCE EVERY SECTION OF THE DOG HOUSE AS HE INSTALLED IT. MAGICIAN WHISTLED AND OUT POPPED A DOG.



THE DOG WAS INSIDE. THE PLATFORM ALL THE TIME.

WHEN THE KENNEL IS BUILT THE MAGICIAN PULLS A CATCH IN THE FLOOR AND THE DOG JUMPS OUT.



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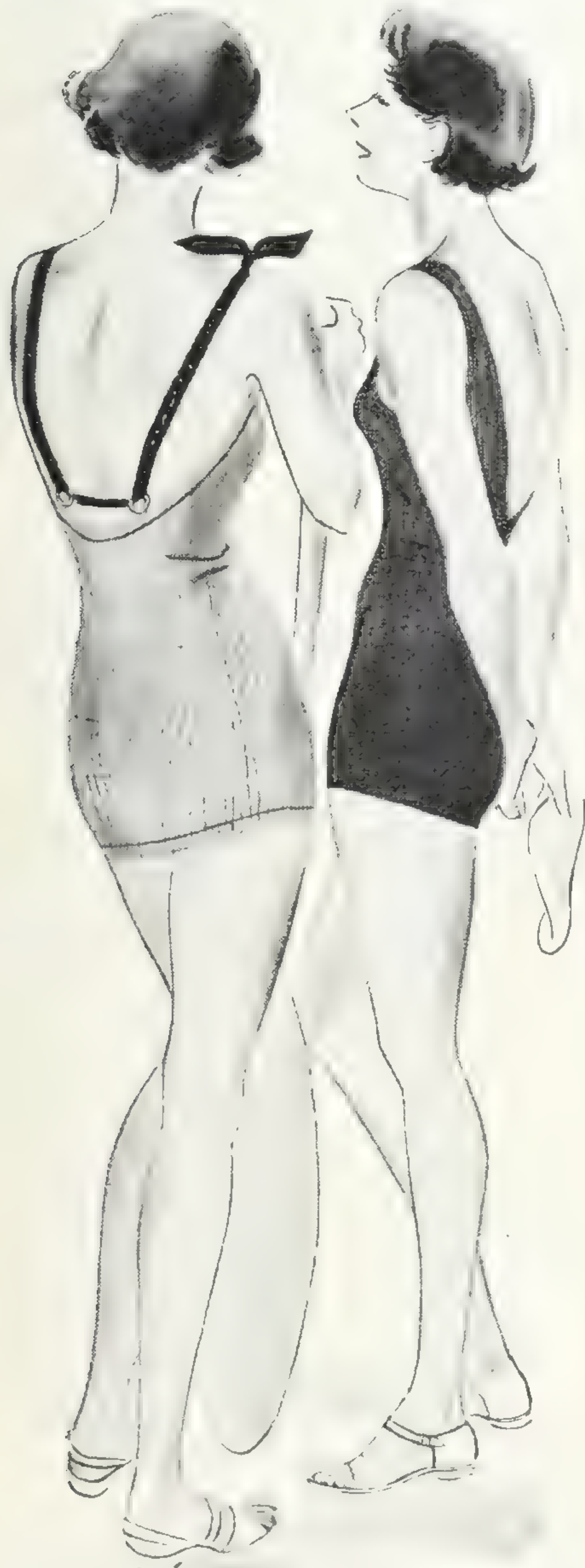
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SURF SUITS

LEFT: The Brassette—Swim and sun in perfect style in this smartest and least revealing of brassiere swim suits. The ingenious back strap prevents tugging at the waist and unties to assure an even suntan. ★

CENTER: The Cabana—Careful designing gives a beauty of cut and fit second to none in this Perl-Knit suit. The deeply rounded back points up to straps in contrasting color that tie jauntily on the shoulders. ★

RIGHT: The Bolero—A triangle of brightly harmonizing stripes is inserted vestee-fashion in this becomingly backless suit. And its many smart colors—whether gay and daring or subdued—flatter sun-bronzed skin.



LEFT: The Sun Tan—A high, fitted waist, and supple Ripple-Knit with Lastex, give this suit its slender silhouette. The contrasting adjustable strap slips through metal rings in back and ties piquantly on one shoulder. ★

RIGHT: The Sea Nymph—No wonder the simplest of unadorned lines are perennially smart in swim suits when B.V.D. does them so well. This low-back model comes in new and flattering colors.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

- HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM**—United Artists.—A novel arrangement of words and song with Al Jolson entertaining. (March)
- HANDLE WITH CARE**—Fox.—Introducing Boots Mallory, abetted by Jimmie Dunn. Two "Peck's bad boys," Buster Phelps and George Ernest, steal what show there is. (March)
- ★ **HARD TO HANDLE**—Warners.—Not hard, however, to take. Jimmy Cagney rises, via jail, from a marathon dance manager to a big business man in real estate. (March)
- ★ **HELL BELOW**—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Corking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (June)
- HELLO, EVERYBODY!**—Paramount.—Strictly for Kate Smith fans. They'll vote it great. Kate's dancing is a riot. (March)
- HERTHA'S AWAKENING**—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (June)
- HOT PEPPER**—Fox.—If rough humor suits you, here are *Sergeant Quirk* and *Captain Flagg* (Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen) tangling about Lupe Velez in a night club. (March)
- HUMANITY**—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (June)
- ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)**—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (May)
- IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)**—Warners-First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Francis Lederer) marrying beneath itself (Kaethe von Nagy). (April)
- INFERNAL MACHINE**—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (May)
- JUNGLE BRIDE**—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hooley. (April)
- KEYHOLE, THE**—Warners.—Kay Francis and George Brent lend romance to a blackmailing mystery. (May)
- ★ **KING KONG**—RKO-Radio.—A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (May)
- KING OF THE JUNGLE**—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's debut as the "Lion Man," tamed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (May)
- KING OF THE WILD HORSES**—Columbia.—Thrilling animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (April)
- ★ **KING'S VACATION, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but deft piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (April)
- KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE**—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (May)
- LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT**—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, doing a prison stretch, reveals her inmost thoughts; then goes gunning for an ex-sweetheart turned reformer. Not for children. (March)
- ★ **LADY'S PROFESSION, A**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh too much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Britishers unwittingly running a speakeasy. (May)
- LAUGHTER IN HELL**—Universal.—A Jim Tully yarn on the chain-gang theme with horror piled on in great gobs. Pat O'Brien is interesting. (March)
- LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE**—Warners.—Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prizefighter. (May)
- ★ **LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Warners.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (June)
- ★ **LOOKING FORWARD**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (June)
- LOVE IN MOROCCO**—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (June)
- LUCKY DEVILS**—RKO-Radio.—Bill Boyd and brother stuntmen who put thrills in the movies in a fast moving tale with a punch. (March)
- LUXURY LINER**—Paramount.—About a doctor pursuing an erring wife onto an ocean liner. Good cast baffled by a weak story. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 19]

Photoplays Reviewed in the
Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out
your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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What the Audience Thinks

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"Double rôles" always interest—and most of our readers say Walter Huston did splendidly with a variant of the idea in "Gabriel Over the White House." Here he is as the genial, back-slapping President, with Dickie Moore and Karen Morley. Later—but you might want to see

After having witnessed Noel Coward's "Cavalcade" on the screen, I feel that the movies will do more to bring about a better understanding between nations than anything else. When America undertook to produce thirty-three years of England's history, she did a great deed, proof of which can be seen from the manner in which "Cavalcade" has been received with enthusiasm in so many countries.

Although I am not an American citizen, I say "Thank you, Hollywood, for this magnificent spectacle which you have given the world."

ANTHONY GRAY, Montreal, Can.

HAIL, HELEN!

For ethereal beauty and sheer loveliness Helen Hayes' work in "The White Sister" is the finest seen since Minnie Maddern Fiske. Like the great Fiske, "La Hayes" by the shrug of a shoulder, the lift of a hand, even the arch of an eyebrow, conveys much that others must mouth in words.

True, one might decry the liberties taken with Marion Crawford's chronological sequence. Yet the creation of a vehicle for Helen Hayes' greatest achievement pleads its own exoneration. Not even producers' or directors' skill could have handled the religious scenes with such consummate restraint and emotional depth without an artist like Hayes. Her conceptions embrace all.

EDGAR MORE, Southbridge, Mass.

GABLEGRAMS—PRO AND CON

My hat is off to Clark Gable. Although my favorite for some time, I was rather upset when I heard he had been cast as *Giovanni* in "The White Sister." Just couldn't imagine

him in that rôle. But he more than came through—surpassing in my estimation the work of Ronald Colman, who proved a little too reserved. Clark made the character very sympathetic and I think deserves a rousing cheer for his fine work. Helen Hayes always turns in a splendid performance.

LENORE D. BRADLEY, Lonaconing, Md.

After reading the article or rather the statement of Clark Gable in your May issue, "I'd Do It Again," I can readily see why Clark Gable has made such a hit with the public. He is really in earnest about his pictures, and the way he relates this short sketch of his life's story, and how hard he struggled on to success, is wonderful.

L. E. McCUTCHIN, Quincy, Fla.

I may not get a prize for this letter—and probably many of the fairer sex will think I deserve to burn at the stake, but I am glad of the opportunity to express my candid opinion of that so-called "magnetic and irresistible lover" Clark Gable. I could resist his charms—yes, alone on a desert isle—those dimples on a big, rough he-man!

OLIVE B. PATY, Elizabethton, Tenn.

MABEL STARTED SOMETHING!

In your April issue, the winner of the twenty-five dollar prize states, in effect:

"Aren't we all types, butcher baker and candlestick maker? Then why complain of the typing of favorites?"

I beg to disagree. Admitted we are types, how quickly we can change when life gives us an opportunity to play a different rôle! I once saw a cook become a very passable Park Avenue matron through an advantageous marriage. Therefore, I like and want my

favorites to play a diversity of rôles. That proves they are actors and actresses, does it not?

HUGH J. McCONVILLE, New York, N. Y.

Was Mabel Argo's winning letter in the April PHOTOPLAY meant to awaken the public's thinking?

I, for one, understand a star's aversion to being "typed." To be able completely to hide one's own type in the creation of an unfamiliar personality proves that the star can really act. If Janet Gaynor could play a dual rôle in one cinema, what paeans of praise would be sung about her!

The great Garbo, because of her varied rôles, is a person of mystery. We wonder what type she really is in private life. We don't need much imagination to picture the real personality of the star who is paraded in feature after feature kindly to the star's type.

MYRTLE WARNER, Belmont, Calif.

Movie producers are too fond of "types." For example, Garbo in "As You Desire Me," or Crawford in "Rain." Two versatile and interesting players. But the little mannerisms, the tricks of speech and expression, were essentially Greta or Joan. In comparison take Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." While that picture lasted there was no Helen Hayes. You were watching the thrilling, tragic life of *Madelon* herself.

Garbo and Crawford are grand, but they need to get away from themselves for a while.

P. FRY, Toronto, Can.

A NEW STAR?

Yes, I have my favorites and many of them, too, but never before did I sing their praises to PHOTOPLAY. However, the stellar performance of Franchot Tone prompts this letter. What a splendid actor! His work in "Today We Live" ranks high above the others. Yes, I enjoyed Joan and Gary. Only Joan is a wee bit too tragic; her face a little too stark and startling.

But the friendship between Tone and his "pal" in "Today We Live"; I can never forget it. I think I shall always remember Franchot with his pipe between his teeth, his rare, illuminating smiles, his short, clipped speech, and, oh just everything about him!

PHYLLIS N. LATHAM, Pittsburgh, Penna.

READING THE RIDDLE OF HEPBURN

I have never had my opinion of a person change so suddenly as it did while watching Katharine Hepburn.

She had many qualities which I didn't like. She seemed awkward and had a terribly coarse voice. But after watching her for some time I was crazy about her.

She seems to be a person who is made attractive to other people by emphasizing all of her worst qualities.

MARY M. ROBINSON, Petersburg, Va.

What is this Hollywood influence? Katharine Hepburn is a perfectly normal, healthy girl on the stage, as mysterious as you or I. Then, Hollywood—and look at her—hollow cheeks, all bones, no flesh, staring eyes. Here is another lovely girl gone Garbo on us.

Miss Hepburn, please be natural on the screen as well as off. And please put on some weight. Otherwise, you are charming and very interesting.

YVONNE LASSUS, New York, N. Y.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Need new shoes
again, eh?

Yes—and I've
saved the \$3
to buy them



This modern tooth paste polishes teeth to sparkling whiteness —but never scratches

Next time you look into a mirror, ask yourself if your teeth are as beautifully white as you'd like them to be . . . if that 40 or 50-cent tooth paste you're using is worth the money . . . if you wouldn't better pay 25 cents and polish away that dullness and yellowness with safe, pleasant-tasting Listerine Tooth Paste.

And next time "baby needs a new pair of shoes"—or a new pair of rompers or a new sweater or what-not—ask yourself if \$3 or so saved on tooth paste wouldn't come in handy!

It's a simple case of common sense and arithmetic. You couldn't get anything better for your teeth and gums, at *any* price, than Listerine Tooth Paste. The Listerine name is your guarantee of that! But luckily the price is 25 cents—or about \$3 less, in a year, than the cost of any dentifrice worthy of being mentioned in the same breath.

So why not try a tube? You'll like the taste. And the new cleansing and polishing agent contained in this superior dentifrice will brighten your teeth amazingly. Being *harder* than the tartar that clings to the teeth, this ingredient swiftly removes it, together with tobacco stain and all other discoloration. But since it is *softer* than the tooth enamel, it cannot scratch or harm the surface of the teeth in any way.

Note how your teeth glisten and sparkle after you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Note how firm and healthy your gums feel. Note the pleasing, exhilarating sensation throughout your entire mouth. And buy yourself something you need with that three dollars you save! Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

25¢
For the
Big Tube



See what you can buy with the \$3 you save

Here are just a few of the things \$3 will buy. And you can save that much simply by changing to Listerine Tooth Paste!

HANDKERCHIEFS, HAT, or HOSE;
SWEATER, GLOVES, or KNICKERS;
PYJAMAS, or UNDERWEAR;
BATHROBE, or RAINCOAT; COL-
LARS, or MUFFLER; SNEAKERS;
MOCCASINS; HOUSE SLIPPERS, or
SHOES; RUBBERS, or GALOSHES;
BELT, SUSPENDERS, and GARTERS
(all 3); OVERALLS or LUMBER
JACKET; one or two DRESS
SHIRTS; NECKTIES, SHIRTS, or
CUFF LINKS; SPARK PLUGS, TIRE
CHAINS, or JACK; SPOTLIGHT,
or TAIL and STOP LIGHT; a
HORN, or BRAKE BANDS; AUTO
CLOCK, or INNER TUBE; 20
GALLONS OF GASOLINE.

AND IT MAKES THE BREATH SWEETER

Movie-Goers All Over the World



When two such players as Helen Hayes and Clark Gable are cast in a picture like "The White Sister," there's bound to be nation-wide comment. There was—with a wide variety of views, and most of the argument centering about Clark in the rôle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

NO DOZING HERE!

"A Bedtime Story" is anything but—perhaps that is why we enjoyed it so much. Is there anything, anywhere, to equal Maurice's clowning? That swaggering walk when he takes LeRoy for an airing is inimitable and typically "Chevalian." No one else could get away with it—it would be too vulgar. But we only sit and grin at him.

Baby LeRoy is a darling and smart enough without their having to fake a "da, da, da," on him, though I'll admit it was cleverly done.

I could go on and rave about the others, but that would take too long and someone might accuse me of "pulling" the show. Come to think of it, I am. It was a darn good show.

LALLA R. LETZ, San Antonio, Texas

The closing of our theaters because of wage disputes almost coincided with the banking holiday declared by the President and subsequent banking restrictions. Thus, when people most needed relaxation and entertainment, the greatest modern source of entertainment and relaxation was taken from them.

This was brought sharply home to me by the troubles of one of my friends, who was frantic over endangered deposits which represented life-time savings. She herself cried, "If only I could go to a movie and forget myself for a few hours I'd feel better."

Cleveland's movie-goers missed their movies so much that many drove twenty-five and thirty miles to neighboring cities to enjoy their favorite recreation

MARION KELLOGG, Cleveland, Ohio

THAT PERFECT "MAEDCHEN"

I pronounce "Maedchen in Uniform" the most perfect motion picture that has yet graced the American screen.

Gentle Dorothea Wieck's classic beauty haunts one for months, and her unassuming grace and intensity make Garbo and Crawford seem rather gauche. Flaxen-haired, demure Hertha Thiele is incomparably lovely. By comparison the posturing winsomeness of a Gaynor or a Nixon appears quite absurd. The cast, from the domineering, heartless principal to the last giggling, hysterical school girl, is immeasurably splendid.

FRANKLIN H. KENNEDY, Chicago, Ill.

To me, one of the chief charms of "Maedchen in Uniform" was the naturalness of the girls. Each had her own individual personality, and like any group in real life, there were homely as well as good-looking girls.

Our producers would have assembled a cast of flawless beauties for this, and lost half the story's realness—also much of the sympathy.

D. H. CHAPMAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

"GABRIEL" STIRS THEM

Walter Huston always comes through. It doesn't matter which kind of part he is asked to play, a hero or a villain, he is equally successful with either. In "Gabriel Over the White House" we enjoy him as a hero and a villain in the same picture.

Nobody could be more the genial politician than the *President Hammond* we despised before the auto accident, and nobody more the patriotic statesman than the same character after the transformation.

If there's a better actor in the business than Walter Huston, who is he?

MARSHALL MILLS, Boston, Mass.

The people of this nation are truly indebted to Walter Huston, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and the author for their work in putting "Gabriel Over the White House" before the public. It is the greatest and most dynamic bit of good propaganda ever put forth by any agency, including radio and newspapers.

Incidentally, after seeing "Gabriel Over the White House" I had occasion to walk past the Executive Mansion on my way home. And somehow it did seem quite plausible that the Angel of Revelation has made his presence known to the head of our country.

J. L. NORRIS, Washington, D. C.

After seeing "Gabriel Over the White House" I can truly say that it is the best picture I have seen in years. It not only shows the greatness of the actors and the director, but it gives the people of the United States a very good idea of the greatness of the man we have in our White House today.

I have never written to you before, but after seeing this picture I just couldn't help but let you know how I enjoyed it.

E. B. HARRISON, Lanett, Ala.

JACK VS. GEORGE

I have read "I'm Right, You're Wrong," PHOTOPLAY's story of why George Raft refused, and of how Jack LaRue accepted, the lead in "The Story of Temple Drake."

Raft said: "No woman would ever want to see me in any other rôle if I played it. They'd always remember me as *Trigger* and hate me."



Three musketeers who, with Gary Cooper, provide the romance, high adventure and pathos of "Today We Live." Joan and Robert Young, of course, you know; but Franchot Tone, at the left, may be new. He's displaying the pipe and smile mentioned in one of the letters we print

Speak Their Minds About Pictures

Now I believe Mr. Raft is wrong about that. I can't see why anyone could hate an actor—whether it be George Raft, Jack LaRue or any other—who to the best of his ability plays the part, even though it is the part of a killer and despicable character.

So I say, Jack LaRue is right.

LUCILE MANGAN, Eustace, Texas

"SCHOOL FOR SCENARISTS"

A play, a novel, a short story all require an attracting, almost startling, beginning to get the attention of the reader or onlooker. The film producers have been displaying excellent taste in the presentations of their pictures today.

An instance—I cannot forget the effects the introductions to two of last year's pictures—"24 Hours" and "Good Sport"—had on me.

Nowadays when one goes into a theater worrying about interest due on notes, the grocery bill, the security of his job, etcetera, he may not realize it, but the introduction does play an outstanding rôle in transferring him to a mood that will make him appreciate and enjoy the production.

MAY HASENFLU, Geneva, Ohio

Repression—the word of the hour!

Two lines with something between them, a suggested thought rather than a spoken one, and an after-theater feeling that here, at last, is a tid-bit to exercise the gray matter and go a long way toward raising the cinema from the level—a little above nadir—set for it by H. L. Mencken.

It's really a simple matter to make a good talkie. Just remember that repression is the motif—not *sexpression* or *depression*.

MAUD O'BRYAN, New Orleans, La.

TAKE A BOW, WESTERNS!

May I extend a "thank you" to a portion of the moving picture industry rarely mentioned in the pages of magazines by critics or by sophisticated movie-goers? I refer to the Westerns. What would we mothers of small boys do without them?

Parents really are in a difficult position. The productions which we enjoy ourselves are hardly suited to children, and yet we can't deprive the poor youngsters of such entertainment altogether.

And that's where the cowboys come dashing to our rescue!

Westerns may be crude, cheaply-made, naïve, but they are clean, wholesome, amusing and exciting without being gruesome. As for ruining the children's taste for better things—nonsense.

Don't boys always go through an adventure story age and then grow up to appreciate Nobel prize winners? My husband admits that the Nick Carter books were his favorite works of art when he was growing up.

MRS. J. WITHERSPOON, Fort Worth, Texas

SCREEN SUCCESS HINT

Screen personalities don't have to have "It." It's "C" or "G" that gives them personality-plus. Will anyone dispute this? Young actors and actresses who wish to make a name for themselves should be sure to select a name beginning with either "C" or "G," and if possible both.

What made Clark Gable rise to sudden fame? His initials, are they not "C" and "G"? Greta Garbo has the strong combination of two "G's." Of the three Bennett sisters, who climbed to greatest heights?, Con-



As the arresting schoolteacher of "Maedchen in Uniform," Dorothea Wieck created a veritable sensation by the artistic perfection of her work. Now that she is in Hollywood, everyone seems agog for news of what she will do to maintain the pace

stance, of course, because her first name begins with "C." The sweethearts of the screen, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell form this combination of "C G." Would Edward G. Robinson have risen to stardom without his middle initial? I doubt it.

GILDA TUCCI, Peekskill, N. Y.

MOVIES WERE NEW TO HER

A hill-billy farm, no money, no radio, barely enough to eat many times, mail twice a month, and terrible loneliness and isolation always. That was my home until about six months ago.

I am twenty years old and until we left our hill and came to live in this city, I had not seen a half dozen picture shows in my whole life.

The last one I had seen was two years ago.

I didn't really know how starved my soul was for entertainment and especially the kind of entertainment furnished by the movies, until I had an opportunity to go to see them regularly.

God bless the movies. I say it earnestly and reverently.

POLLY RAYMOND, Parkersburg, W. Va.

CASTS AT THE END

I went to a movie recently to see one of my favorite actresses

In the picture I noticed two or three players that I have always liked to see play, but never knew their names.

It worried me all through the show, but to both my joy and surprise the names of the cast were shown again at the end of the picture.

Why don't they do this more often?

MRS. C. DOWNEY, Akron, Ohio



Maurice and Helen Twelvetrees seem all captivated by Baby LeRoy—but that's not a circumstance to the way he's capturing audiences. Some do say he steals the show—but then, that's just what the plot was. It's no family scene, either—Helen is just the nurse. But a mighty charming one



Having finished her chore of the moment, Fay Wray cheerfully puts the lid on this part of her day's activity

Modern Jelly Making

STRAWBERRY JAM

4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit grind two quarts of ripe berries, or crush completely, one layer at a time, so that each berry is reduced to a pulp. Put sugar and prepared fruit into kettle, mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over very hot fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for one minute. Remove from fire and stir in fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just five minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin and cover. Each recipe makes ten glasses.

Ten Simple Steps Toward Perfection

1. Follow recipe to the minutest detail.
2. Thoroughly wash the fruit.
3. Kettle should be not quite half full of mixture. Large enough to permit full rolling boil. See illus. below.
4. If only half a bottle fruit pectin needed, turn bottle upside down. Hold straight until liquid runs out to exactly half bottle mark. See illus. below.
5. Fire should be hottest possible, in order to reduce cooking time and preserve fruit flavor and color.
6. Remove film, stir and repeat if recipe requires it. It will be helpful to have a bowl of water at hand to rinse spoon.
7. Pour *jelly* directly from saucepan into glasses. *Jams*, however, should be poured from measuring cup so fruit will be evenly distributed. See illus. below.
8. Melt paraffin over hot water while batch is cooking. Use new paraffin for best results. To facilitate pouring, use old coffee or tea pot. See illus. below.
9. Wait until glasses are cool before applying covers.
10. Store in cool, dry place free from dust and mildew.

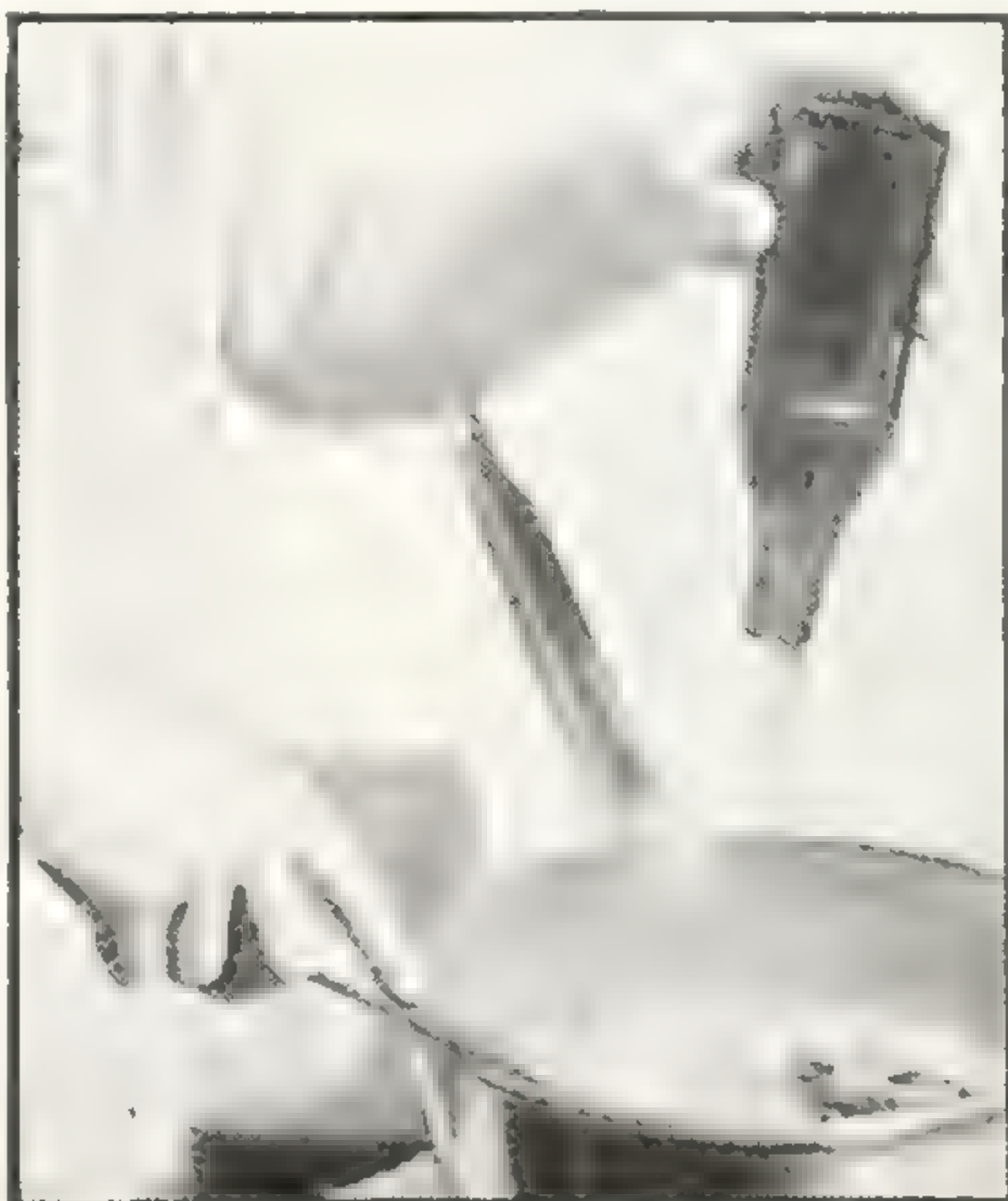
STRAWBERRY JELLY

4 cups (2 lbs.) juice
 $7\frac{1}{2}$ cups ($3\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

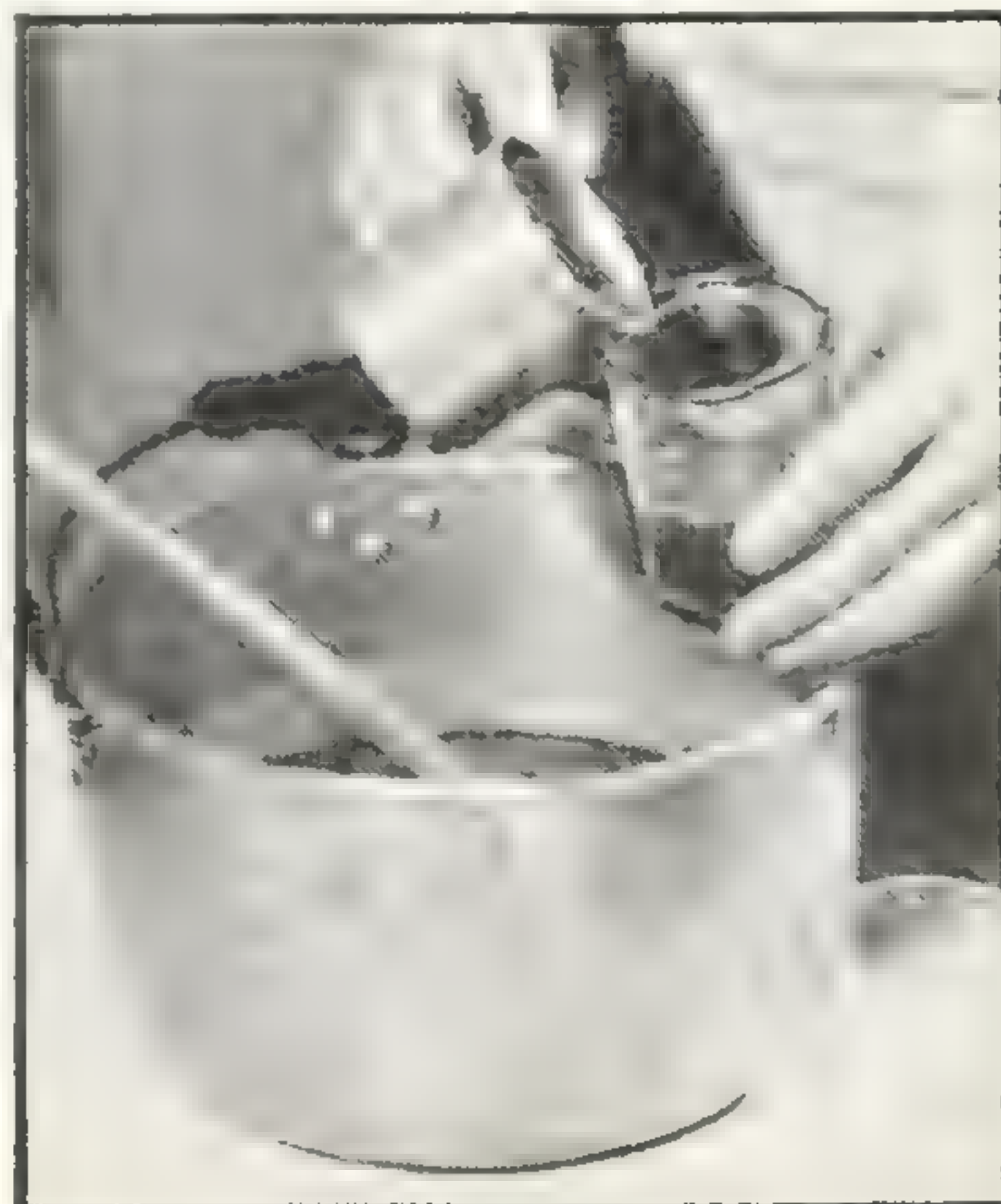
To prepare juice, crush thoroughly or grind three quarts of ripe berries. Place in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Put sugar and juice into saucepan and mix. Bring to boil over hot fire and at once add fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for one-half minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin and cover.



Fill kettle less than half so as to permit proper boiling



Always use fruit pectin for perfection in jelly making



Proper way to pour jams for even distribution of fruit



Use an old coffee or tea pot for pouring the paraffin

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

"M"—Nerofilm —Based on the Duesseldorf child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (June)

MADE ON BROADWAY—M-G-M —Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (June)

MALAY NIGHTS—Mayfair Pictures.—Hopelessly dull yarn of the Malay pearl beds with Johnny Mack Brown, Dorothy Burgess and others. (March)

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (April)

MAN WHO WON, THE—British International.—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (May)

★ **MASQUERADER, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman does superbly in the double rôle of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (May)

★ **MEN MUST FIGHT**—M-G-M.—Pacificism vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (April)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MIND READER, THE—First National.—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Paramount.—Lionel Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wife Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia —While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

MYSTERIOUS RIDER, THE—Paramount.—Kent Taylor, Irving Pichel, Lona Andre and Warren Hymer achieve a well-done Western. (March)

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, THE—Warners.—A Technicolor shocker about a half-crazed wax museum proprietor (Lionel Atwill) who uses weird (and deadly) methods on Fay Wray to get exhibits. Don't take the kiddies. (March)

NAGANA—Universal.—Scientist Melvyn Douglas and Tala Birell seek to conquer sleeping sickness, but nearly succumb to African savages and crocodiles. Good atmosphere and animals, however. (March)

★ **NO MAN OF HER OWN**—Paramount.—Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at their best in a near-naughty, but delectable story of a gentleman-crook reformed by love. (March)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

OFFICER 13—Allied.—What happens to a motorcycle cop (Monte Blue) in a politics-ridden force, when he tries to avenge a fellow officer killed by a politically powerful driver. Half hits the mark. (March)

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (May)

OUR BETTERS—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated (and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (May)

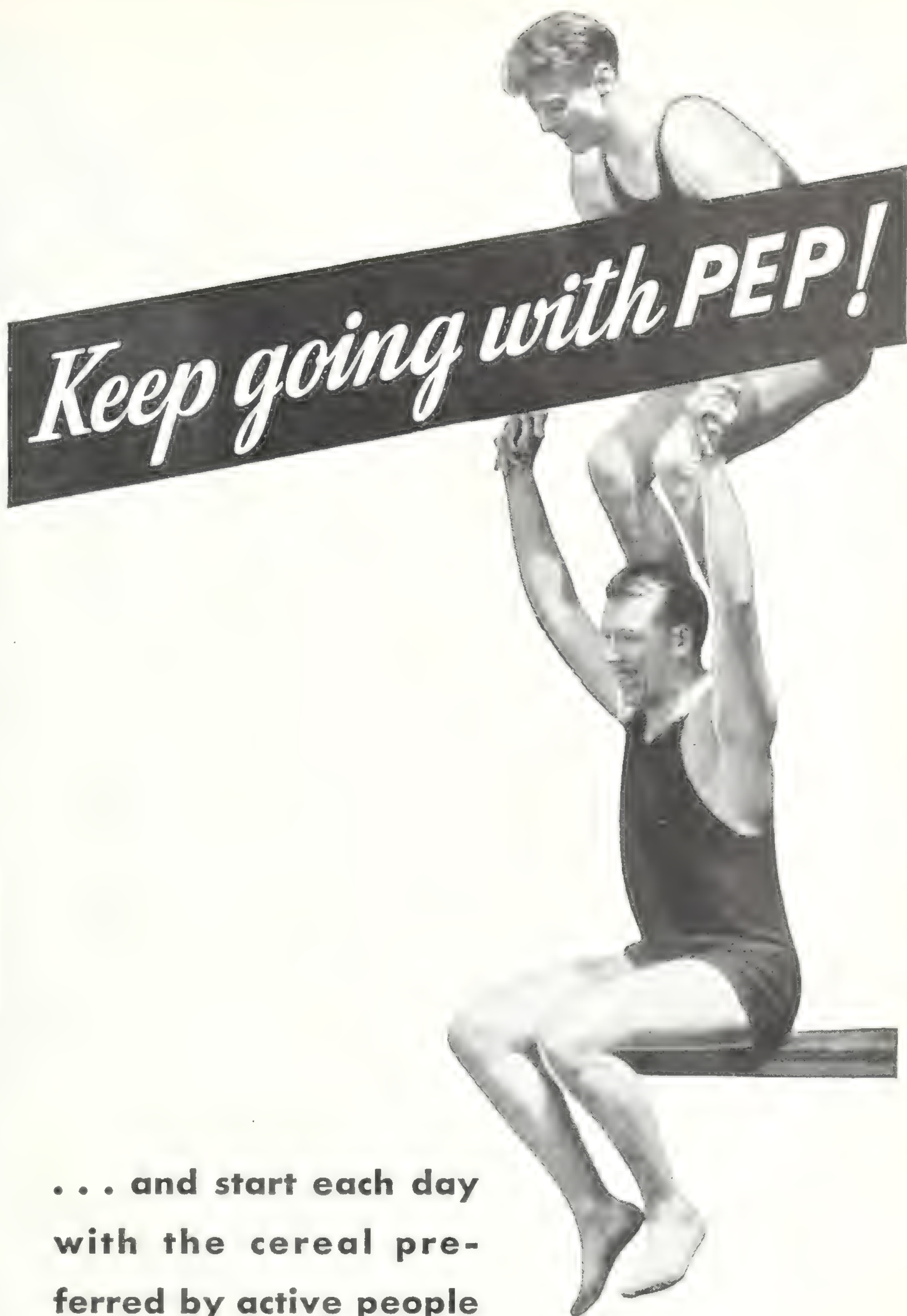
OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (May)

PARACHUTE JUMPER—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh in crazy but enjoyable attempts at aero-rumrunning and tangles with gangsters (Leo Carrillo). (March)

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mae Clarke. (May)

PAST OF MARY HOLMES, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen MacKellar re-does Louise Dresser's "The Goose Woman," about a half-mad, gin-soaked opera star involved in a murder mystery. An involved plot, nicely acted. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



... and start each day
with the cereal pre-
ferred by active people

THERE'S a flavor — a hearty goodness about Kellogg's PEP. It appeals to all active people. It's wholesome wheat . . . flaked and toasted crisp. Delicious with whole milk or cream. Sliced fruit or honey adds wonderful variety.

Countless people enjoy PEP every day. Wheat adds energy

to active bodies. Vitamin B. Proteins. Healthful minerals. All these — *plus* bran! Enough to be mildly laxative.

Enjoy PEP for breakfast, lunch or supper. Always good. Buy a package from your grocer — oven-crisp in the WAXTITE bag. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



Remember *Her*?

How

could I forget

her!

Of course she remembered Helen! Helen was the kind of girl you couldn't easily forget. Poor thing—it was not her beauty, not her charm, that lingered in the memory, but something else about her . . .



HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

Without knowing it, *everyone* is subject now and then to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Even one offense is hard for others to forgive—or forget. They do not bother to find out whether you are *habitually* guilty of this grave social fault. They take it for granted that you are, and whisper among themselves. But do they tell *you*? Never. That, of course, is the insidious thing about halitosis. You never know . . .

There is only one way to play safe. Gargle and rinse the mouth with Listerine. Do this every morning, every evening, and whenever you are

going to meet others. Make it a habit as inflexible as bathing or brushing the teeth.

Then you will be *sure*. For Listerine ends halitosis promptly. It instantly corrects the *cause* of 90% of all cases of unpleasant breath—fermentation of food particles lodged in the teeth. And simultaneously—because of its deodorant power—Listerine overcomes the odors themselves.

There is no other product for this purpose that can compare with Listerine. Ordinary antiseptics can't hide, in 12 hours, odors that Listerine corrects *at once*. Clinical tests under

medical supervision, have established that fact.

So make sure you use *genuine* Listerine. You will find it most agreeable—with none of the medicinal flavor of harsh mouth washes. Listerine is the *safe* antiseptic with the *pleasant* taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

LISTERINE
instantly overcomes
HALITOSIS



Otto Dyar

IF this is the way Janet Gaynor smiled at Henry Garat when she went to see him off at the train, we're not surprised that *Monsieur* left Hollywood raving about its beauties. Now Janet is intriguing Warner Baxter in their latest picture together, "Paddy, The Next Best Thing." Little Miss Gaynor certainly registers strongly with her leading men



Irving Lippman

“ONLY God can make a tree,” sing the radio crooners, but talkies surely made a star of Helen Twelvetrees. They developed her into one of our fairest feminine flowers. Maybe that’s why she spent so many sunny hours in her garden after finishing “A Bedtime Story.” Now Helen is doing “Disgraced,” and how she can play that kind o’ rôle!



Clarence Sinclair Bull

WASN'T so long ago Nils Asther left Hollywood because of his speech. But he worked and studied to perfect his English and that's how he shed his heavy accent. Since his return and talkie success, Nils bought a hillside home overlooking the broad country. "Night Flight" is soon to be seen and he's working in "Strange Rhapsody"



Hurrell

LANGUOROUS lady; seductive, exotic—wouldn't you know we were trying to expose just a faint glimpse of what the lovely Jean Harlow can be like when she starts out to do some serious sirening? "Hold Your Man" is her latest production, and the story is as vivid as its intriguing title; Jean's going platinum in more ways than one

Beautifully
Waved
Hair



Set right with Sta-Rite Wave Set
kept right with Sta-Rite Hair Pins!

THE sweep of a wave . . . the wisp of a curl . . . how important they are to the evening's success . . . and pleasure. And how easy they are to have when you use STA-RITE Wave Set. Delicately fragrant, colorless and pure, it leaves your hair soft, lovely and "natural." Use it freely without fear of "wave set dandruff."* Buy it at your favorite store in convenient 15, 25 and 50 cent sizes.

New hair fashions require modern hair pins — common old-fashioned pins just won't do. STA-RITE'S individualized selection offers you three styles, each created to meet a definite hair dressing need. Trust them to keep your wave in place just as you arrange it and comfort yourself with the knowledge that "Sta-Rites won't fall out." At all stores or send 25 cents for complete dressing table assortment.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO.

Shelbyville, Ill.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Toronto, Canada

STA-RITE

"Precious Little Aids to Beauty"



STA-RITE
Dressing Table
Assortment

Contains the complete selection of Sta-Rite pins—Sta-Rite DeLuxe (half round) Bob Pins, Sta-Rite Regular Hair Pins and Sta-Rite Invisible Bobs. You'll want to keep this attractive cellophane wrapped vanity box on your dressing table. Takes care of your hair pin needs for weeks to come and costs only 25c.



* STA-RITE
Wave Set will not leave
flakes or scales in the hair.

Be sure your Beauty
Shop uses these Sta-
Rite toilet requisites.

"Keeping slim...means keeping our contracts"
explain JOAN BLONDELL *and* WARREN WILLIAM



Enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" on the set between the scenes of "Goodbye Again"—the new Warner Brothers production.

How the famous "Hollywood Lunch" has helped stars "keep fit without fat!"

EXCESS WEIGHT carries a terrible price in Hollywood! It can mean not only loss of public popularity, but a *cancelled contract*, too. Is it any wonder screen stars become practical dieticians?

They *know* menus! And they eat the foods that build energy, and shun the dishes that *add flesh*.

Heavy lunches are out!

Visit any studio around noontime. You'll see few stars indulging in a heavy, fattening meal. Stars need pep—not pounds—for the afternoon grind. And they get it with what has become famous in moviedom as the "Hollywood Lunch!"

Here, for example, we see Warren William and Joan Blondell, catching a meal at the Warner-First National studio

between shots of their new picture "Goodbye Again." What are they lunching on? Just this . . . *a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!*

Keep fit with "Hollywood Lunch"

If you want to keep fit, pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest tasting malted milk you ever drank—Borden's Malted Milk!

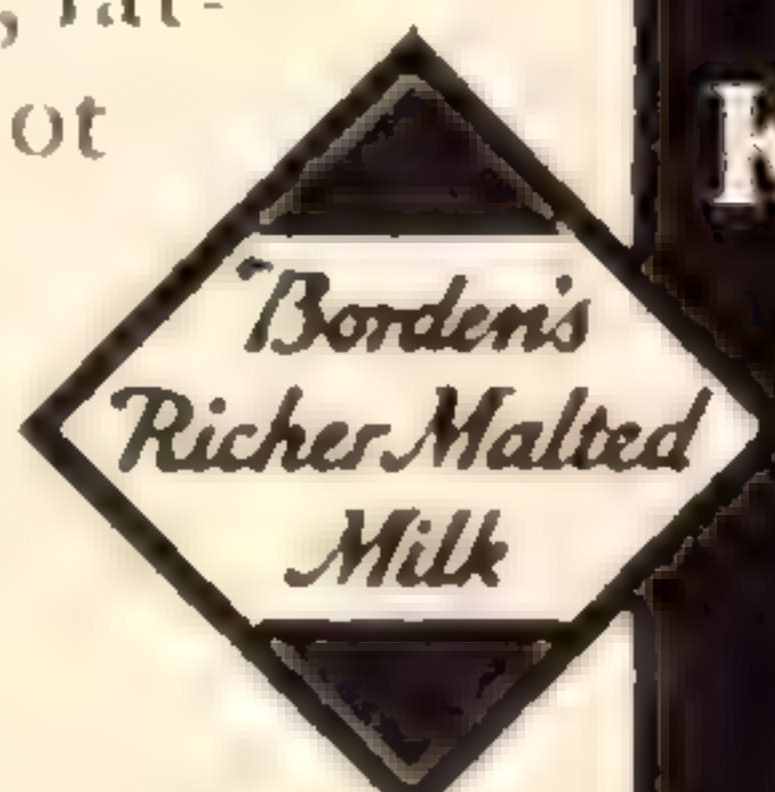
Why Borden's is better

Borden's is better because it's richer.

Richer in nourishment and energy-building values. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And infinitely better-tasting, because every attendant at a soda fountain serving Borden's is instructed, by Borden, how to mix the *perfect malted milk!*

Have your first "Hollywood Lunch" tomorrow. Note how delicious it is—and how satisfying!

And remember—you can also buy Borden's Malted Milk in handy glass jars for home use.



KEEP FIT with the "HOLLYWOOD LUNCH"

... A SANDWICH ... AND A GLASS OF

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

LILIAN HARVEY, wonder woman! No one believed, at first, that she could really do all that the publicity department claimed for her. But she does toe dance, tap dance, walk a tight rope, she competes in long distance swimming meets and fancy diving, rides horseback and stunts while bicycling.

A reporter said: "I believe all but the tight rope walking." So she led him to the music hall on the Fox lot where they had a tight rope and not only did she walk it but she *stunted* on it.

AND, devotees of dieting, what do you think of this? She eats seven meals a day! Yes, seven! The other day in the Fox commissary, she consumed a heavy soup, corn beef, cabbage and boiled potato, a full sized chicken salad and two orders of apple pie *a la mode*.

At two thirty the same day, she returned between shots for tea, fruit salad and a double order of apple pie *a la mode*.

Gary Cooper says she's the *darndest* woman he ever met. We can't improve on that description.

WAS George Raft smart in refusing to play the rôle of *Trigger* in "The Story of Temple Drake"? *Trigger*, you will recall, is the despicable bad man of the picture, portrayed by Jack LaRue.

Undoubtedly, if such a long established actor as Gary Cooper, Clark Gable or Robert Montgomery had been cast for this rôle, there would have been a storm of protest from motion picture theatergoers.

The story, from William Faulkner's novel "Sanctuary," is morbidly sordid. Miss Hopkins' picture vitality is too robust to be seriously damaged by her part as *Temple Drake*. And Jack LaRue is not handicapped by a record of particularly pleasant rôles. He has always done his work well as a more or less sinister type and is a splendid actor. Nevertheless, there is always a line on which it might be wise to pause.

In any event, I doubt that anyone will insist that "The Story of Temple Drake" is entertainment in its best sense.

GRETA GARBO tried to creep into Hollywood via San Diego without being seen. Marlene Dietrich secretly tried to creep out of Hollywood by train and

likewise failed. The world has learned at last that this isn't press-agent stuff. Garbo is really timid of people.

And Dietrich fears America's racketeers. It is safe to prophesy that no screen woman will ever occupy a more exalted place in the eyes of the public than either of these.

Possibly never as high again.

Indeed the twilight of all screen goddesses may be at hand. For is it not possible to foresee in this changing world that the star system, whose downfall has so often been predicted, may come about within the next few years?

And yet Hollywood defies all prophecy.

ACCORDING to *Variety*, of every ten actors in Hollywood only one can find a part during the year.

Records show that of nearly ten thousand—and this included bit players—practically eleven hundred got jobs with the major companies.

And the army of seventeen thousand extras fared far worse.

Directors, too, are on Meager Street. Out of about four hundred recognized ones, a trifle over half actually were in action during the twelve months' period.

Obviously, today, Hollywood offers but a long shot gamble to the newcomer.

NEVER, in the history of motion pictures, has there been such a wholesale dropping of contract players.

Joan Bennett is out, after onemore picture at Fox. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Marian Nixon, Nancy Carroll, John Gilbert, Bebe Daniels, and many others, including Tala Birell and Lew Ayres, who are out at Universal no longer have contracts.

It looks like every actor for himself in the future. No matter what you meant to the studio yesterday, it doesn't mean much tomorrow.

And yet, Hollywood's greatest economic pressure is the lack of leading men.

Women stars can't begin their pictures until the few men in demand have finished with the lady ahead of them!

Hollywood, the paradoxical!

WHEN Dorothea Wieck of "Maedchen in Uniform" fame arrived in Hollywood, an American friend said:

"Your English will be much better than ours, for we depend so much on slang."

"Oh, but I slang, too," Dorothea corrected. "Nuts. Ya. See? I told you!"

MOTION pictures are always in the wrong. Just like a child with a stepmother. Either they are too tough, unchaste, horrible, inartistic, or frivolous. Now they are accused of being too serious.

And most of this criticism has come from those people who maintain that picture making is only an industry, whereas they pretend to insist it should be an Art. And don't forget a capital A. They say what the world now needs is a few good laughs.

AS I have pointed out more than once before in these pages, the life represented on the screen is more often than not a reflection of current conditions. Consciously or unconsciously, the producers have followed public psychology—what the great majority are thinking about. And that is art at its best. It has always been so. Comedy is said to be the need of the day. But that is only a half truth, for comedy is the need of all times.

Let the critics go ahead and manufacture comedy if they can. You cannot make people laugh for two hours by waving a wand. That there are not more good comedies on the screen today is not because the producers do not know the great value and need of them. It is because they are so hard to create.

THE phone rang in the M-G-M publicity department. "Please give me Joan Crawford's phone number," said a child's voice.

"Sorry, sonny, but we're not permitted to give out Miss Crawford's number."

"But I gotta thank her for a gift she sent me," the voice persisted.

"We'll be very glad to do it for you."

"No, I wanna do it myself," the child answered.

"Well, we can't give out her number to strangers. That's final."

"Hey, you, I'll have you know me and Joan are good friends."

"Say, who is this, anyway?"

"Jackie Cooper."

THEY wrote the new Connie Bennett story, "Bed of Roses," "on the cuff."

A common Hollywood expression—meaning the company has no script but makes up the story, dialogue and all, as it goes along.

It takes a clever director and clever star to do that. Gregory La Cava did much of "Gabriel Over the White House" in that way. Also, "The Half-Naked

Truth." This time, he had Connie to help him. Luncheon on the set. Dialogue between bites. Working from eight in the morning until midnight. The picture completed, Connie sailed for Honolulu.

Incidentally, Connie always takes a hand in her own direction. Which sometimes sends directors home. Remember Fitzmaurice on "Rockabye"? But La Cava welcomed her help, for this director believes in using all the brains that happen to be around him.

JASCHA HEIFETZ, famous violinist and husband of Florence Vidor, was telling a group of interested listeners how hard he had worked and how long.

"I began supporting my family when I was five years old," he said impressively.

"And before that I suppose you were just a bum!" spoke up Harpo Marx.

THE executive office at Paramount might well be called "The House of Lost Hopes."

Bebe Daniels built it for a dressing-room. Paid for it herself, but because she built it on Paramount's property it didn't belong to her.

Four months after she moved in, she moved out of Paramount. Contract not renewed.

She left it to Richard Dix. He was that happy! He ran around saying, "Look what I have," and inviting every one in for a—sandwich.

Four months later, he was gone.

Then Clara Bow. Three months later—

George Bancroft. Three weeks—

Naturally, no star would use it. Their superstitions are real to them.

As far as that goes, neither scenario writers nor executives have grown old in it. Perhaps there is some sense in these superstitions, after all.

LEE TRACY'S big scene in "Dinner At Eight" (in fact, his *only* one) consists of telling John Barrymore, playing an actor, that he is through.

"You're dead and you don't know it," Lee screamed during the first rehearsal.

Jack interrupted to scratch his head. "You know, Lee, those lines of yours sound faintly biographical."

LIKE their baths, stars must have their daily movie shot. Away from the studios—resting or vacationing—they carry their little "home" movie cameras with them. When they are not having their friends shoot them, they are shooting their friends.

One of the neatest tricks of the year—and it was a double play at that—was that of Clark Gable and Helen Hayes. Each surprised the other by presentation of a film secretly made of the other while waiting on the set.

It is just as hard to keep a movie actor away from the lens as it is a reporter from the smell of ink.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

This Soap . . . Camay . . . Can Help a Girl in All her Beauty Contests



How satisfying—to be the object of admiring eyes! This is but one reward of having a lovely skin.

Your friends see it—your husband sees it—the world at large sees your skin better than you do. And the impression others get of your beauty depends upon the care you give your skin.

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Not on the word of some society lady or movie actress. But because Camay improves the skin of every girl who is smart enough to use it—because Camay is

milder, more luxuriant of lather, more delicate on the feminine complexion.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

In the past six months thousands and thousands of clever girls have changed their old soap habits. They've taken up Camay.

Camay should cost more than other soaps. It doesn't—it costs you less! Check that up and see what a surprise is in store for you!

Maybe you think it's going a bit far to say, "You, Madame, are competing in a Beauty Contest!" But so you are—every day you live. The curve of your lips, the contours of your cheeks, the very texture of your skin—all are visible to the searching, judging eyes of men and other women.



• *Camay is a mild beauty soap that gives abundant lather in both hard and soft water. Ideal for the complexion, and delightful in your bath. Try it today!*



• *Make a rich, creamy lather with Camay, a soft cloth and warm water. Apply it generously to your face and neck. Then rinse with cold water.*

Copy, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Joan Looks Forward



"It is only an expression of weakness to blame others for our mistakes or bad luck," says Joan Crawford. "We alone are responsible for that"

THIS is an exclusive interview, given by Miss Crawford for PHOTOPLAY. In it she answers several questions her public have been asking, and tells, for the *first* time, the intimate details of her marriage to Doug, Jr. *Ed.*

"My marriage was *not* a failure," Joan Crawford said.

It was like a volley shot after the orgy of publicity attending the breaking up of Hollywood's famous love match—the marriage, just about four years ago, of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

"Some people may think our

What will she do with her future? How about that "new romance"?

marriage was a failure," Joan explained when she saw my puzzled expression. "I don't, personally. I don't think it was a failure, for both Douglas and myself gained something from it. I don't care what experience a person has, it is not a failure if he gains something from it.

"What did I gain from my marriage? I gained experience; I gained self-respect; I gained character; I gained insight—and I didn't lose anything.

"When I married I was self-conscious and super-sensitive. Things happened the first months of our marriage, things over which Douglas and I had no control. Thoughtless things were said by people, many people. I was hurt, many times. So was Douglas. But we minded our own business and did the best we could.

"Since then I've gained something else. I've gained self-sufficiency."

"Then you don't blame any outside influence, or anyone else, for the unfortunate ending of your marriage?" I asked her.

"Certainly not. If things didn't work out the way we wanted them to, it was because of us—not necessarily a fault of our own, but just the result of circumstances and conditions over which we had no control.

"It is only an expression of weakness to blame others for our mistakes, or for our bad luck. No one else can be responsible for what happens to us. We alone are responsible for that."

Somehow it is rather evident that a woman who thinks like Joan Crawford is able to take any hand life happens to deal her, and play it rather well.

It will be recalled that when Joan filed suit for divorce in Los Angeles recently, she charged Doug, Jr. with "mental cruelty." She told of his

jealous, suspicious nature, questioning her at length as to where she had been, with whom she had talked, with whom she had lunched, and various other activities.

This attitude, she said in those divorce papers, had become unreasonable during the past year.

Joan said in her complaint, "Mr. Fairbanks added a habit of arguing with me about the most trivial of objects. He talked loudly at these times and the arguments would continue far into the night."

These arguments kept her from getting necessary rest and made her so [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

By William F. French



Dietrich is really as happy as she looks here in "The Song of Songs." "I am free. Do you know what that means?"

WHEN you read this Marlene Dietrich will be in France.

When is she returning! to the country that gave her international fame and to which she has, in turn, added a certain prestige?

I went to ask her this question a couple of days before she was to depart. And I was really a bit sorry I had sought her. She was so like a young girl beckoned by spring; so like the adventurer off to his first uncharted cruise of exploration.

"I am free. Free! Do you know what that means? I do not want plans.

"I do not want to know exactly what I will do.

"I am going to France and spend the summer with my husband. Is that not enough?"

She stretched her arms toward the great-beyond which lay, not in the luxurious little dressing-room in which we were talking, but in the great world into which she was going after nearly three years in American studio activity.

"This is the day I have waited for. Now, I can sit back and wait. I do not have to plan. If a beautiful story should come, I can do it. This is my new arrangement with Paramount. I have signed for only two pictures. Now, no one can say, 'We must have a Dietrich story. It must be finished by a certain date.'

Marlene *Is Free* *At Last*

By Ruth Biery

"A company cannot be expected to let a star sit back and wait a year if she wishes. It cannot afford to let her wait until the right story comes. It has an investment.

"But, now, there is a new idea contract.

"Freedom means happiness. I have it.

"Why must I say what I will do when I do not want to even think about it?"

MARLENE'S fight culminated in her new freedom, after she had shown her dissatisfaction.

"I telephoned Mr. Von Sternberg in Berlin and he advised me to make 'The Song of Songs.'

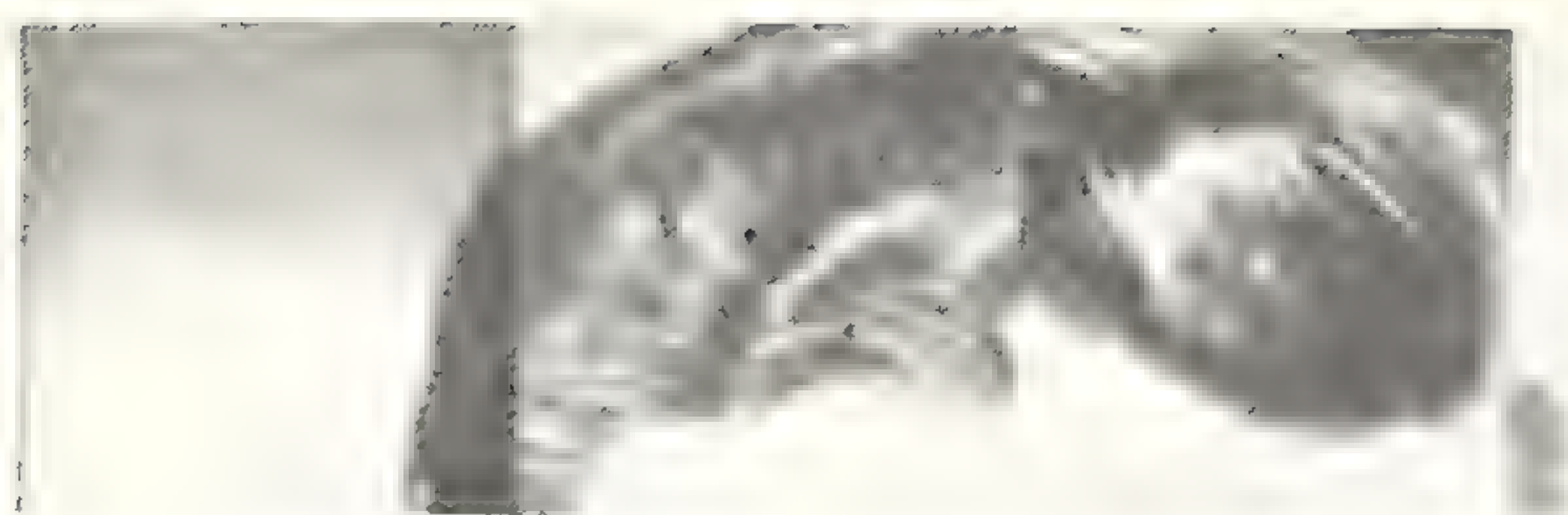
Now I do my own way about

everything. No, I'll not sign another long contract. Never!"

It is well known that Paramount offered her the proverbial world-with-a-fence. Price was no consideration. As for directors, they welcomed Von Sternberg with a home-week celebration. He is to do a Crawford-Gable picture while Marlene is away.

Whenever Marlene speaks of "we" and "our" she is referring to the team of Dietrich and Von Sternberg. "We can produce

our own, if we desire. When they make a picture in America, they have a hundred thousand [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



\$1,50000 *in* Prizes

HEREWITH begins PHOTOPLAY's new and fascinating "Movie Muddles" Contest—with handsome cash prizes totaling \$1,500 for those who prove most skillful in working puzzles that all of you will enjoy.

Puzzles that provide the fun of cut puzzle pictures, jig saw puzzles, and that test your knowledge of motion pictures and motion picture stars, all in one—yet are so planned as to be neither tedious nor time-consuming!

The prizes and rules are on the opposite page, and of course you'll want to understand them thoroughly.

WHAT "MOVIE MUDDLES" ARE

Across the tops of these two pages you will find sixteen strips, each divided into four parts; and each part shows a portion of a face. You are to weave eight of these strips together until you have one complete face, every part matching; then to do the same with the remaining eight strips.

But when you have completed the weaving, two of the parts on each strip will be hidden; and the strips can be rewoven so these hidden parts form another face. So altogether this month's "Muddle" will yield four complete pictures, when all the solutions have been found. Another "Muddle" printed next month in

our August issue, and a third, printed in our September issue, will complete the contest.

Do not send in solutions until you have finished all three sets. Be sure to read contest rules on opposite page before you begin work.

HOW YOU COMPETE FOR A PRIZE

To compete for a share in the \$1,500 prizes, you first find all four of the pictures which can be obtained from each "Muddle," and identify each person shown. Then assemble each "Muddle" to show two of the four faces. Then beneath each picture you name the person shown, and a picture in which that person has appeared. You also name the two other persons whose pictures could have been made with that "Muddle," and motion pictures in which

they have appeared. Then send your completed entry, mounted on paper or cardboard, to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., in time to reach them by midnight of September 20, 1933.

That's simple, isn't it, as well as good fun? While neatness of arrangement will be considered in selecting the winners, elaborate presentations will have no better chance than plain, simple ones.

HINTS FOR WORKING "MOVIE MUDDLES"

Herewith we give two sketches to suggest how you work out a "Muddle." For instance, if you think the eyes on strips A and B in Fig. 1 belong in one face, cross the strips as shown. Then, if you think the part of a nose on strip C belongs with the two eyes, place it as shown; and continue weaving in other strips, matching the features, until you have a completed picture, such as shown in Fig. 2. (But take note: While the strips in Fig. 2 are shown somewhat apart, so you can see the "weave" in your entry they should fit neatly and correctly together. And these sketches, of course, are just suggestions as to how to proceed.) Start now to play this new, fascinating game!

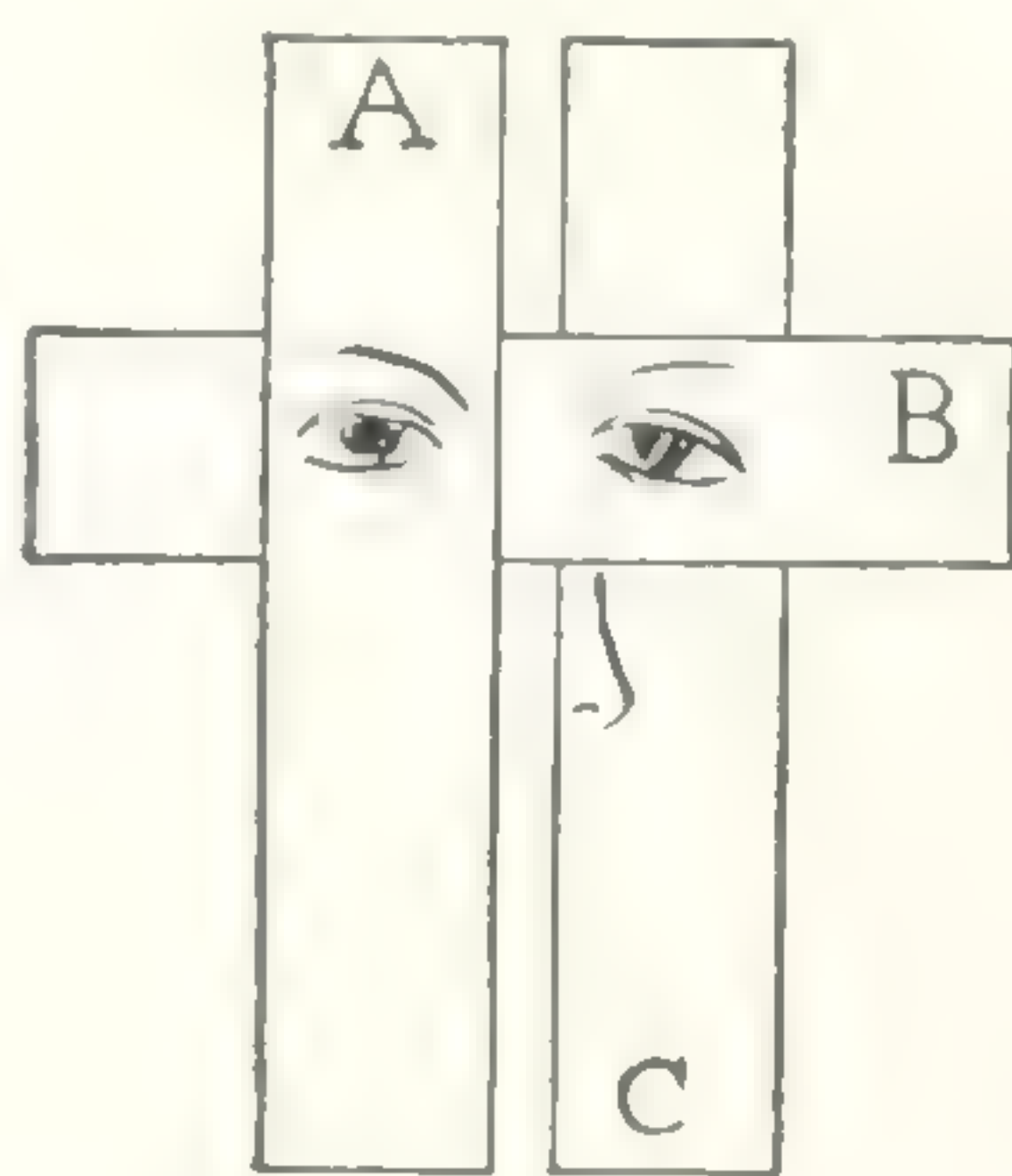


FIG. 1

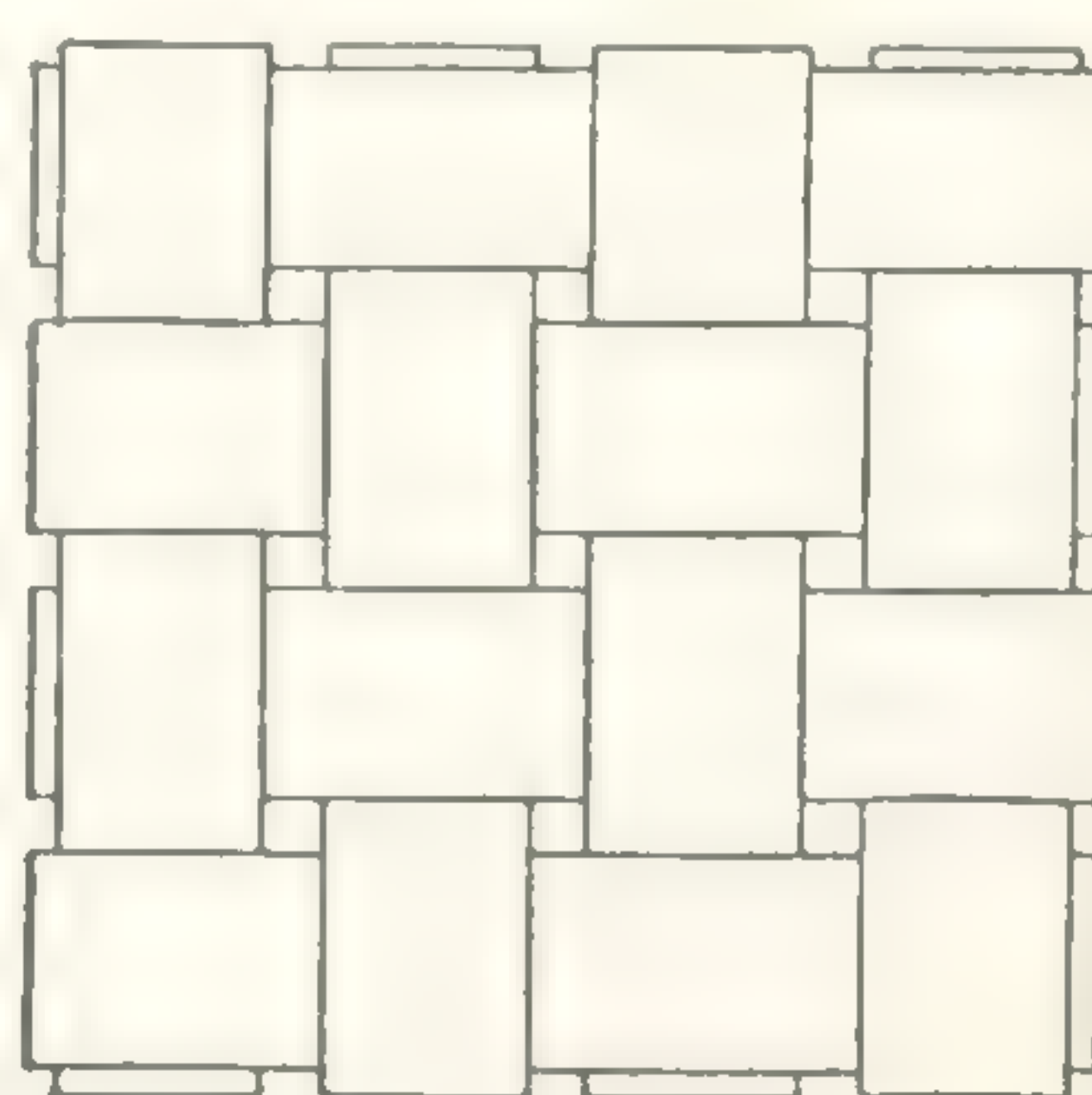
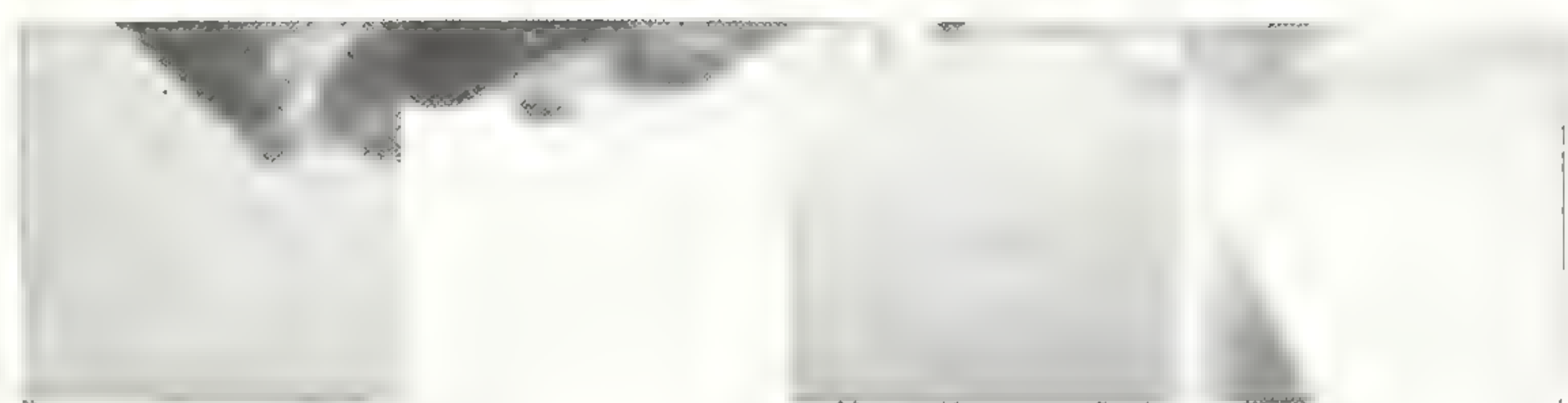
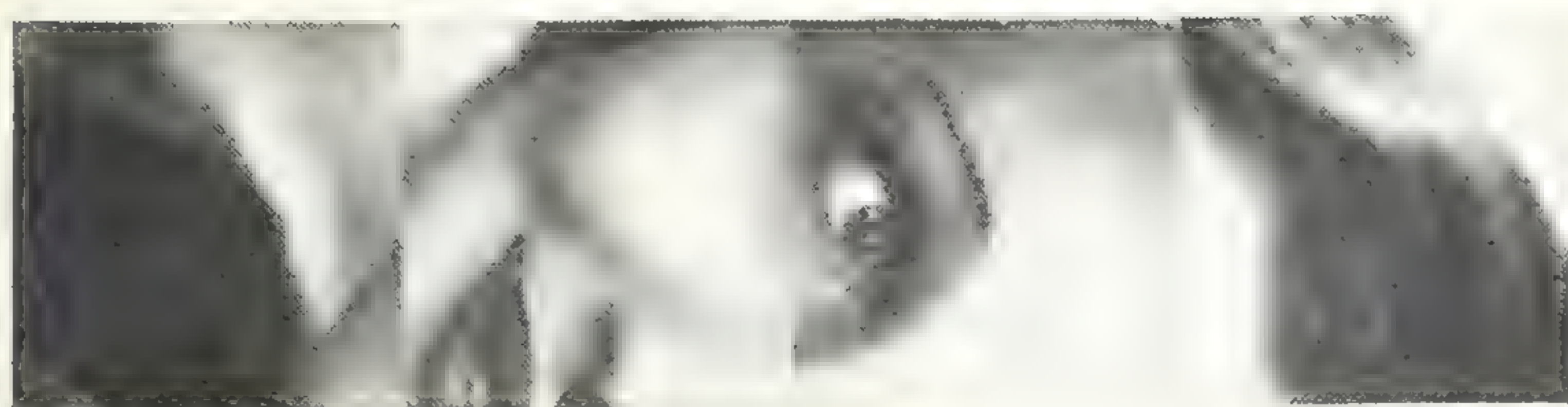


FIG. 2



for Movie Muddles

1. Eighty-four cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$500.00
Second Prize.....	250.00
Third Prize.....	100.00
Fourth Prize.....	50.00
Forty Prizes of \$10 each.....	400.00
Forty Prizes of \$5 each.....	200.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing "Movie Muddles" of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four pictures, each divided into sixteen parts, with the parts arranged upon sixteen strips, will appear in each issue; and the strips will constitute the "Muddle" for that issue.

3. The parts will be so arranged that eight strips, properly selected and properly interwoven, will present a picture of one actor or actress, while the remaining eight, properly interwoven, will present a picture of another actor or actress; but it will also be possible by a different interweaving, to obtain the pictures of two other actors, actresses, or of an actor and actress, as the case may be, with the sixteen strips.

4. Correct solution of the "Muddle" presented in each issue consists of two correctly interwoven pictures, together with the

correct names of the two persons shown, the correct names of the two other persons whose pictures could have been obtained by a different interweaving, and, with each of the four names of persons, the correct name of a motion picture in which that person has appeared.

5. Each of the three "Muddles," or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the required names written, lettered, or typewritten below the two pictures obtained from assembling each month's "Muddle."

6. \$1,500 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly arranged solutions of the three "Muddles" presented during the contest.

7. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Muddle" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Muddles," accompanied by the required names and information, as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on, or attached to, your entry, and that it carries sufficient postage.

8. Aside from accuracy in solving the "Muddles" and giving the required

names, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired.

9. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You may copy or trace the strips from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

10. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

11. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions should be in by that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

"Is It True You Are Not Getting A Divorce?"



Suddenly, Wally stopped, a look of suspicion in his eyes. "Say, what are you driving at, anyway?" he snarled.

"Ah hah," said Lilly. "It's true, then. It's true what all Hollywood is whispering. Isn't it true, you are *not* getting a divorce?"

"By heavens," screamed Wally, "I'll get you for this. You trapped me into this. Who do you think you are? Mae West? Well, go on and spread your scandal. Tell the world I defy them. Tell them all. If I never act in another movie, I'll not get a divorce to please anyone. Not if I lose every follower I ever had."

And with that, he leaped into his airplane, and for days he flew over Cahuenga Pass while down below the town of Hollywood seethed with the scandal.

Alas, poor Wally, when the gas runs out.

Into the Fredric March home the woman now known as "Lilly, the Scandal Scooper," next found her way.

The handsome Freddie, as unsuspecting a lad as ever *Jekylled* into a *Hyde*, met Lilly at the door of his Laguna Beach home.

"Come in," he smiled. "Glad to see you. Mrs. March will be down in a moment. She's caring for the baby."

"You're between pictures, aren't you?" Lilly beamed (a dyed in the wool beamer, was Lilly).

"Yes, I've just finished 'The Eagle and the Hawk' and I'm getting a little rest and recreation before my next one."

"You're getting it here?" Lilly asked.

"Oh, Mr. Beery," gurgled Lilly, the magazine scandal snooper, "I hear you just dote on your baby, Carol Ann!"

"Oh, Mr. Beery," gurgled Lilly, the magazine snooper (Lilly was a gurgler of the vilest type, and a blonde to boot. But practically no one had the nerve to boot her), "I hear you just dote on your new baby, Carol Ann?"

That was, as near as Lilly remembers, about noon on Tuesday. On Thursday, at 3:30 p. m., Wally was still talking about Carol Ann.

"And you take her everywhere with you, don't you?" Lilly managed to interrupt.

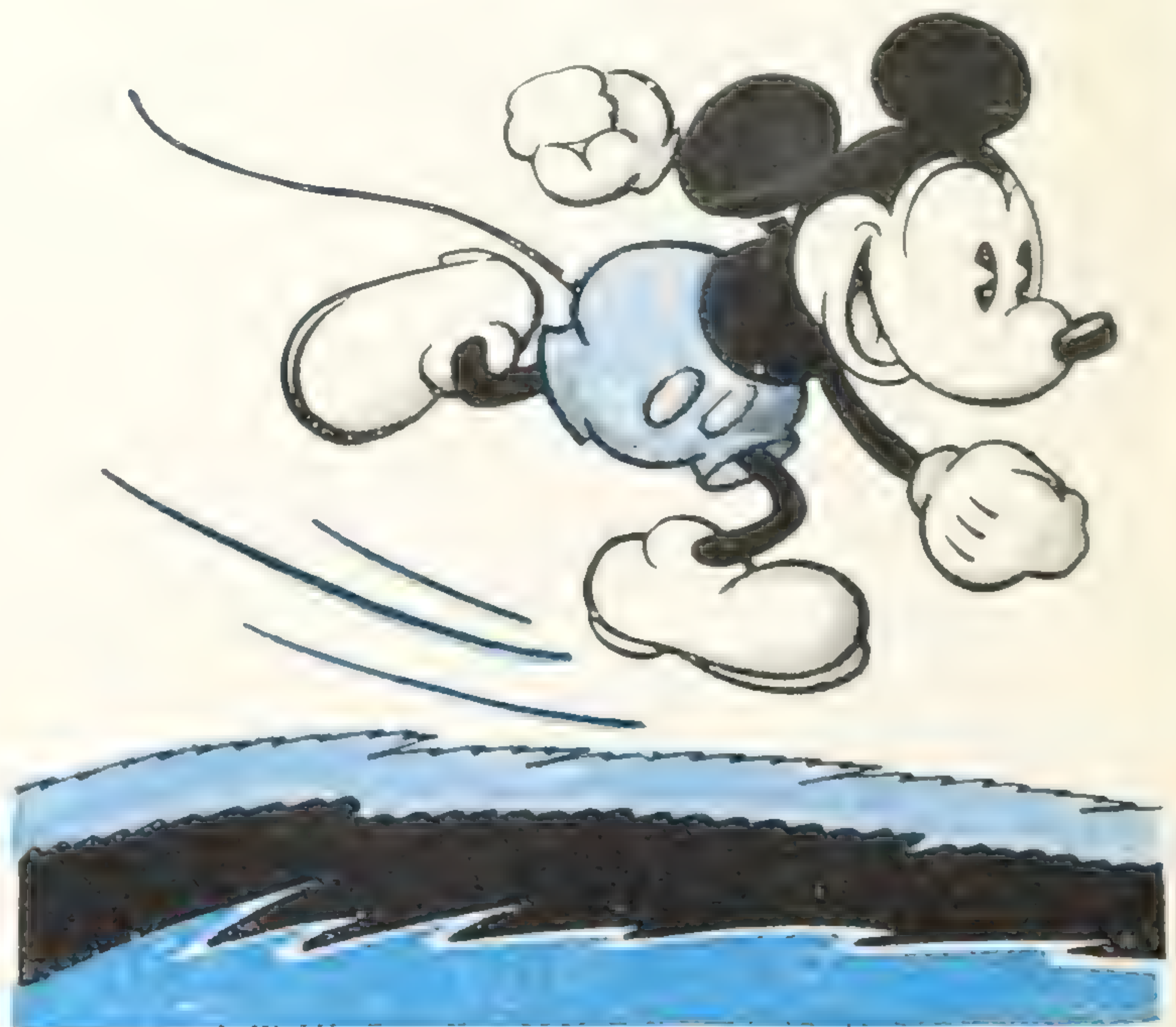
"Say," Wally boomed, "that kid is my life. I—"

"And you care for her yourself, don't you?" Lilly bubbled. (The hussy was a bubbler as well.) "Changing her little er—I mean—"

"I do," Wally cried. "And what's more, I buy all her clothes. Myself, personally. Why, when I'm away from that kid two hours I can't wait to get home."

"Oh, then you are happy to get home?" Lilly urged.

"I am," Wally went on. "Since those kids came, Mrs. Beery and I have everything we need to make us happy. We—"



Lilly, the snooper,
claims it's hard to find
couples that are going
to remain in harness

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

"Why, yes," Freddie said.
"Recreation? And fun? Here,
with Mrs. March?" (What iron
Lilly can put into her inquisitive
voice.)

"Of course," Freddie smiled.
"Mrs. March and I go in swimming
every morning before breakfast.
After breakfast, we play a swift
game of tennis and take long rides
with the baby every afternoon."

"You do all this together?" Lilly
asked, incredulously.

"Certainly," Freddie said. "Of
course, after we get the three more
babies we're planning to adopt—"

"Stop, Freddie," Mrs. March
called from the stairway. "She's
leading you on."

"So," said Lilly, triumphantly—
in the tone of "Aha, I've got you
there!"—"is it true, then, you are
not getting a divorce?"

Mrs. March swooned on the stair-
way. For just a fraction of a
second Freddie hesitated and then
dashed to her side.

"Yes, it is true," Freddie shouted, defiantly. "Let Holly-
wood say what it will. Let all my followers desert me. Mrs.
March and I will bear this thing together. If my career is to
be sacrificed, let it be sacrificed. Only don't let Gary Cooper
get all my good parts," he added as an afterthought.

"Goodbye," he called dramatically. "I will hide away until
this mess has blown over. I will not remain here and have
reporters contaminating my home. Farewell. A fond fare-
well." And with that, he plunged into the
sea and remained hidden beneath a wave.

Alas, poor Freddie, when the tide runs out,
what will happen?

With practically every one of the other

Mickey got sore and chased her
all the way to China; but, alas,
when those awful Japs move in



Freddie March's wife swooned. He dashed to her. "Yes,
it's true," he cried, "we are not getting a divorce!"

seven happy Hollywood homes closed tight, windows barred
(*a la* Dietrich) against her, Lilly was hard put for more lives to
wreck.

In his dark pit, beneath the trap door, sat Mr. Arliss, alone
with Jenner, a cold in his head,
and his tea. And, oh yes, his
monocle. Afraid to come out.
He had heard of this terrible
Lilly.

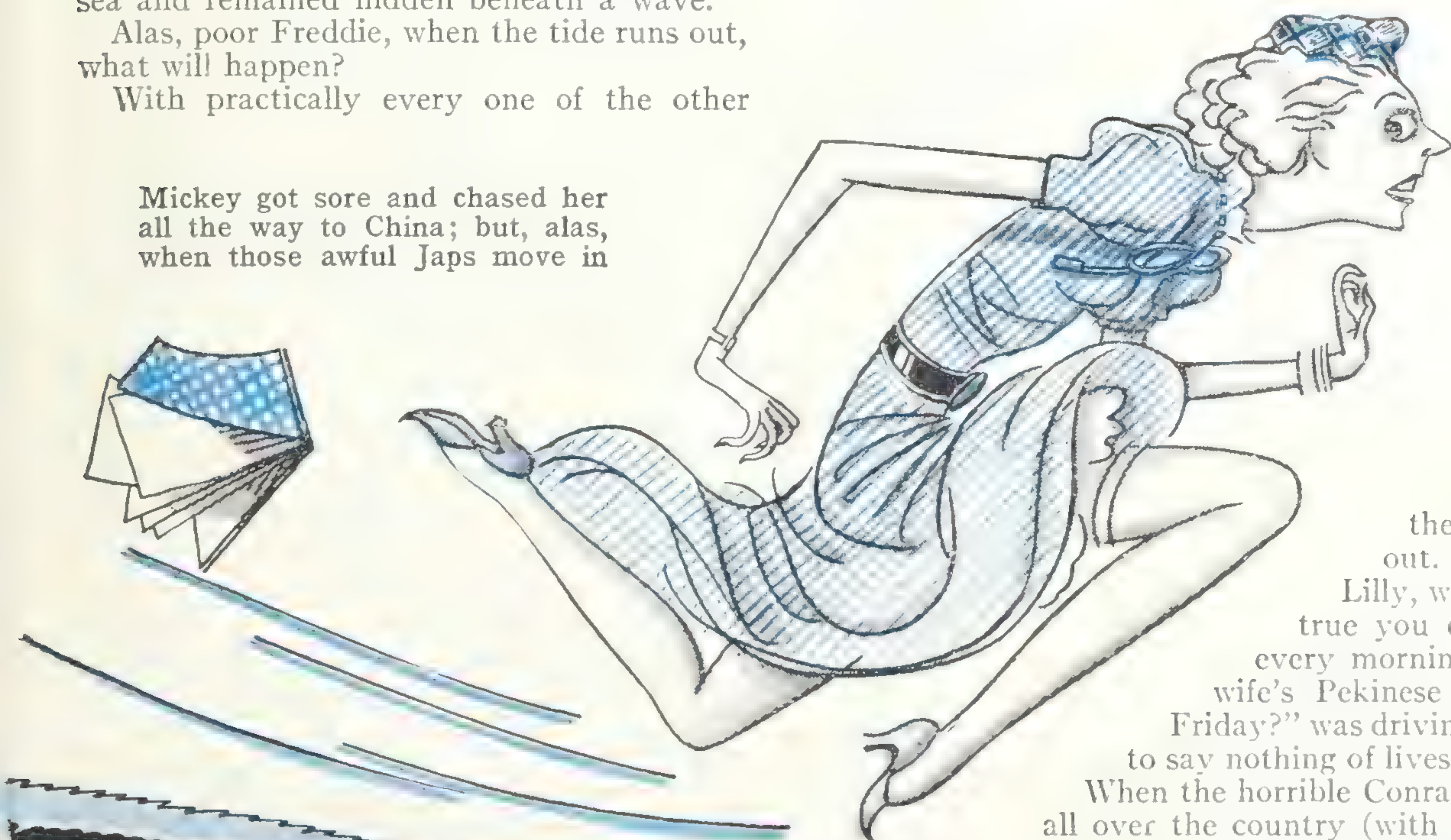
High in the air, lonely, cold
and hungry, flew Wally. Afraid
to land.

Cold, wet and sneezing, hid
Freddie beneath a watery
wave. Daring hardly to
breathe.

The picture business was
practically at a standstill. The
Richard Barthelmesses, the
Warner Baxters, the Robert
Montgomerys were locked within
their various homes. Afraid to come
out.

Lilly, with her accusing questions of "Is it
true you curl your husband's hair for him
every morning," and "Is it true you air your
wife's Pekinese every Monday, Wednesday and
Friday?" was driving the movie colony insane. Homes,
to say nothing of lives and careers, were totally wrecked.
When the horrible Conrad Nagel scandal broke, and papers
all over the country (with three paragraphs by Walter Win-
chell) carried the damning news that the Nagels were not get-
ting or even planning a divorce, Hollywood decided something
must be done about Lilly.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]





Who Is Brian Aherne?

The British lad from
the Broadway stage,
who plays opposite
Dietrich, is exposed

By
Reginald Tavinor

A stage success, he high-hatted movies and thought them vulgar. After scorning contracts, he was intrigued by Dietrich and went to Hollywood to be her lover in Paramount's "Song of Songs"

THAT'S what Hollywood would like to know—who is Brian Aherne? And the reason Hollywood's curiosity is so piqued, why its appetite is so on edge for the *hors d'oeuvres* of information, is because Brian Aherne has just left Hollywood after playing opposite Marlene Dietrich in "The Song of Songs"—and Hollywood still knows nothing about him.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Aherne thumbed his rather aristocratic nose at Hollywood for a long time, washing his hands of the movie hoi polloi from his superior height on the stage, and got away with it; more, he made Hollywood like it. Ever since he appeared with Katherine Cornell in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" on the New York stage, Hollywood has been making him picture offers, and Mr. Aherne has been turning

them down. He received, altogether, no less than ten offers to write his own ticket, and among the reasons he gave for declining all such offers were the following:

He regarded the movies as a rich but extremely vulgar offspring of the theater, and did not wish to associate with them.

He regarded his private life as private to himself, and did not wish to have it mauled by the sensational American press by becoming identified with pictures.

He regarded the stage as the only true medium of theatrical art and did not wish to soil his technique by contaminating it with such a mechanical contraption as a camera.

He regarded the plethora of movie money as both undesirable and unnecessary, especially insofar as he himself was concerned.

And be it said—at that time at least—Mr. Aherne was obviously sincere in his expressed sentiments anent the movies, especially as he was the pupil, protege, and leading man of Miss Cornell and she invariably expressed those same sentiments herself.

However, and not so long ago, Mr. Aherne was hired to play in "Lucrece," also opposite Miss Cornell, and he naturally expected the play to have a long and profitable run. But "Lucrece" did not have a long and profitable run; instead, it folded up incontinently within a month. Mr. Aherne, thus between engagements, no longer turned a deaf ear to Hollywood's luring.

Paramount offered him \$2,500 a week—which sum also he had previously been offered by M-G-M—and Mr. Aherne accepted. The only provision with which he sugared his capitulation was that he should not be bothered by the publicity department or by pestiferous newspaper and magazine interviewers. And, in return for this concession, he conceded Paramount options for future pictures if they should happen to want him, so that the bondage of Art into Egypt was made complete. Thus the male Garbo—in a publicity sense, at all events—came to Hollywood. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

GARBO'S Gamble

Is she taking one
with the kind of
clothes she will wear
in her next film?

*By Arline
Hodgekins*

THE name of Greta Garbo still holds magic. When she went home last summer on a vacation, Hollywood wondered if she would ever return. And if she did return, would she still hold first place in the line-up of stars—a pedestal from which she could have come toppling down as easily as not, perhaps more easily.

But Garbo is still the fascinating creature who intrigues her followers. They have been asking us what she is going to do now, what are her plans, how long will she remain here? And here are a few of the answers:

A new Garbo, enthusiastic, smiling, contented, she has signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for but *two* pictures. The first one, already scheduled for production, is "Queen Christina," a story of the Swedish queen of that name who reigned in the Seventeenth Century. History shows that she should have lived in the Twentieth Century, so advanced were her ideas on many subjects, so tolerant was she on religious matters.

And here's one for Dietrich: fully half of Garbo's costumes will be *men's* attire, mostly uniforms.

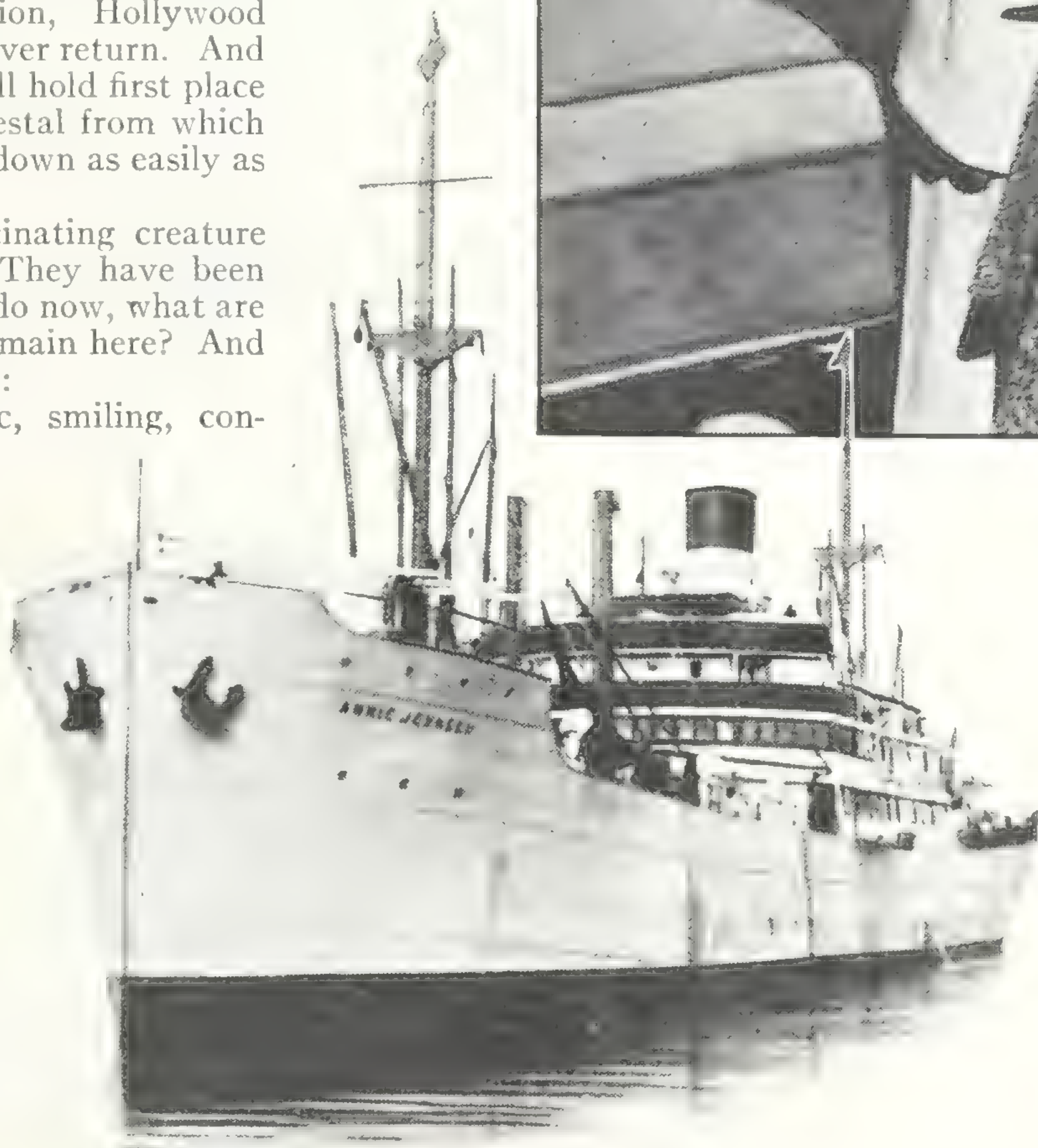
When Adrian, the Metro designer, called on Garbo to show her his sketches of the costumes he had in mind, he says Garbo waxed most enthusiastic over the masculine attire and merely shrugged at the pretty pretties any girl might wear.

Garbo went immediately after arriving to the Santa Monica home of her close friend, Mrs. Salka Viertel, who worked on the development of Garbo's new story. Greta is going to live with her until she finds a satisfactory house, hedged in from peering eyes, where she can take her daily sun bath in comfort, and live precisely as she likes.

Walter Wanger, who produced "Gabriel Over the White



She came back smiling, confident that the American public would not so soon forget her. And Greta Garbo was right. Her sailing on the "Annie Johnson" heightened the intriguing mystery that seems part of her



House" called on Garbo a few days after she'd been made comfortable at the Viertel home. And he came away a little afraid that Garbo was still the "I tank I go home" star, who did go home exactly when she wanted to.

His visit was to talk over production plans on her new picture. They got along all right until Wanger suggested to Garbo that she report for work on the Metro lot on May 15. Garbo got up, walked to the door and literally put Wanger out into the cold, cold world, saying: "Anyone who wants to put me to work so soon couldn't possibly be my friend."

However, she called Wanger on the telephone when he arrived back at the studio to make sure he understood she was only joking and to reassure him she would be very, very happy to start work on the 15th. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Splashing

Johnny of the iron nerves,
gum-chewing Buster,
and Eleanor Holm, who
doesn't swim in pictures

By Mac Miller



Miss Holm, who mermaided to such fame that Hollywood called her. Still, she graciously gives our photographer this nice, cooling picture



Eleanor and Buster a-tilting it in the Ambassador pool! No wonder summer visitors are glad these two splashed their way into films!

Mac Miller, author of this article, has been, respectively, Southern California inter-scholastic sprint champion, captain of his college swimming team, and a member of several national championship swimming teams representing the Hollywood Athletic Club.

TIMERS and judges ready—swimmers ready—BANG!" These words quicken the pulse of any professional or amateur swimmer alive—be he Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Eleanor Holm, or just one of the fellows on the relay team.

If the national swimming championships of 1928, at San Francisco, could be re-enacted today, the swimming enthusiasts would be crowded out of the stands by movie devotees who do not know a back stroke from a back flip. Each would be ogling and craning for a glimpse of his favorite screen hero; for the big splash in Hollywood this year has been made by two young men who were the stars of that meet.

It was there that Buster Crabbe, who was to become Paramount's "King of the Jungle," made his American debut. He was a tall, quiet, bronzed, American youth from Hawaii, with a disarming grin as wide as his shoulders. Buster, however, startled the entire swimming world that week by walking, or rather paddling, off with all the distance events, and wresting the high-point crown from the famous Johnny Weissmuller.



Buster Crabbe, the "Lion Man," does a bit of the stuff that once topped Weissmuller in a race, and so led naturally to a panther skin and a lead in the pictures

Into Films

Both boys would have roared with laughter had anyone told them that, in 1933, they would be running around in panther skins and grease paint for the benefit of Hollywood cameras; but, quite unconsciously, they were acquiring just the knack which has made them so striking on the screen.

It isn't entirely magnificent muscular development, it isn't entirely their profiles, which make Weissmuller and Crabbe outstanding as film heroes.

It is the poise, the grace of motion, the complete naturalness, which came from appearing before thousands of people in nothing but a six ounce silk racing suit, and from forgetting everything but the determination to do a job—to win a race.

Certainly, Johnny Weissmuller proved in that meet that relaxation is one of the things a champion swimmer learns automatically.

How do I know? I was "one of the boys on the relay team" from the Hollywood Athletic Club.

THE swimmers were lined up for the finals of the hundred meter free style. On the edge of Fleishacker Pool stood the gentleman now generally known as *Tarzan of the Apes*. He was defending his National title against a most formidable array of sprinters, including George Kojac from New York, big Paul Samson from Michigan, and Alonzo Kimball from Hollywood.

The finalists had drawn their lane numbers from a hat, removed their sweat pants and shirts and loosened up in the water by loafing easily up and down the hundred meter straightaway.

The usual excited hush settled over the stands as the boys lined up for the starter's gun.

The swimmers crouched on their marks. Sunlight blazed on the pool. On a long green slope which stretched a mile away stood the famous San Francisco Presidio, well stocked with cannons, soldiers and barracks.

The starter pointed his gun heavenward and barked out, "Timers and judges ready—swimmers ready—"

And just at that moment, as if by some psychic message, one of the fort's biggest and loudest cannons went off with a reverberating "boom."

Seven men sprang from their starting marks.

One stood still.

Seven men shot nearly a dozen feet through the air.

One stood still.

Those seven men smacked the water simultaneously.

But the eighth sat down nonchalantly and grinned.



Tarzan Weissmuller leading in the water, as he led others into films. He proved that swimmers have something pictures need



Such form makes movie stars. Eleanor and Buster grace any film without even going near the water

He was Johnny Weissmuller. He had learned from years of experience the secret of relaxation, so that his nerves did not betray him into a false start.

As the crowd quieted and the swimmers returned to their marks, Johnny chatted easily with the starter. At the finish of the race, which *Tarzan* won by passing Kojac in the last ten meters, the timers recorded a new world's mark.

False starts are the most disconcerting things which can happen.

"Once you get to worrying about it, you might as well quit," Johnny explained when I talked to him about his swimming and screen careers.

WE were at the Hollywood Athletic Club having lunch down in the locker room, where food is served to members who feel like eating in nothing more than a towel.

Tarzan was having some soup.

"Speaking of worrying," I asked, "what about that time you held up a race for ten minutes?"

"I thought I never would find a piece of wood," he grinned.

Knocking on wood was Johnny's one superstition. All through his swimming

career, Johnny's rotund coach, Bill Bachrach of the Illinois Athletic Club, had scoffed at it; and all through his career Johnny serenely had continued to find a bit of wood to knock on before he swam.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



Can you name them?
Try; then see page
105. Photo by Stagg

Hollywood *at Play*

IT'S Tuesday night. The night of nights. The stepping out night of the movie village.

And Hollywood, the town of glitter and glamour, goes out to play. With the cares of the day behind, the burning Klieg lights, the grease paint, the difficult scenes, shattered hopes and broken dreams—all forgotten for the moment. Hollywood dons its best low-in-the-back frock, its immaculate dinner coat, and off it trots.

It's the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel.

Behind a waving stick, a steady smile and a



deep red carnation, stands Phil Harris, the orchestra leader, looking down. On Hollywood at play. The smile beams, the stick flutters and the keen blue eyes of Phil Harris spot the romances, the shattered ones and the budding ones, of the movie stars, while the strains of the lilting music float gently upward to the astonished little stuffed monkeys hanging tail downward in the cocoanut palms.

Lew Ayres sits alone at one of the tables. Across the room Lola Lane, his recently divorced spouse, makes merry with a group of people. And Phil Harris, sensing something, waves his baton and the orchestra plays, in its most appealing manner, "Maybe It's Because I Love You Too Much."...

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli stroll in after a while. Charlie follows the head waiter to a little table reserved for them at one side. He glances around casually and his eyes suddenly light up. There's little Janet Gaynor at a table near the edge. Charlie gets up and asks Janet to dance; Janet's escort bows to Virginia Valli and they step out on the floor.

And again the ever-alert Phil Harris smiles his approval. Off in a corner, behind a stately palm, sit Clarence Brown and Alice Joyce, at dinner. Night after night. And why not? They've announced their marriage now.

An occasional glance from Phil reveals that all is well. The lights melt softly into an amber glow as the rhythm of the music changes.

Suddenly, at the top of the steps leading into the Grove, is a tiny flutter of excitement.

Joan Crawford comes trailing in with Franchot Tone. Immediately, Phil swings into Joan's favorite, "Melancholy Baby."

It's Joan who knows all the newest songs in advance. "Have you heard 'Night [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

By Sara Hamilton

A Pipe Is *His* Scepter



Merian C. Cooper shows Cameraman Schoedsack a new script. Facing death to make "Chang" and "Grass," they found "King Kong" soothing

By
Reginald
Taviner

YOU wouldn't guess who he is at all if you happened to bump into him on the street, and he'd be the last one on earth to tell.

In his elaborate paneled office, he can press little ivory buttons and bring stars and directors on the jump to obey him. But he's more likely to step up to someone's elbow, and with a quiet wave of a pipe stem, pass judgment on matters involving millions. One throne-like chair in the sanctum will bear his battered old felt hat; and in place of "college cut" clothes, you'll find him in a brown smoking jacket and gray pants.

But when it comes to results! Well, about the first gesture this new production chief made for RKO-Radio was to reach into that dilapidated old hat and pull out, not a white rabbit, but a fifty-foot ape which he turned into one of the year's biggest box-office sensations. Yes, *King Kong*.

In the same quiet way some years ago, utterly unknown and without blare of trumpets, he emerged from the wilds of Asia to wow the world with "Grass" and "Chang."

That was, is, and will be Merian C. Cooper's way. Other moguls can have throne rooms if they like. Good pictures are all he asks; swank can go hang. He hasn't time for it.

"King Kong" was actually conceived while the man who now captains RKO-Radio production was adventuring in the back stretches of Asia gathering that epic of a nomadic tribe which we saw some years ago as "Grass." *Kong's* terrifying, deep-chested roar was heard by him while he stood calmly behind his camera facing that horde of thundering, trumpeting elephants in "Chang." But the actual "King Kong" had yet not been formulated. It took Hollywood to crystallize it—by what, if you please, might be called a fluke.

"After Ernest B. Schoedsack and I had finished making 'Four Feathers,'" is the way Cooper explains it, "I came back to Hollywood with a gorilla picture in mind. I wanted to go to Africa and film it in the real gorilla country, but I couldn't find anyone willing to put up the money.

"However, when I saw all the pre-historic animals they had lying around this studio, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

There is no "movie mogul" swank about RKO's new boss of all its production



RED-HEADED baby face, with a will all her own! They looked around for just such a girl and suddenly thought of Ginger Rogers. She's a natural for the star rôle in RKO-Radio's "Careless," in which an overnight radio star goes temperamental following the success of her "Dish Rag" sponsor. Ginger was snappy in "Gold Diggers of 1933"



Harvey White

THE little Evans girl is growing up and going in for backless evening gowns 'n' everything. No wonder, when they cast her in such sensational vehicles as "The Mayor of Hell" and "Never Give a Sucker a Break." We'll see her soon in "Dinner at Eight." But where's that rumor about a romance? Will Miss Evans please speak up and confess?



WELL, well, if it isn't dear old Andy Clyde taking a snooze after the day's nonsense. Little Shirley Temple has been cavorting with Andy all day long before the camera and they're both tuckered out from giving laughs to the movie-going world. "Now, folks," Andy would say, "don't get yourselves excited, I'll be ready in a jiffy if ye jes lemme be!"



Bert Longworth

LIFE is like that; only a few years ago Ruby Keeler stepped out of the Ziegfeld spotlight so hubby Al Jolson might enjoy his own unshadowed glory. Now that Al has quit pictures, Ruby is having her break. She did so well in "42nd Street," she rated a choice spot with Dick Powell in "Gold Diggers of 1933." Ruby was a Texas Guinan girl



They haven't changed a bit! Even in childhood, Connie got what she wanted, Baby Joan was always shy, and Barbara, at four, was content with a doll and a play house

Barbara Bennett Talks

EVERYONE who doesn't know us really well has asked one question from time to time.

They want to know who was the most popular sister in our family. Whether it was Constance or Joan or myself. Who had the most dates, who received the most invitations. And then they always ask us why.

So I'm going to tell some of the little intimate things about the Bennett family, little family occurrences — bits from our life — how Daddy Richard became Constance's best friend—perhaps a little closer to Connie than to Joan or myself—reasons why Constance married first and why Joan married when she did, and why I, who really loved domesticity with a keener sense than either of my two sisters, married last; to a professional singer, Morton Downey, with whom I have less domestic existence than my movie star sisters enjoy with their husbands in Hollywood.

When I look back at our early girlhood from my present vantage point of maturity, I often smile at the memory of our life together under the Bennett roof. We rarely lived long enough in one house to have the memories most children do of home and fireside and pantries at Thanksgiving time. We were a gypsy family, moving constantly from place to place, living at hotels or on steamers—sometimes in Europe, in New York, in California, in Greenwich Village, and on Park Avenue—necessitated by the ever-changing fortunes and itineraries of an actor father, Richard Bennett.

My earliest memory of us three girls together is when we lived

Family secrets of three children who grew up to be famous women

*As Told To
Virginia Maxwell*

in Greenwich Village, on the North side of Washington Square in one of those big, old, comfy, red brick houses now inhabited by waning aristocrats and struggling artists.

There was a basement, windows which faced the pavement level and behind it a huge kitchen with a coal range in which the most delectable things were baked by our family cook. You see, mother was in the theater, too. Her stage name was Adrienne Morrison, and with father

also spending most of his time in the theaters uptown, we children were left to the care of servants from whom we gathered many of our early impressions.

I can recall one Christmas morning when we scrambled down the old stairs to the parlor floor where a huge Christmas tree had been dressed the night before. Santa had come—but he had lingered. And we caught a fleeting glimpse of a rotund Santa Claus hiding in the back of the hall.

JOAN and I were terribly frightened by sight of him. But Constance, true to the courage which has stood by her in later years, walked right up to Mr. Claus and demanded an explanation.

"You should have been on your way taking care of all the other children, Santa," she scolded him gently. "Why have you stayed here all night?"

Santa Claus was nonplussed. But Connie was adamant. He became so baffled by Connie's [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Cal York

Announcing-



Maybe you never heard Pete go tweet, tweet, tweet on his piccolo, but you'll have the chance to hear Buddy Rogers trill a few notes on his soprano saxophone in "Five Cents a Glass," his latest. Buddy gave us a musical sample on the radio for some time, and now he's to be seen as well as heard in pictures

FEARING kidnapers, Marlene Dietrich slipped quietly out of Hollywood on her way to Europe. Her little seven-year-old daughter, Maria, was the cause of her solicitude. You will recall that at the time of the Lindbergh baby kidnaping, picture stars also received threats, and that as a consequence Marlene's child is always attended by an armed guard.

Miss Dietrich said goodbye to her friends at Paramount, and then did her best to keep the time and place of her departure secret. She will join her husband on the French Riviera. Her return is scheduled for October, when she will make two more pictures for Paramount under Josef Von Sternberg's direction.

Well, *bon voyage*, Marlene.

SO different was Gloria Swanson's last homecoming in comparison with the ovation she received on another occasion when she returned to Hollywood after a prolonged absence. Most of the motion picture colony, led by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, gathered on that first occasion to welcome Gloria home.

With her were her two children, Joseph and



Keystone

"Beaver," they were calling 'im in dear ole Lunnon as Charles (Nero) Laughton went about in this wilderness of whiskers. He's bearded for his part in "The Fourth Wife of Henry VIII," in which he stars. We shall be seeing him here again soon, however

Gloria, and her husband at the moment, the Marquis de la Falaise.

But when she arrived this time the crowd was small.

With her Miss Swanson had her husband, Michael Farmer, and two dogs.

Her three children are in Switzerland.

WHAT do you suppose the great Clark Gable does just before one of those fervent love scenes of his in "Hold Your Man?" He gazes down at the blonde Jean Harlow, makes a funny snoot, tweaks her nose and then begins, "Darling, I love you." Sorry to spoil your fun, girls, but that's the great Gable in action.

She's all wet and knows it. While the Marquis is away, Connie can play in the El Mirador pool, Palm Springs' coolest spot in the heart of the desert. Just a little marital vacation for Connie and Henry



Acme

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



He wants his sugar—and Lionel is sure to get it in more ways than one 'cause that's an old Barrymore custom. With those tart remarks Lionel can make in pictures, we'd never suspect he had such a sweet tooth but look at Liny at this garden tea party!

PINK saved Ann Harding's life. When the boat in which she was sailing with Alexander Kirkland and her secretary, Marie Lombard, capsized three miles off Havana, Ann removed her bright pink dress. It was that bright pink in the tropical sky that attracted the attention of a passing boat, and the three were rescued. Their boatman who attempted to swim ashore to bring help went down after a few yards. Sharks! Ann says she is making a money settlement on the boatman's widow and her fatherless seven children.

DID you know that Mae West was once the strong lady in the show? The shoulders on which dumb-bells and acrobats, etcetera,

Ducking for cover! That's Katharine Hepburn doing a Garbo, as the naughty cameraman spots her on the lot. Strictly Russian, my dears, those blue denim trousers and the Russian blouse



Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson have been friends since those days long ago when both were movie beginners. Meeting at a tea party recently, they went in for a good old-fashioned confab on who's who and why, and if not why not. Mary is bedecked in ermine and Gloria in fine lace—something to envy, girls!

rested? Some times old timers' memories are too long, aren't they?

DICK ARLEN has a weakness for Spanish food — but he encountered an enchilada socially the other night that practically started a bonfire. "Boy!" yelped the Arlen, reaching for his beer, "that's hotter than a kiss from a girl making a screen test!"

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone! This begins to look serious.

Every Sunday night at the Beverly Wilshire dancing, and once a week at the Coconut Grove.

Reminds me of the days when Joan first came to Hollywood. She became famous as a frequenter of the places-to-dine and dance before she became famous as an actress.

But what a different Joan who returns today to her first-places-of-fame! The dancing kid has metamorphosed into the great star. I wonder if memories ever crowd upon her as she dances with dignity, poise and assured success around those familiar floors.

Filmdom Musters Its Infantry, for



Wide World

Bebe and Ben are off to Europe for a semi-vacation with their little daughter Barbara Bebe Lyon. After her good work in Warners' "42nd Street," Bebe Daniels signed to do two British pictures and the family are to have a jolly time this summer combining work and play. Their first trip abroad

RICHARD BENNETT was entertaining. He is the perfect host—always thinking up amusements for his guests. So he removed his shoes and stockings and exhibited his famous perfectly groomed and highly-colored (artificially) toe-nails!

THEY called Lilian Harvey by phone in her dressing room. "I am still asleep," she answered and hung up.

JANET GAYNOR has been a friend of Charlie Farrell's a long time. Neither her marriage to Lydell Peck or Charlie's to Virginia Valli has interrupted their liking for each other.

As long as both parties were married, gossips left them more or less alone. But now that Janet is free—it is natural that Hollywood gossip should start to "free" Charlie.

It is difficult to break an intimacy established through such an experience as they had in making "7th Heaven"—creating fame together. But it is also difficult to make such

an intimacy culminate in true romance and "happiness ever after" when it has once passed white heat of romance and cooled into the solid embers of friendship.

But, still, Hollywood persists in wondering.

"WELL," a friend said to the director, William Wellman, "I see by the papers you gave your fiancée a car."

"That's not so," the director shouted. "I don't know where such stories start. It was just a Chevrolet."

WELL, well, the romantic contest's over, girls. And the girl who won Buster Crabbe, that handsome Apollo of movies, is Miss Adah Held of Beverly Hills.

Ever since Buster's breaking into movies after the Olympic games in which he participated, the Hollywood beauties have given him a fair chase for his name. But it was a society girl who captured him and they honeymooned at Del Monte.

IN that story of Jackie Cooper's mother marrying Charles Bigelow there is a heart-ache for Bob Golden.

For years Bob was assistant director for Harold Lloyd. Then he went to M-G-M and met Jackie Cooper, and, of course, Jackie's mother.

Jackie's affection for Bob was one of the



To arms, to arms, yells Daddy Frank Woody, and his infant son Jack regards him with amazement—or does he?—while Mama Helen Twelvetrees looks on. If beauty, like races, is won by a nose, Helen Twelvetrees cops the purse. And look at Jackie's retrousse. He'll be an actor sure

Doesn't Everyone Love a Parade?

finest things in the motion picture business and the three of them soon found more than just business to talk about.

Bob and Jackie won't be separated now, of course, for after all, Jackie is still appearing in pictures and Bob will still help direct them. But it won't be quite the same.

SYLVIA SIDNEY tells this one on herself!

She was in her "old woman" make-up for "Jennie Gerhardt." She turned toward a friend. "How do I look?"

"Oh, you don't look much older. About thirty-seven."

REMEMBER the little "Our Gang" sweetheart, Mary Kornman? Well, Mary has grown up into a full-fledged ingenue, and Dick Arlen himself says she will hand everybody a big surprise in "College Humor."

Now that musicals are in vogue again, this one is going all of them one better. They have one scene on the campus, a "rhythm" scene, in which everything is syncopated—and we mean everything . . . the cars, the trees, the buildings. And it isn't an earthquake, either!

WITH one little touch of superstition, to which every bride is entitled, Billie Dove remarked anent her nuptials with Robert



Jackie picked his own new Dad, saying, "If Mom likes him, that's 'nuff for me." And here's the happy family at home, the former Mrs. Mabel Cooper with her new husband Charles Bigelow, and his famous new son, Jackie Cooper. Jackie's Ma and Mr. Bigelow were married at Yuma, Arizona, April 30



Igloo, bugaboo—or words to that effect were used by John Barrymore to lull little Upik into studio slumber. He's the Eskimo kiddie M-G-M brought to Hollywood for their picture "Eskimo," a story of the arctic. Barrymore took a fancy to Upik and they have since become bosom pals

Kenaston: "I don't want to get married when the minute hand of the clock is going downward." So, when she and her Santa Monica sportsman were united in Yuma, Arizona, the time was 5:57 P. M. Recall how Producer Howard Hughes and she were once almost inseparable? Well, there has been many an ardent swain after Billie's fair hand. And you know that the artist Willy Pogany said she has almost perfect features.

MAYBE the other star who told us is slightly disgruntled, but she remarked that a Dietrich picture was accomplished by making five hundred close-ups of Marlene, and selecting the best ones. And that any girl would be good who had that many chances at a scene!

CLARENCE BROWN gave up his honeymoon with the lovely Alice Joyce, to direct "Night Flight."

That's what *he* thinks of the story.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Footing Jimmy's Bill



Durante: I spy, I spy, a lady crying. Tell me, little lady, why do you cry?

- GARBO: Oh, I am blue.
- DURANTE: No, no, lady! Violets are blue.
- GARBO: You are truly my friend?
- DURANTE: Sure! I'd be anybody's friend. Even Walter Winchell's.
- GARBO: Then I will tell you why I cry. I cry because I am all alone. All the world knows the Garbo is always in solitude. And now, I will tell you my secret sorrow, why I am all alone.
- DURANTE: Why the Garbo is all alone? Why don't you take lessons in how to be popular?
- GARBO: Oh, it is much worse than that. I am ashamed to be seen in the world. I am afraid they will laugh at me.

How Garbo and Durante became soul mates

Marionettes and dialogue

By Meyer Levin

Photos by Geoffrey Gilbert

*Scene: A couch.
On the couch, weeping, lies Greta Garbo.*

Enter, Jimmy Durante, nose first.

DURANTE: I spy, I spy,
A lady crying.
Tell me, little lady,
Why do you cry?

GARBO: Oh, I have big suffering.

DURANTE: It'sher! It'sher!
Little Greta Garble. What has a Gargo got to gargle about? Why do you weep?



Garbo: I am ashamed to be seen in the world. I am afraid they will laugh

DURANTE: Laugh at the Garbo? Unpossible! The trouble with you is you got an interiority complex. Why don't you stand on your feet and face the world?

GARBO: That is it. I cannot face the world with those feet.

DURANTE: Whatsamatter with those feet?

GARBO: Look! (She shows him a foot.) Number eleven.

DURANTE: That's nothing! (He points to the schnozzle.) Look! Number one hundred eleven!

GARBO: Ah, no!

DURANTE: Ah nose!

GARBO: Even so—

DURANTE: Put your woes behind you, what do you care? (He sings.)

You got big toes—I got a big nose—We make a nifty pair!

GARBO: No, my feet, they are much bigger than your nose.

DURANTE: What! What are you incineratin'? Who said they got a bigger anything than my schnozzole!



Durante: They're mates. Soul mates. Sole mates! Greta Garbo and Jimmy Durante!

GARBO: All right. Measure! Measuuuure! (She lifts her foot to his nose.)

DURANTE: You mean, put it there?

GARBO: Measseere!

DURANTE: (Puts his nose to her foot.) Okay, baby. Measere!

GARBO: They fit! They are one size!

DURANTE: They're mates. Hah, soul mates. Sole mates! Greta Garbo and Jimmy Durante. (He sings.)

You and me, baby, what do you sav.

We hitch up and make a team! Okay?

GARBO: Jimmy, okay! You got big nose, I got big feet—

DURANTE: Put them together and ain't life sweet! Stand on your feet and face the world, baby! (He sings.)

With my nose and your feet!

We've got the whole world beat!

GARBO: Jimmy!

(They clinch.)

CURTAIN



Garbo: Jimmy, okay. You got big nose, I got big feet. Durante: Ain't life sweet!

How Sylvia Made Joan

I HAD been treating Connie Bennett for some time when I got a call from sister Joan asking me to take her as a patient. At the time, she was living 'way up in the Hollywood hills back of Ronnie Colman's secluded house. I found the house at last, but it was miles from the road, and the only way to get to it was to walk up flights and flights of stairs.

I walked and walked and climbed and climbed. I was nearer heaven than I had ever been when I rang her doorbell. Somebody let me in and told me to go upstairs—yes, honestly, more stairs!—to her bedroom. I climbed again, and at last there was Joan in her lovely modernistic boudoir. It was all in light purple and silver, but I wasn't in any mood to admire interior decoration.

I took one look at Joan's legs and exclaimed, "Good Lord! No wonder your calves are fat and you're hippy when you've got to climb those stairs every day."

She gave me one of those wide, innocent looks of hers. "But I thought climbing stairs was good for reducing," she said.

"Good for reducing your resistance," I said. "I can see that if you don't need me for anything else, you need me to get some common sense into your head. How do you feel?"

"Tired," said Joan, "and weak."

"No wonder!"

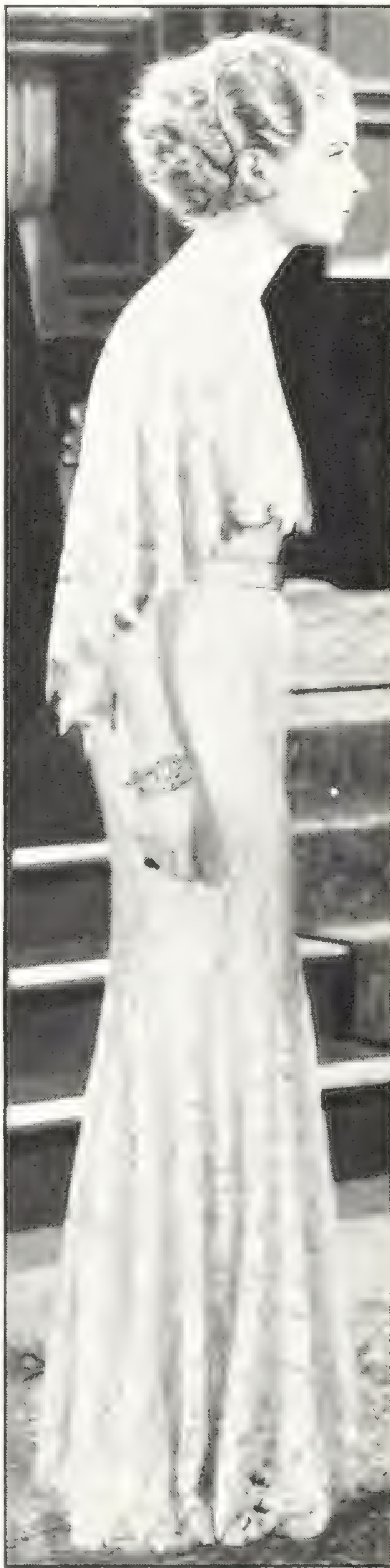
And that was my introduction to Joan Bennett. And lots of women seem to think that walking up and down stairs is good exercise. It will put weight on—it will never take it off. Dancing is wonderful for reducing, but not climbing stairs.

WELL, I asked Joan to walk back and forth across the room a couple of times to see if she were balanced properly on her feet, because bad posture and carriage can wear you down and give you that fagged out feeling faster than anything else. Joan slumped. So I stood behind her and gave her a good rousing whack between the shoulder blades.

She straightened up then—and did it plenty fast, too. And I want all you girls to listen to me. No matter how young and beautiful you may be, unless you carry yourself well, you won't have a nice personality. Good posture is the foundation of charm. And don't you forget it!

After I treated Joan I gave her exercises to make her hold her shoulders up. She paid me for it—and paid me well. I'm giving it to you girls for nothing, so pay attention. This isn't massage. It's a special treatment of my own and now all you girls who go around looking like the letter S, hop to this treatment.

With your left hand grab hold of the muscle just over your right shoulder blade. Then with your thumb dig under the shoulder blade as if you wanted to gouge it out of your back.



Graceful bows, a slant as of respectful attention—these have their screen place. But done with a hint of the débutante slouch—not so good. That's why Joan Bennett enlisted Sylvia's help

Weight, body irregularities, whatever the problem, for years Hollywood's first thought was "Get Sylvia to fix it." Joan Bennett's story, told this month, is only one in the hundreds of cases which made Sylvia America's most famous masseuse and beauty culturist.

Now Sylvia's expert advice is yours to use, free of charge, through PHOTOPLAY Magazine. On page 84 you'll read how others are being helped, and how easily you can take advantage of this splendid new service. Turn there now—read about it—then let Sylvia help with your problems!

Don't be afraid to dig in deep and hard. You're not so delicate, and it won't hurt you. While you're doing it keep your right hand just above your hip and a little toward the back. Now repeat this on the left shoulder blade, digging in with your right thumb.

The reason Joan slumped—and the reason most people do—is because the nerves were starved and there was a lack of circulation. But, believe me, when you get through digging into those old shoulder blades, there'll be plenty of circulation. Don't tell me you can't get your arms around at your back. I know you can!

The stars had me to do it for them. You have to do it yourself. I know it's not easy—but is anything that is worthwhile easy?

WHILE Joan was resting after her treatment I showed her an exercise for correct posture that she had to do daily. Here it is: In your stocking feet place your feet pointing straight to the front. Now put two or three books on top of your head. Put your arms behind your back, with the elbow of your left arm resting in the palm of your right hand, and the right elbow in the left hand. Walk back and forth across the floor ten or fifteen times. You think that's childish and old-fashioned? Let me tell you lots of those old-fashioned methods are grand. In this way you train the muscles of your neck to support your head properly. It makes you hold your head up. It keeps you from throwing your chin forward and looking foolish.

Joan Bennett always slumped in her chair when she sat down, but I made her stop that at once by telling her always to choose a straight, high-backed chair and sit well back in it, with her back and head resting against the back of the chair. Here's a don't for you. Don't cross your legs. It stops circulation.

Bennett "Straighten Up"

Read Sylvia's
many helpful
answers, girls,
on page 84!

Then I gave her one more exercise for posture. Dancing and dancing and dancing with her arms above her head. That draws up the muscles and it makes you feel great!

And believe me, the folks around Joan's studio were grateful for what I did for her, because she had always been impossible in the fitting-room. That girl couldn't stand still for two minutes—much less the hours and hours that dress fittings require. She was always fidgeting and having to go sit down for a few minutes. Honestly, she used to send the wardrobe people into hysterics.

And do you know why she did that? Simply because she didn't know how to stand properly, because she didn't have good balance. If you girls who have jobs that keep you on your feet all day will just take those posture exercises and distribute your weight equally on your two feet, you'll be amazed at how much better you feel.

YOU know, it's a funny thing about Joan. She had a reputation for being temperamental around the studios. They called her a "real Bennett"—not just "Connie's little sister." She would fly off the handle at anything and when they didn't do things to suit her, she'd raise a row.

Once she was making a picture in which she was supposed to wear orchids. Now artificial flowers look much better photographically than real ones. But Joan wanted real ones. Would she take the studio artificials? She would not! They argued and argued with her, but she wouldn't budge, and it wound up by her getting real orchids.

I say that's the way she was around the studio, but with me she was entirely different. She was like a meek little kid and never complained once. When I'd tell her to do something she'd say, "Yes, darling." And do it. When I told her she had to be home by nine o'clock every evening, she was. She only kept me waiting once—and that was when she had an important studio conference with her boss (and at that time her sweetheart) John Considine.

Now the point is that Joan trusted me. She knew I was working for her good and if you



Sylvia



With her full winsome charm carried by a straight figure—behold the Joan that Sylvia produced! There's a grand lesson in it for all who are prone to indulge in careless carriage

girls do what I tell you, you'll have the same results Joan had. And one of the reasons she was temperamental was because she was run down [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Clara "Once Overs"

THEY say England is a man's country. From what I saw my first day in London, I'll say it's so. The men you see strolling down the streets sure have class. But the women . . .! Big feet, big hands, no make-up to speak of, and the frumpiest clothes!

Even in the restaurants you see some of the funniest ruins not listed in the guide book. Had lunch at a place where the waiter staggers up to you carrying a whole side of beef, mutton, or lamb on a platter, and you pick out the cut you want. Chefs in white caps and aprons keep the meat hot by turning it on a spit and right out in full view. Saw an old lady who looked like a mid-Victorian duchess. She was wearing a dress of that vintage that my washwoman on the ranch would have turned up her nose at.

They make fun of American men in England. Say they spoil their wives and are terribly hen-pecked. Maybe they mean they let them buy too many good-looking clothes. An Englishman's motto seems to be—"Treat your women rough and keep 'em badly dressed. And don't let 'em talk too much."

Gee, London is big and old. Everywhere you turn you're bumping into history and monuments. It's so different from American cities.

I almost had hysterics when I saw the London cabs. Are *they* relics? They rattle along at about one mile every three hours. You go practically crazy waiting to get places. But you can't hurry anybody in London. They think we Americans are silly for rushing around so. It's all like a slow-motion camera compared with life in the U. S. A.

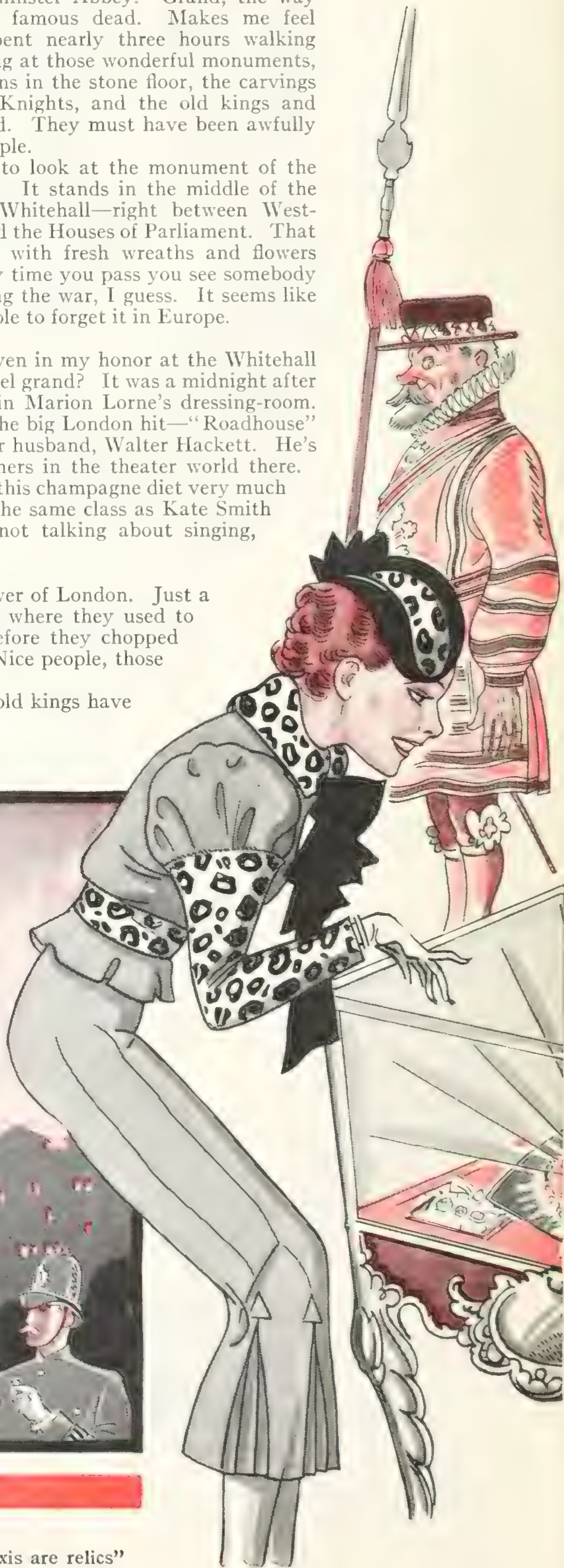
Went to Westminster Abbey. Grand, the way they honor their famous dead. Makes me feel religious. We spent nearly three hours walking around and looking at those wonderful monuments, and the inscriptions in the stone floor, the carvings of the Crusader Knights, and the old kings and queens of England. They must have been awfully funny-looking people.

Then we went to look at the monument of the Unknown Soldier. It stands in the middle of the street they call Whitehall—right between Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. That cenotaph is piled with fresh wreaths and flowers every day. Every time you pass you see somebody there, remembering the war, I guess. It seems like they'll never be able to forget it in Europe.

A party was given in my honor at the Whitehall Theater. Did I feel grand? It was a midnight after the show supper in Marion Lorne's dressing-room. She's the star of the big London hit—"Roadhouse"—produced by her husband, Walter Hackett. He's one of the big-timers in the theater world there. . . . If I keep up this champagne diet very much longer, I'll be in the same class as Kate Smith soon. And I'm not talking about singing, either!

Visited the Tower of London. Just a cozy, damp place where they used to lock up people before they chopped their heads off. Nice people, those old English!

And did those old kings have

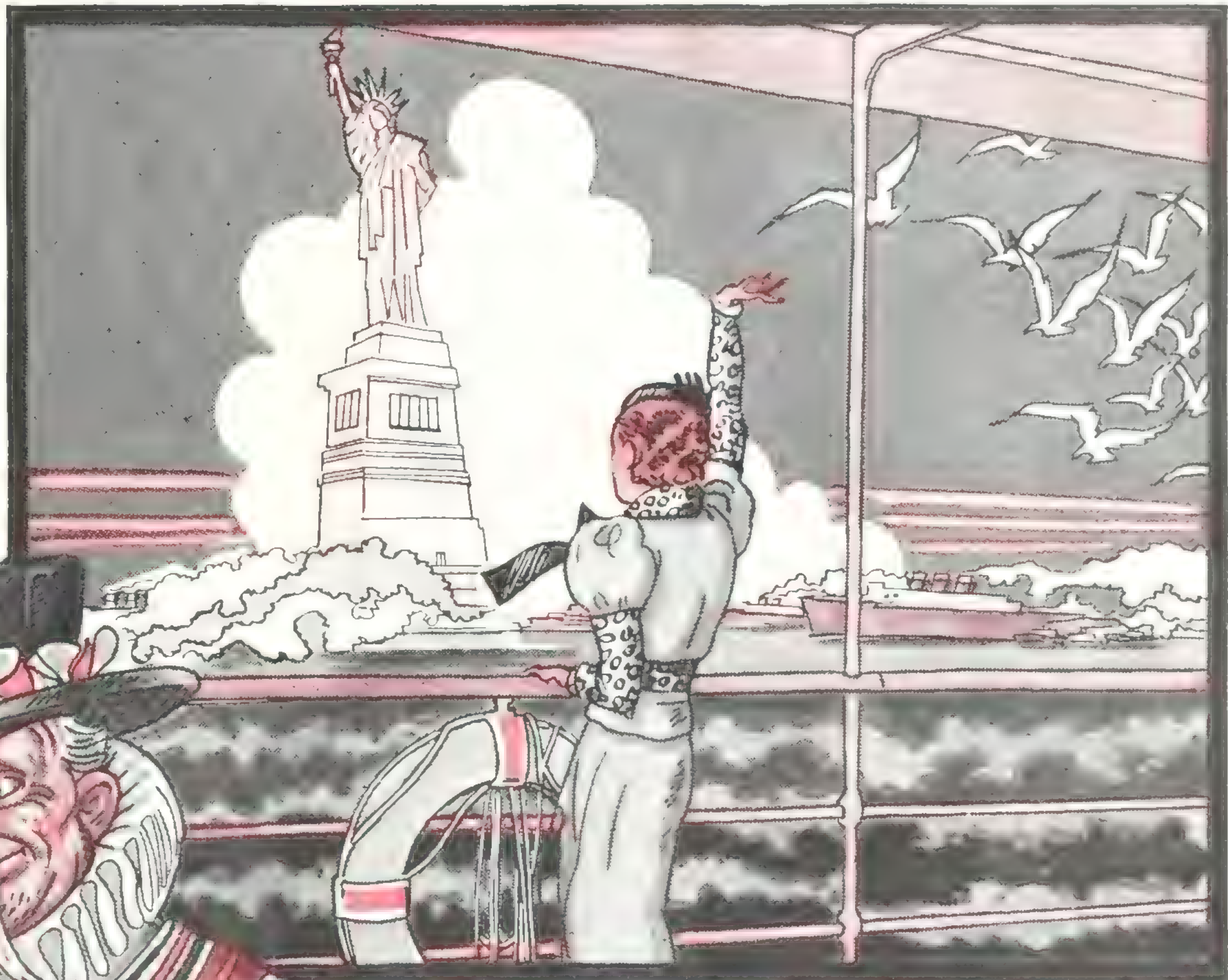


"Gee, London is old. You're always bumping into history. Even the taxis are relics"

London and Berlin

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS

"I wouldn't mind having a few diamonds and emeralds from the Crown jewels. Fat chance of getting them, though, with those big beef eaters standing guard



"The Statue of Liberty and li'l ole New York. So that ends that! Wonder when I'll be going again?"

temper? I'll tell the world. And could they think up nice little tricks for torturing their wives and other relations and the people they wanted to have out of the way! Gives me the creeps to think of it.

I don't care much for jewelry, but I wouldn't mind having a couple of those diamonds and emeralds from the Crown jewels. Might come in handy in the next depression. Fat chance of getting them, though. They keep them locked up in a glass case with a couple of guys called "beef eaters" standing on guard all day long. "Beef eaters" wear the funniest looking hats and short pants I've ever seen. Their cheeks are very red and their stomachs very fat. I never knew eating beef made you that way.

Another funny thing about the English is they never seem to feel the cold. It's always damp and wet and horrible in London—but in the private houses they haven't any central heating. Only fireplaces. Usually the head of the family (England is a man's country) keeps the heat out of the rest of the room by standing with his back to the fireplace and warming his "whats-is." So the women have to get used to the cold. Maybe that's why their hands are so red—and their cheeks, too. They wear "woolies" here—ugh! Well, I'll take mine with steam heat and silk step-ins!

Oh, the squire's life is the life for me! I learned that word the other day when we went down to Tom Wall's estate near London. It's what they call the landowners in Merrie England. Tom's an English actor and a swell fellow, who spends his time breeding horses and dogs between making pictures and starring in plays. His famous horse, April V, won the 1932 Derby. And was Tom impressed "by the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK—M-G-M

A HOWLING, smashing, screaming success. Lee Tracy out-Tracies anything to date as the go-getting, ambulance chasing, shyster lawyer.

Right on the dot at every accident, even before it gets through happening, Lee reaps clients like a farmer reaps wheat, and by hook or crook (mostly crook) outwits the big corporations at every turn. And are they burned? But he's finally tripped by no less a tripper than the fair Madge Evans. And does he fall?

Second to that of Lee stands the marvelous performance of Frank Morgan as the drunken doctor accomplice. Madge Evans comes through in a big way as the little "stool pigeon" who falls for Lee, while Charles Butterworth as *Floppy*, the professional accident case, brings many a howl.



★ THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND—Fox

A VAST army of magnificent Amazons is ruled by Marjorie Rambeau as the head I-Am, and all are agog because the Greeks are invading. The men, however, stay home to curl their beards, while the stalwart women go forth to war, led by the resplendent Elissa Landi.

But there is a villain—Ernest Truex, charming husband of Marjorie. While the Greeks, in between fights, are trying to sell the Amazons on matrimony—David Manners being particularly strong for Elissa—naughty Ernest lets the Greeks get the magic girdle which gives the Amazons their martial spirit. They are captured—and do they like it!

Fast and furious laughs, both subtle and rowdy, and excellent, lavish setting. It's a distinct triumph for Director Walter Lang and the cast, and a grand treat for you.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ REUNION IN VIENNA—M-G-M

AS sparkling a bit of Viennese charm as ever twinkled across a movie screen. Adhering strictly to the Robert Sherwood play with lavish sets, this bit of exquisite entertainment dealing with the faded glory of the Hapsburgs, simply must not be missed.

It comes about because the remnants of Austrian nobility plan a celebration on Emperor Francis Joseph's birthday, and there are rumors that the madcap *Archduke Rudolf*, now a taxi-driver in Nice, will attempt to slip past the Austrian police and join the party. This causes restiveness in the home of a former princess-sweetheart of his, now married to a stern but understanding doctor and psychiatrist, who figures that the way to lay the ghost of this old romance is to let his wife try to recapture it, minus court glamour.

The part of *Rudolf* is right down the romantic John Barrymore alley, and what he does with it! Diana Wynyard, if not the princess of the play, is splendidly acceptable; Frank Morgan adds a grand husband; while Frank's papa (Henry Travers)—well, just wait till you see papa!

May Robson, Una Merkel, and others are in the cast; and it all goes with zestful swing and dash. It catches, too, the pathetic futility of the Hapsburgs; and if the underlying character conflict in the princess is not quite as well set forth as it was in the play, the Wynyard charm makes up amply for the lack of subtle characterization.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

REUNION IN VIENNA

PILGRIMAGE

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK

THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND

BONDAGE

THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK

PEG O' MY HEART

"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"

The Best Performances of the Month

John Barrymore in "Reunion in Vienna"

Henry Travers in "Reunion in Vienna"

Henrietta Crosman in "Pilgrimage"

Lee Tracy in "Never Give a Sucker a Break"

Frank Morgan in "Never Give a Sucker a Break"

Elissa Landi in "The Warrior's Husband"

Ernest Truex in "The Warrior's Husband"

Dorothy Jordan in "Bondage"

Fredric March in "The Eagle and the Hawk"

Claudette Colbert in "I Cover the Waterfront"

Ben Lyon in "I Cover the Waterfront"

Laura Hope Crews in "The Silver Cord"

Frances Dee in "The Silver Cord"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 116



★ **PILGRIMAGE—Fox**

THE sheer excellence of this poignant story about a Gold Star mother's sorrow unquestionably entitles it to premier rank among the film offerings of the month.

Henrietta Crosman, as the mother, unwittingly prepares her own sorrow when, to break up a match between her son, Norman Foster, and Marian Nixon, she has him drafted. He is killed; and to add to her bitterness, Marian has a child, which the mother refuses to recognize.

Then comes the pilgrimage which resolves the heartbreak. Going to France with other Gold Star mothers, she finds herself too torn by her hatreds and her feeling that she is her son's murderer to stand the prospect of visiting his grave. While in this mood, she encounters a couple in Paris undergoing the trial through which her son and his sweetheart went, thanks to her—and from there the story works out to its moving ending.

As might be expected of one with her stellar stage record, Henrietta Crosman gives a sterling performance, while both Norman and Marian do all that might be expected. They are well supported by Lucille LaVerne, Maurice Murphy, Heather Angel, Jay Ward, Hedda Hopper and Charles Grapewin, while the production and direction are excellent. Don't hesitate about this one—subject to the qualification that those who lost loved ones in the World War might find it distressing.



★ **BONDAGE—Fox**

A COMPELLING indictment of a certain type of reform institution and a truly magnificent performance are yours to see in this offering.

Dorothy Jordan, as *Judy Peters*, is led into "the fatal error" and committed to an institution to have her child. It is her misfortune and society's crime that the matron, Rafaela Ottiano, delights in torturing her charges in the name of reform. Her mistreatment finally drives Dorothy to the streets, and arrest and trial brings out the miserable story.

Dorothy, whom we thought a pleasing little ingénue, turns in a performance that will compare with the best of any star in pictures, and the others in the cast likewise stand out—particularly Merle Tottenham, Dorothy Libaire, Alexander Kirkland and Eddie Woods.



★ **THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK—Paramount**

A GRIPPING portrayal of the friendship, even unto death, of two aviators, Fredric March and Cary Grant, in the World War.

Fredric, a renowned ace, nevertheless feels a growing aversion for the horror and senselessness of it all—and through all the stirring adventures of the pair, you can see this growing on him. At last he cracks under the strain, commits suicide—and faithful Cary, strapping him into the airplane, takes off at dawn for the enemy lines. Together they go down, March to eternal glory, and Cary to a life of suffering.

Beautifully told, with an epic performance by Fredric March, its one fault may lie in our overfamiliarity with the subject matter and theme. Carole Lombard has effective bits, while Jack Oakie contributes notable, broad humor.

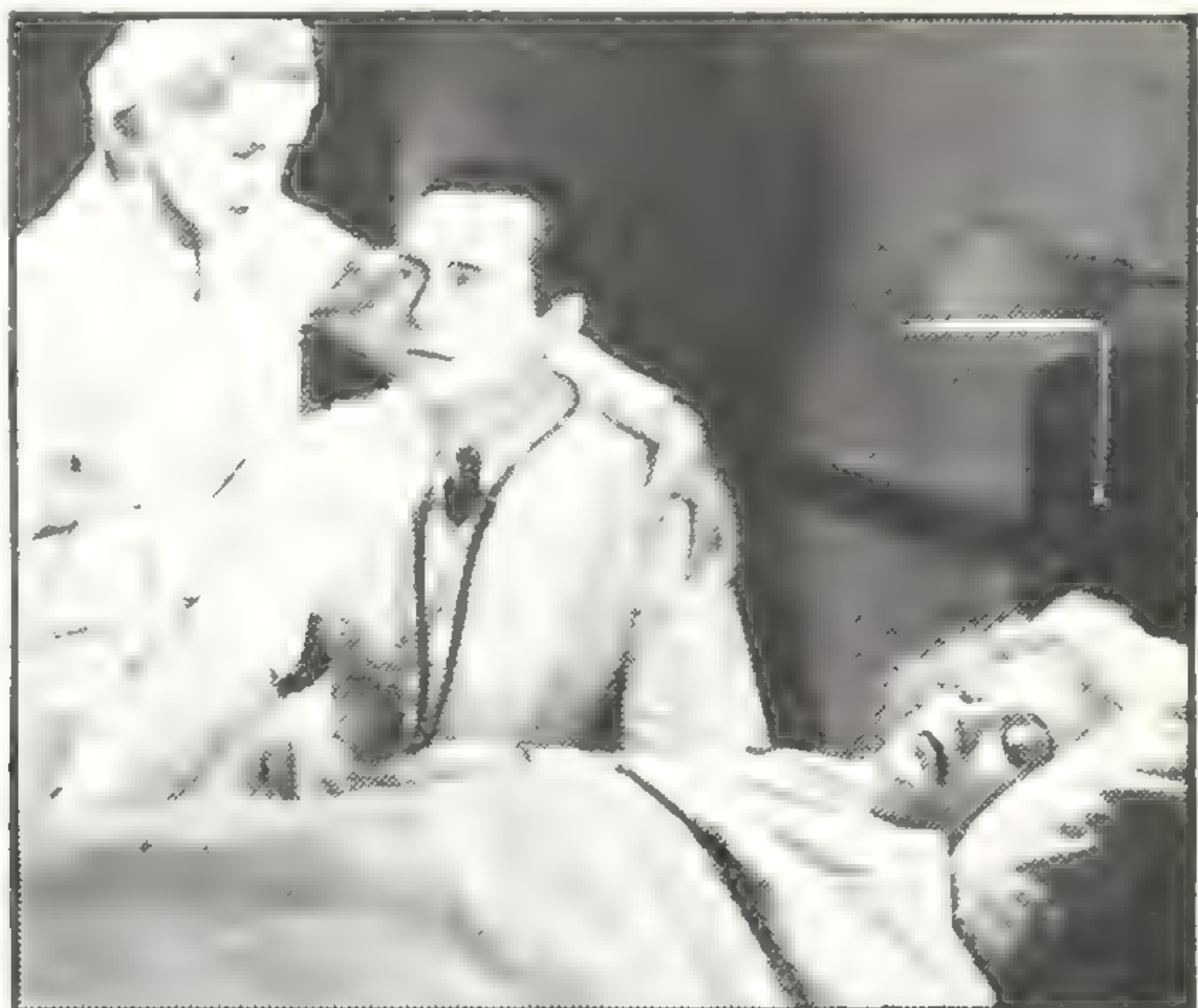
The National Guide to Motion Pictures

☆
PEG O' MY
HEART—
M-G-M



THE old *Peg*, well ornamented with nice musical numbers and splendid voices. Marion Davies, as the little Irish girl who suddenly becomes an heiress, gives us a rich brogue and a performance replete with sentiment. J. Farrell MacDonald is an authentic *Pat*, and the charming performance of Onslow Stevens should place him well up among popular leading men. Robert Greig contributes his usual good butler.

THE GIRL
IN 419—
Paramount



HOSPITAL life and romance come in for another whirl when Gloria Stuart, unconscious from a gangster beating, catches the eye of philandering chief surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence her, and there is great adventure, some fine pathos (contributed by David Manners and Vince Barnett), and a rousing climax. Kiddies, though, might sleep better for not seeing it.

THE CIRCUS
QUEEN
MURDER—
Columbia



A NEW adventure of dashing detective *Thatcher Colt* (Adolphe Menjou). This time he unravels the mystery when rivalry between husband Dwight Frye and lover Donald Cook leads to the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen in the midst of her act. Excellent circus atmosphere and a wow finish make this an extremely palatable dish for lovers of mystery and adventure fare.



☆
"I COVER
THE WATER-
FRONT"—
United Artists

DIFFICULT to appraise beyond reporting that there's nothing of Max Miller's book in it except the title. The difficulty lies in the fact that the story is a concoction of hokum melodrama about a fisherman (Ernest Torrence) who smuggles Chinamen, and gets caught when newspaper reporter Ben Lyon works on his daughter (Claudette Colbert); yet the actors turn this material into a grand show. Our guess is you'll like it.



THE SILVER
CORD—
RKO-Radio

LAURA HOPE CREWS as a mother whose possessive love Lall but wrecks the lives of her two sons (Joel McCrea and Eric Linden). The day is saved when Eric's fiancée (Frances Dee) and Joel's wife (Irene Dunne) rebel. You'll never see finer playing than these three women give, especially Frances; but they followed the stage play rigidly, and the result proves that fine "theater" does not necessarily make good "movie."



LUCKY
DOG—
Universal

YOU never saw a more sincere performance on any screen than Buster gives in this film—and if Buster happens to be only a dog, this gives the humans just that much more to live up to. Buster's troubles come when his master, Chic Sale, hits the gutter; and the way the tyke goes to your heart is nobody's business. Astonishingly enough, Chic is cast as a young man; so don't expect to see your old friend.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**DIPLO-
MANIACS—
RKO-Radio**



BARBERS Wheeler and Woolsey are such nuts, the American Indians decide to send them to the Peace Conference in Geneva. Villain Louis Calhern, a bullet manufacturer, sets siren Marjorie White to stop them; and that's about all the sense there is to it. The nonsense sometimes is good and sometimes awful; this is not the best Wheeler and Woolsey we've seen. Pretty girls, though, help the eye appeal.

**I LOVE
THAT MAN
—Paramount**



EDDIE LOWE, a fast-working "con" man, wins the love of mission-girl Nancy Carroll, and she follows him through fair weather and foul—mostly foul. She plugs away, however, at his reform, and seems to have won the day, when Eddie gets double-crossed and also killed. Well acted by these principals and Bob Armstrong, Warren Hymer, Lew Cody, Grant Mitchell, Luis Alberni, Dorothy Burgess; not extraordinary.

**LILLY
TURNER—
First National**



ONE man goes insane and is committed to an asylum because of her; another takes to drink; a third loses his great opportunity in life—and no one gets anywhere. Including Ruth Chatterton, who causes the desolation. There is simply no excuse for the picture having been made. George Brent, Frank McHugh and Guy Kibbee suffer for her through endless reels. You'll suffer, too, if you sit it out!

**THE STORY
OF TEMPLE
DRAKE
Paramount**



SEX in the raw—all about a "fine old Southern family" girl (Miriam Hopkins) who leads men on only to let them down, until she encounters the gangster *Trigger* (Jack LaRue). Finally she shoots him and confesses all, to save a man on trial for killing one of *Trigger's* victims. Like good soldiers, the players do well, thus adding quinine to the already bitter draught provided by plot. Not for children.

**TOMORROW
AT SEVEN—
RKO-Radio**



A MYSTERY thriller that starts quickly and keeps up the pace from murder to murder, with the sinister *Black Ace* at the bottom of the gory doings. Banker Grant Mitchell takes an airplane to escape death, promised for "tomorrow at seven," but his fate strikes on time to the minute. Thereupon writer Chester Morris uncovers the villain, and two rousing fights end the villainy.

**PRIVATE
DETECTIVE
62—
Warners**



DISMISSED from the diplomatic service, William Powell turns private detective, in a crooked agency run by Arthur Hohl. One of his jobs is to frame Margaret Lindsay; but he marries her instead and shows up the crooks. Margaret's work is fine; but Bill Powell's smooth playing merely emphasizes the mediocrity of plot and direction.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 93]

A Rebel Against Life



A Southern girl who refused to remain homely; who refused to conform to the traditions of her birthplace. Miriam Hopkins in the name rôle of "The Story of Temple Drake" no longer surprises her fellow townsmen

YOU can't pigeon-hole the Hopkins person. She fits no mold. Just when you think you've analyzed her, got her typed, she throws everything into reverse with all the dynamic force of that old rebel leader himself, Major Cutter, who is one of her ancestors.

To this day, Miriam's mother expects only the unexpected from her offspring.

Take the matter of beauty, for instance.

Years ago, Mrs. Hopkins used to look wistfully at her second daughter as she grew long-legged, freckled faced and flat-

many times how she had come so far. I met her shortly after the "Lysistrata" triumph and her success was no longer a mystery to me.

I encountered a devastating candor of thought and speech and a mind as sensitive as a hair trigger. With every move of her expressive, nervous hands and her crisp way of talking she belied her Southern birth. Expect only the unexpected from Miriam.

When Paramount made her an offer for pictures, she wasn't at all enthusiastic. People [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

But Miriam Hopkins has no quarrel with life itself. She drinks its full measure

*By May Allison
Quirk*

ched. She had been one of the great belles of the South herself. No doubt, she hoped her two daughters would inherit her charm and flair for social matters.

But here was Miriam, the youngest, growing up without a trace of looks, other than that mop of pale gold hair. She needn't have worried about the lack of beauty in the younger Hopkins, however.

While Miriam was passing through that awkward, chrysalis stage she managed to make quite a career for herself. Her path of progress took her swiftly from school to the chorus of a Broadway show, through that to small parts in other musical comedies, and finally into the ingénue lead of a dramatic production.

IF her physical graces were not exceptional, she made up for it in mental courage. She tackled anything.

Many Broadway casts bore her name without leaving any greater impression on the New York public other than that of an acceptable ingénue.

Then almost overnight, it seemed, something happened to the Hopkins girl. She budded and blossomed. New York became conscious of the physical charm of Miriam Hopkins.

From being a good little ingénue, with a mop of pale gold hair and rather bad carriage, she turned into an actress of such physical allure as to set the bald heads wagging and the pulses tingling.

Another apple cart capsized.

In "Lysistrata," that Greek comedy of war and sex, Miriam came to full bloom as one of the most luscious eyefuls behind the footlights.

I hadn't known her personally before that time, but I had wondered



Hurrell

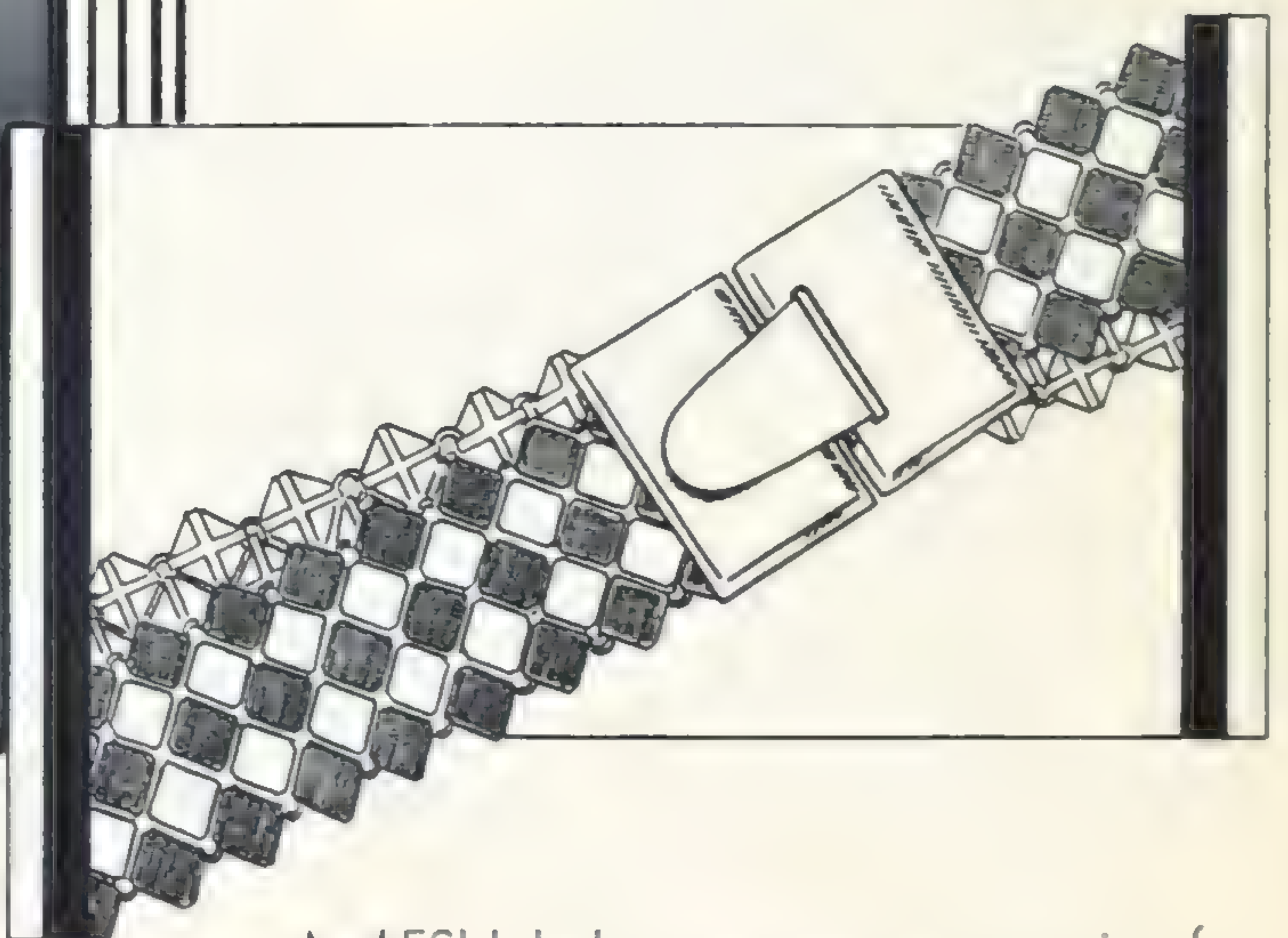
ENIGMATIC, this lad Gene Raymond, the appealing boy of "Zoo in Budapest," who's really a strapping athlete. He eats heartily, yet stays slim; dislikes being called a platinum blond, though he is. But he's most sphinxlike when someone asks which lady has engaged his affections. We'll see him soon in Columbia's "Ann Carver's Profession"



Cotton— Hollywood Picks It For Smart Costumes

—*Seymour*

EVERYONE is picking cotton this summer—especially Hollywood! Gloria Stuart wears this delightful red and white gingham in her new picture called "It's Great to Be Alive." It's youthful and cool looking with a high collar of white organdie ruffles, tying in a bow at front. An undersleeve of white organdie is edged with gingham and topped by three organdie ruffles. Gloria's belt is organdie with a white buckle—shoes to match her dress.



MESH belts are smart accessories for your summer dresses. One of the newest designs is sketched above. The mesh is formed by alternating squares of pastel enamel and silver, the clever buckle is silver. You will be charmed with the variety of costume colors to be had in these—blue, green, white, and others



SOME would call this a necklace, but it is really more like a collar that fits snugly about the neck. The mesh is the same as that in the belt except in solid colors without the silver. It comes in matching colors so that you may form a very smart ensemble with the two pieces. Grand with higher necklines.



MARIAN NIXON wears this attractive blue piqué hat with the dress shown at the right. It is a sailor with the brim turned up at back. Ric-rac braid and blue tassel make the interesting trimming.

MARIAN'S dress is another type of cotton which you should have in your wardrobe this summer. The blue piqué skirt is topped by a sleeveless jacket of the same. Blue and white polka dotted sleeves and collar on the organdie blouse add a crisp accent. The frill down the front of the blouse and the under collar are piped in blue. Rita Kaufman designed this for "Five Cents a Glass."





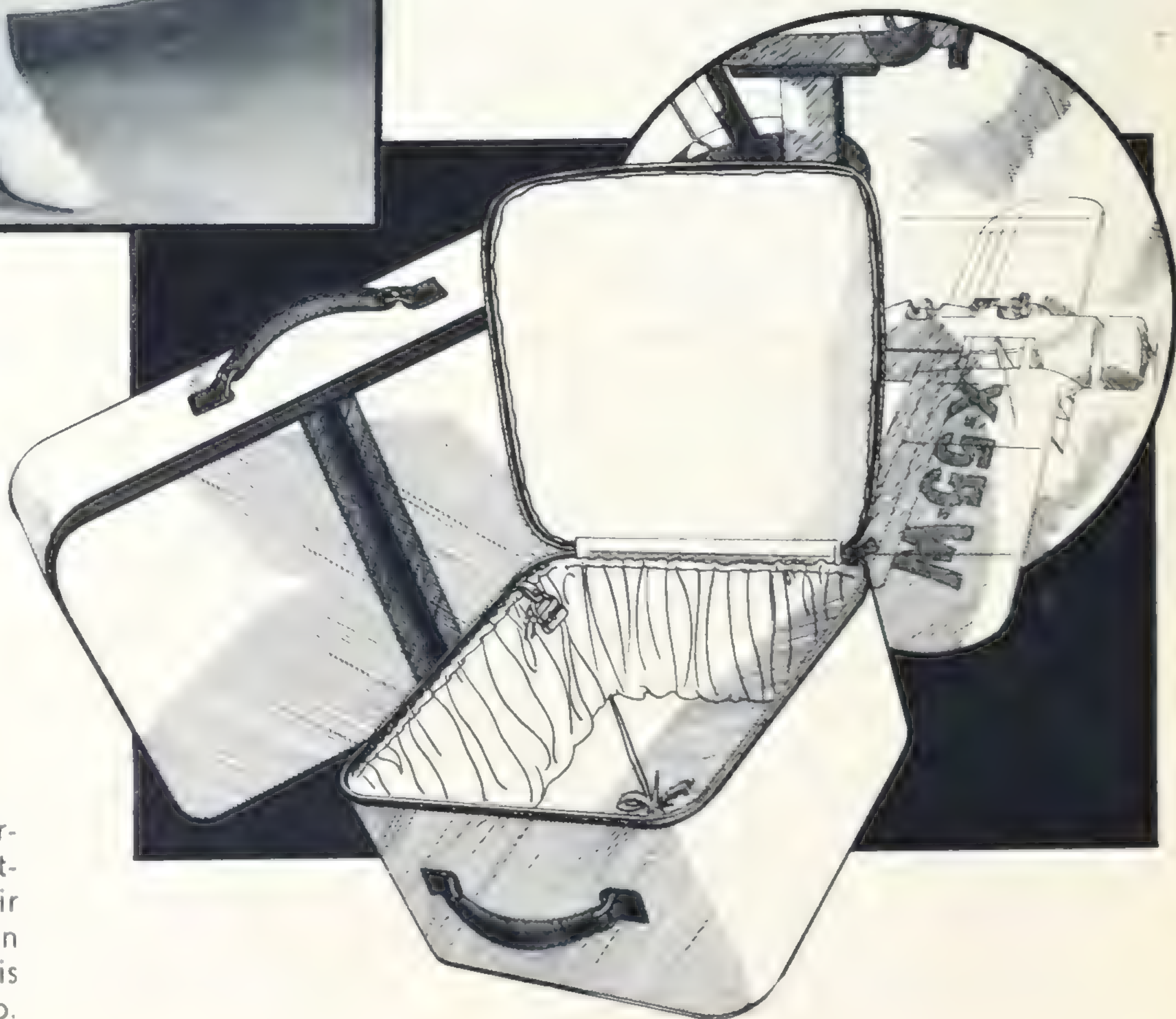
White For Your Coat And Suits

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 110.

DEBE DANIELS is a blithe young D poster artist in "Cocktail Hour" and this is one of the good looking costumes she wears. It's a white coat, designed by Kalloch to look coachman-like. The sleeves puff out to give that "tray" shoulder effect. A pert overseas cap! Bebe's brunette hair and the dark scarf contrast perfectly with her smart white outfit.

YOU'LL have no packing worries if you use this new lightweight luggage designed for air travel. Each case weighs less than three pounds, yet the capacity is marvelous. Fabric with zip top.



Two Favorite Summer Styles



— Seymour



THE wide T-strap sandal is a great favorite this season. This one in white Artillery calf is a perfect complement for tailored or sports clothes. Perforated detail.

WHAT could be cooler or more useful than this trim white suit worn by Lilian Bond? A navy blue and white printed blouse gives the smart dark-with-white accent. Lilian's jacket buttons down the front and has two clever "reefer-like" pockets on either side. A Nancy of Hollywood model.



ANOTHER grand summer suit is this one in a new silk linen which Ruth Hall will wear in "I'll Be Hanged if I Do." The jacket, slightly fitted fastens tuxedo-fashion in front. The bright plaid blouse has a jaunty scarf collar. Another design by Nancy of Hollywood



HERE'S what Gloria Stuart wears on a summer evening in her rôle of a wealthy young New Yorker in "It's Great to Be Alive." And isn't it just the perfect thing for your dancing evenings? Pale green striped organdie with puff sleeves and demure sailor collar of white taffeta. The bodice has a high waist-line



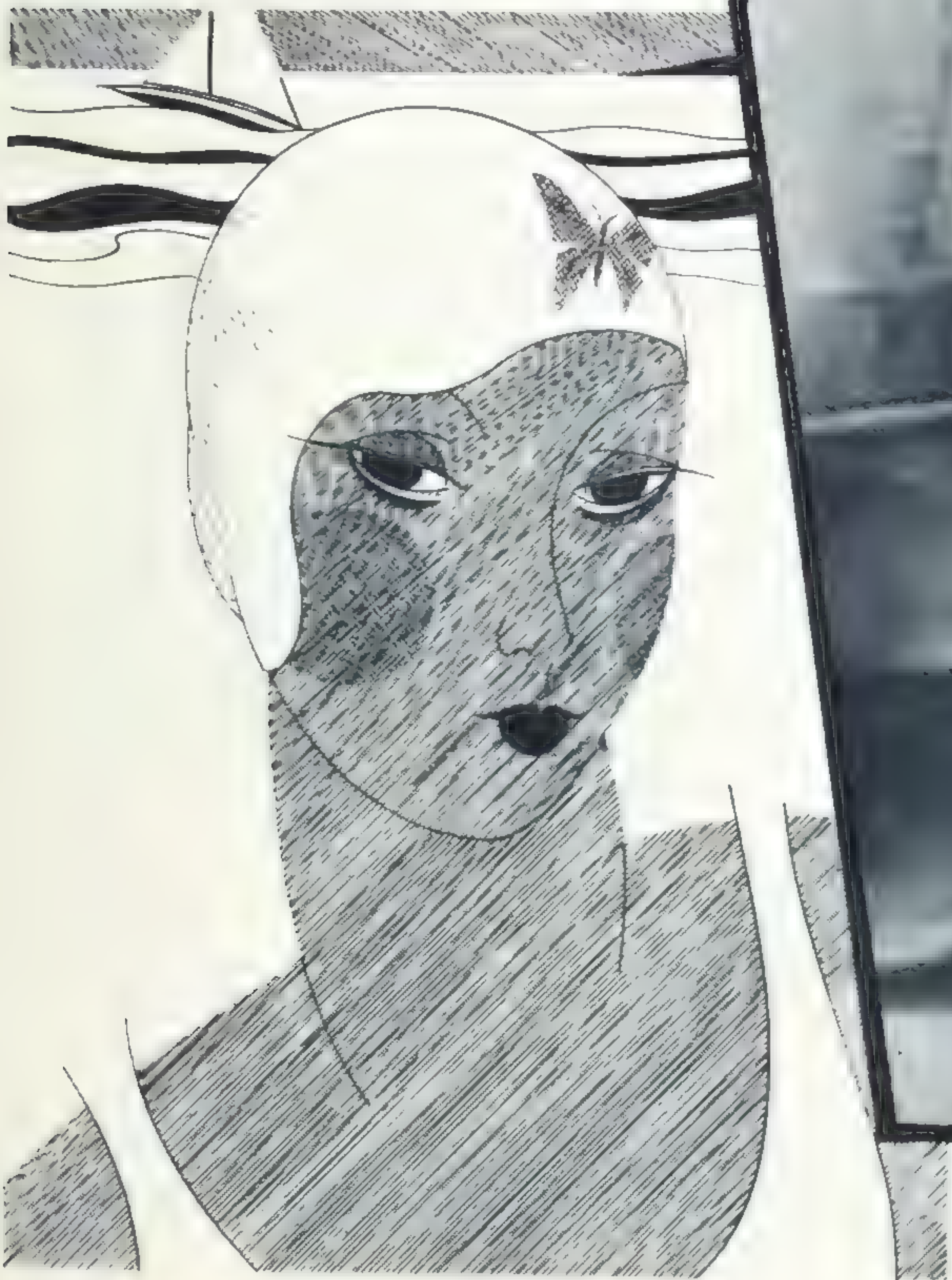
BLUE and white cord mesh makes this T-strap sandal both a smart and a practical choice for resort wear. You will find that you need several pairs to match your costumes. A versatile shoe for beach, sports and general uses—and quite within the budget!



THIS is Travis Banton's idea of what a gay young co-ed may wear for late afternoon and early evening campus activities! Lona Andre wears it in "College Humor." Pale pink satin with graceful sleeves of pleated chiffon edged with satin. Almost tailored is the blouse with its pep-lum of pleated satin. That wide belt is rose crepe—charming!

Hollywood's New Beach Ideas

IN "Cocktail Hour" Bebe Daniels wears this stunning toweling robe which I think will make an ideal beach and bath robe for you. It has interestingly tucked sleeves and a gay conceit is the name of the wearer embroidered on it. Robe in string color.



AN answer to feminine prayers is this new bathing cap that gives a soft contour to the face. Haven't you wished for a cap design that would give your face a break when the hair was tucked in? Crepe rubber with a beguiling dip over one eye!



HOLLYWOOD is favoring either patterned or ribbed weaves in bathing suits. Thus this clever suit is typical of the stars' choice. A brassiere uplift in front and the back has a new adjustable sunback achieved by ties.



Hurrell

FROM the day she broke home ties at York, England, to play in London, Dorothy Mackaill has done as she liked. Now she's happy being Mrs. Neil Miller; so long term studio contracts just don't interest her. But she did do one film with Clark Gable—just to study at first hand that he-man technique everyone was raving about. She approved

Lemon Coconut Cake . . .



O-O-LA-LA, such a time, after such a three months! No wonder Henry Garat sighed a huge sigh of relief as he sank into his chair on the "Europa," vacation bound to France after three months opposite Janet Gaynor in "Adorable."

Last minute retakes had parted him from his baggage in Hollywood, forcing a week's living in one suit. When he changed his American money for French, the gold situation nicked him for several hundred dollars. At the last minute, he found the "Europa" would get him home quicker—but all the special food for the dog was on the "Leviathan." The French consul and a motorcycle police squad were needed to retrieve it.

But it was worth it! Again, oo-la-la—from the man who'd been so afraid of Hollywood, afraid of the beautiful vamps, the terrible cruelty he'd read about.

"Eet was wanderfool," he said. "Everybody so vary nice. But everything that could happen, happen to me there."

"That day we go to Caliente. Just as we come out to get into my car, poof . . . something had gone wrong with the ignition and she caught fires . . . so big fires. The firemans come, but my car is too bad. We go weeth friends to Caliente. But I was sorry. They all gamble—I try. First I win \$70. Then I play again and I lose \$150. My wife had stored away \$20 or we could not eat next day."

"When we got back to Hollywood," added Betty, Henry's charming English wife, aged twenty-three, "we were terribly tired. So Henry lay down to rest before going that night for retakes. I was just coming upstairs when everything began to rock. Henry jumped up and rushed into the hall. 'I am sick,' he called. 'Everything go round.'"

Hours later they heard it was a quake.

Then Betty told her unforgettable Hollywood experience.

"Henry's birthday was always *our* day together," she said, "and I always prepared a coconut lemon layer cake for him—that's his favorite, you know. So I made one. For the last touch I wrote with lemon icing, 'To Henry from Betty—Happy Birthday.' At seven o'clock he rang the front doorbell, and set down a package on the hall table—a coconut lemon layer cake inscribed 'To Henry from Janet'!"

"It took the edge completely off my cake. But I understood. Miss Gaynor was just being nice to her leading man. And she knew he liked lemon coconut better than any other cake. So I became in that moment a Hollywood wife."

"Yes," Henry laughed. "Little Janet she want to make me feel at home. She is so vary sweet, so vary leetle, such a tiny leetle voice, too. . . ."

They'll be back in August for another romantic rôle with little Janet Gaynor—Janet of the lemon coconut birthday cake. By the way—the name's pronounced Gar'-rah.

A "New Deal" in Actors . .



YOU can take a long lingering look (and you will, don't worry) at this Franchot Tone person, who acted in "Today We Live" and "Gabriel Over the White House," and realize that here he is at last. The type of "new deal" actor Hollywood has needed so long.

He isn't overwhelmed in the least by Hollywood. Franchot's been places, knows real people, and isn't impressed by Hollywood's blondes.

You'll seldom read his name in cheap gossip columns. He's here to work. The answer to the producers' cry when they discovered that motion picture audiences did rate higher than twelve years old in mentality.

Franchot Tone is a young lad of good family and means. He needn't have acted for a living.

But he chose acting because he liked it. And went seriously about mastering it. Acted in college plays at Cornell University. Became president of the drama league. Finished Cornell in three and one-half years and won a Phi Beta Kappa pin.

After school, it was stock in Buffalo. After stock, New York. Not Broadway. Into a little theater in Greenwich Village, Franchot went and worked. Hard.

At last, he was ready for Broadway. He appeared in "The Age of Innocence" as a middle-aged man and played it so expertly, few people ever realized that a mere youth was behind that rôle. Then on to "Red Dust," "Hotel Universe," "Green Grow the Lilacs," "Pagan Lady," Theatre Guild, Group Theatre, and with all this behind him—Hollywood.

Franchot lives at the beach with Tommy Thompson, his friend. Having had luxuries all his life, hysterical mansions with hysterical swimming pools fail to impress him. A Korean boy tends to the housework. Franchot actually shipped his old Ford on from New York.

Simply because he liked it.

He goes out very little. Would rather play checkers with Tommy. Has two dogs—"Mata Hari," the dachshund, and scottie "Yoo Hoo," a present from Joan Crawford.

He's not especially good looking, as the artists portray movie actors. He has plain brown hair, brown eyes, and a grand voice. But he gives that feeling of assurance some doctors do when the tummy aches.

"We've got to learn, in movies," Franchot said one day, "to take it easy. It's too tense. Every scene is played exactly as if it were the grand climax of the play. Everyone is tied up in knots. We'll learn to relax and then we'll be all right."

And somehow, the way he said it, not egotistically but just assuringly, one knew everything would be right.

And he's normal. Except for two things. His name, pronounced Fran-show; and he'll never go honeymooning to Niagara Falls. He was born there.

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood



All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

THE extreme sophistication of Carole Lombard's latest coiffure created for "The Eagle and the Hawk" convinces us that one need not be bobbed to look very chic. That engaging bang contrasts charmingly with the braid at the neck. Significant, these long screen coiffures.

PERHAPS an attic or forgotten drawer may yield a braid with which to disguise your short locks in this regal manner for evening. Perfect with a sheer dance frock. That bang, which lengthens the head, shortens the face, is suggested only if your eyes are large, features delicate.



Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck



THE severity of the back is tempered by oblique tiers of ringlets. A harmonious touch is the swirl of the bang repeated at the back. This is a lovely arrangement for hair rich in color or texture; those wide swirls give it full play.



THE left side has full benefit of curl. The modern coiffeur places his curls with discretion. The day of the over-curved head is done. A sweep, somewhere, of smooth uncurled hair seems necessary to every lovely head today.



WYNNE GIBSON finds a light wave set lotion helpful in arranging her hair. She stresses the desirability of a thin lotion to be sprayed on. Her preparation comes with attached spray. Is lightly scented.

ANOTHER version of the bang designed for Genevieve Tobin in "Pleasure Cruise" by Denis Phillips, and an ideal summer coiffure. It is cool, becoming with and without a hat, requires only a handful of curls, easily obtainable by permanent or finger-wave. The piece de resistance, that bang, is very obliging, for you can both comb and curl it a number of ways. Up-keep is very small.



WHAT can approach the allure of fragrant hair? Kathleen Burke illustrates one of the newest Hollywood fads. While hair is damp from shampoo, a perfume lotion is applied by the operator. Perfume clings.



Modern Studio Make-Up Tricks

PATRICIA ELLIS shows you a real studio make-up trick—that of using a Chinese brush to apply lip paste. Outline the mouth carefully, then fill in with the rouge. If the color is too heavy, blot gently with tissue. This is especially recommended for evening.



HOW art may aid nature in luxuriant lashes is depicted by Miriam Jordan. An infinitesimal globule of paste is touched to the natural lash, the artificial lash attached to the real one.

MIRIAM shows the second step to lovely lashes that defy detection — trimming them to the right length. Many Hollywood stars apply them only to the outer corner. This creates a glamorous sweep in the Garbo manner.



A BEAUTY practice almost as old as beauty, itself, and one undoubtedly followed by our great-grandmothers. Patricia Ellis uses a towel to gently mould back her cuticle whenever she washes her hands. Every girl may well do this.

Poetic Values In Powder And Rouge



IF you use a flat powder puff, try folding it as Una does hers. This prevents scattering of your powder and presses the powder more permanently on your skin. Many of us need to change our powder at this season, possibly to one or two shades darker.



THE same rouging principles apply to cream rouge, as illustrated by Una Merkel. As a rule, cream rouge is advisable for the initial application, dry rouge is suggested for a touch-up now and then. For lasting make-up.

UNA MERKEL'S rouge puff is carefully poised at the vital color area for the average young face. The advisability of applying rouge high on the full part of the cheeks, blending toward the temples, cannot be over-stressed for a natural and soft appearance.



DOROTHY JORDAN is using one of those new one-hand lipsticks. A flip of the thumb and it opens. Dorothy's skin is fair, so she chooses a flamingo or blush shade, both with rose tone.

(For more beauty tips turn to page 80)



Hurrell

GLORIA SWANSON back in Hollywood sunshine after a sojourn in foggy England making "Perfect Understanding." When the curious ask her if she has come to stay, she mentions vaguely a farm in France and reminds them that she and Michael left the children in Switzerland. Nor will Mr. Farmer tell. Says he, "No definite plans"

Why risk a single washing failure —it costs DOLLARS!



A BARGAIN? YES—
but one wrong washing may
wipe out ALL you save! Keep
it like new all season long
this simple way

"IN TIMES LIKE THESE," women say, "every dollar counts! We can't afford to have a *single* dress or sweater spoiled in washing. We simply have to *keep* things looking new.

"That's why, nowadays, we are *insisting* on safe Lux."

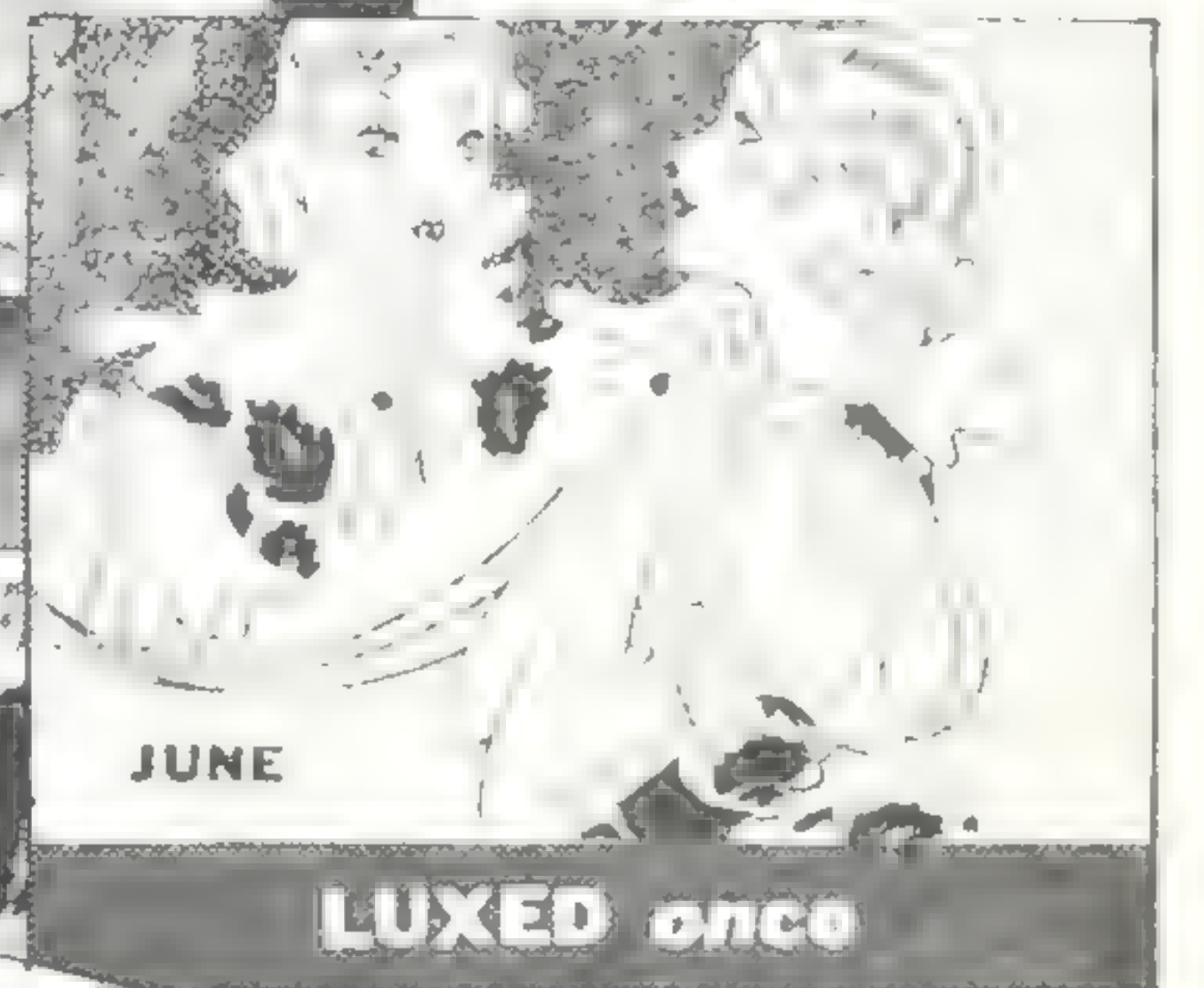
CAN YOU afford to risk a single precious dollar? You *needn't!* Lux is made to protect every kind of washable fabric . . . all the brilliant beauty of color, too. Through

one washing . . . through scores. All season long!

Gentle Lux draws out the soil and perspiration safely. There's *no harmful alkali* as there often is in ordinary soaps to fade and shrink things. There's *no cake-soap rubbing* to streak color, ruin texture. *If it's safe in water alone, it's safe in Lux.*

Many things you thought had to be cleaned can be Luxed. It's so easy . . . and because Lux keeps your pre-

cious things new looking so much longer, you'll find clothes money goes twice as far. A worth-while saving!



FOR DISHES, TOO: Inexpensive beauty care—Lux in the dishpan. Keeps hands white for 1¢ a day.



Save colors—save fabrics with *Safe* LUX

"I followed
Marian Nixon's
advice—



Recent portrait of
MARIAN NIXON,
fascinating screen star.
Read how
this lovely star's advice
brought happiness to
Miss Autumn Sims,
of Cincinnati



and
Now—

⚡ "So I started right away to
use Lux Toilet Soap regularly,
as Marian Nixon says she does.
Then I watched my skin very
carefully "



1 "I'm certainly glad I followed Marian Nixon's advice," says Miss Autumn Sims of Cincinnati. "A few years ago men seemed to *like* me well enough, but something was lacking, and I couldn't help knowing it. When it came to dates and flowers some other girl was likely to win out."



2 "Marian Nixon was my favorite star. I've always thought her adorable. One night it occurred to me that following her complexion advice might make me more attractive."

Stop being satisfied with a complexion that isn't truly exquisite. Have the kind of skin that wins. It doesn't take much time or money. I use the simplest care in the world because I've found it the very best care. I use regularly gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. It protects my skin perfectly - keeps it always smooth and soft.

Marian Nixon



4 "I knew the trick was turned when men began to pay me the kind of attention I'd always longed for. I realized for the first time what a tremendous difference lovely skin makes. Do you wonder I'm grateful to Marian Nixon?"



Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including allstars, actually 686 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the official soap in all the large film studios. Let it beautify *your* skin!

Perc Westmore Talks On Make-Up

By Carolyn Van Wyck



MR. WESTMORE is making-up Gloria Mossman. Gloria's left brow is too high, heavy. Right brow shows correct line but her own brow interferes. Right eye is good; left, bad.



IRENE WARE shows the use of honey as a skin beautifier. It is stimulating, astringent, in cream, lotion or pure form. Use on a creamed skin.

I WISH every reader of this department could have been with me recently when Perc Westmore, one of the famous make-up twins, Perc and Ern, gave a demonstration of screen make-up at the Warner Brothers' studio. A player from the lot, Gloria Mossman, was chosen. Her make-up was strictly professional for the screen, but Mr. Westmore mentioned many vital points that apply to us all personally.

Gloria first cleansed her face thoroughly with cream, then washed it with soap and water. Then Mr. Westmore patted on a number twenty-seven grease paint. He admonished us never to rub anything on our faces, always to pat it gently. Rubbing can break down tissue and injure it; patting will never harm. Remember this when you apply your creams and especially rouge and powder. Never try to grind make-up into your skin; rather put it on your skin.

The most interesting work began with Gloria's eyes. She made up one in her accustomed fashion; Mr. Westmore made up the other, according to his artistic make-up theories. Let us consider this eye. He thinks the brow should follow the bony ledge above the eye. This is an infallible rule for attractive and flattering brows. Let this idea, then, serve as a guide for you who want to shape your brows. The distance, then, from the brow to the eye will usually be the same as the width of the opened eye. Mr. Westmore advocates a curved or arched line; he considers straight lines masculine and points to Garbo and Dietrich as two stars made masculine by straight lines. The brow should be about as long as the eye and tapered at the end. Here is where a

deft touch of your eye-brow pencil comes in.

The actual eye make-up is especially interesting. With a lining pencil, Mr. Westmore drew a line on the upper lid, perhaps a sixteenth of an inch from the lash-line. He explained that if this line is too close to the lashes it gives a blurred, uncertain effect. Perhaps you've noticed this in photographs at times. A light line is now drawn from the inner corner outward, perhaps a quarter of an inch, depending upon size of the eye. A similar line is drawn from slightly beyond the outer corner inward, so that the center of the eye is unlined. This frames, enlarges, accents the eye yet does not

detract from the expression which must register through the pupil itself. A light application of mascara finishes this procedure.

If you use shadow, Mr. Westmore thinks it should extend from the brow to the lash-line, the color concentrated at the latter and fading toward the brow. Brown fulfils most shadow needs except for the very fair-skinned, when a blue-gray is suggested. Never, never use shadow beneath the eye.

You can do almost anything with a mouth through the medium of rouge. For pictures, rouge is often applied with a Chinese brush and if your own rouge is fairly soft you will find this a grand dressing-table trick. The ideal mouth extends as far as the eye pupil and has a slight upward tilt at the corners. Mr. Westmore decried the "depression mouth" as he calls it and said that every girl with a drooping mouth should give the upper lip a slight touch of rouge at the corners to lift it. When your upper lip is perfected, draw it lightly over the lower one. This will show you exactly where to place the rouge there.

Powder should be pressed on gently and generously, then dusted off with a brush that comes for this purpose. If you have lines in your skin be sure to smooth them out before powdering, either by relaxing the face or smoothing the skin between the fingers. Otherwise, the powder will cover merely the top skin, leaving the lines more pronounced than ever.

The average young face should rouge the full part of the cheeks blending it lightly toward the temples. If your eyes are tired or shadowed, bring the rouge lightly almost to the lash-line. This does wonders for a weary face.

"SUNBURN, Freckles and Tan" is the title of the new leaflet we have prepared for you. It tells you how to prevent and to cure, and is yours for the usual self-addressed, stamped envelope, as well as our acne and blackhead leaflet and our list of new perfumes. All letters answered personally. Address Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

★ BETTE DAVIS, *Star in Warner Bros.*
Feature Picture "Ex-Lady"

"My Make-Up Secret"

... Bette Davis

"The secret of perfect make-up I learned from Hollywood's make-up genius, Max Factor... that my powder, rouge and lipstick must be in color harmony to blend with my own complexion colorings. You know that for years Max Factor has

created make-up for the stars and the studios of Hollywood, so it is only natural that I follow his advice for both screen and street make-up. Perhaps these suggestions will help you to find new beauty with make-up."



1. "For my colorings... blonde hair, blue eyes and fair skin... I use Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Its color harmony tone is perfect for me... and it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours, which every screen star depends upon. And here's a hint about powdering... always pat it on, removing surplus with the face powder brush."

2. "Pat on a touch of rouge following the natural curve of the cheekbone... and then soften the edges by blending with the finger tips. To be sure of correct color harmony, I use Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge... its delicate texture and creamy smoothness help a lot in blending a beautiful, soft coloring."

3. "Always dry your lips and keep them dry when applying lipstick. Make up the upper lip first and trace this lip contour on lower lip by simply compressing lips together; then fill in. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes my make-up color harmony. It's moisture-proof, permanent in color, lasts all day... three good reasons why I use it."

P. S.—"Of course, in my new picture, "Ex-Lady" I use Max Factor's Make-Up exclusively, too. In fact, in every picture from every studio you can actually see how perfect Max Factor's Make-Up is."

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices... Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

For your own personal make-up color harmony chart, mail coupon to Max Factor.

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

★Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California
WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. Fill in the chart below with ✓

NAME _____		ADDRESS _____	
CITY _____		STATE _____	
COMPLEXION Very Fair ☐ Fair ☐ Creamy ☐ Medium ☐ Ruddy ☐ Sallow ☐ Freckled ☐ Olive ☐ SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐		EYES Blue ☐ Green ☐ Brown ☐ Hazel ☐ Light ☐ Dark ☐ LASHES (C) Light ☐ Dark ☐ REDHEADS Light ☐ Dark ☐	

Ask The Answer Man

BUSTER CRABBE again springs to the foreground, but this time as a movie star instead of a champion swimmer. Letters came from every corner of the globe asking about him.

Sports enthusiasts, who are acquainted with his swimming records, want to know about his private life. Movie-goers want to know about both. And here they are.

Buster was born about 25 years ago in Oakland, Calif. His boyhood days were spent in Hawaii. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 188 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He attributes his fine physique to swimming. Learned it from the natives of Honolulu. He left the University of Hawaii after his first year and entered the University of Southern California, graduating from there in 1932.

Twice represented the United States in the Olympic Games, once in Amsterdam and last year in Los Angeles, where he captured the 400-meter championship. He holds five world swimming records, and thirty-five national championships.

Is also credited with having saved twenty-two persons from drowning, while he was a life-guard during his summer vacations. He and Johnny Weissmuller are bosom pals. Prior to winning the rôle of the *Lion Man* in "King of the Jungle" Buster appeared in a small part in "That's My Boy" for Columbia.

His real name is Clarence Linden Crabbe (pronounced Crab). He speaks the Hawaiian language like a native. Show him a ukulele, guitar or piano, and he'll show you some expert playing on any of them. If he hasn't made good in pictures at the end of a year, he plans to study law.

On April 13 of this year, Buster and Adah Virginia Held eloped to Yuma, Ariz. Their friendship began two years ago when he was a student at the University of Southern California.

RUTH A. IMHOFF, FULLERTON, MD.—Yes'm, those long luxurious eyelashes of Garbo's are her very own. And her shoes—well, she asks for a 5½ AAA when she goes shopping. Helen Hayes won the Academy Award for the best acting last year. So what—you Garbomaniacs!

FRANK DILLARD, WESTON, W. VA.—Cecilia Parker uses her own name in pictures. She was born in Fort William, Ont., Canada, on April 26, 1914. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 110 and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Received her education in Hollywood. Had no stage experience prior to her movie début. She is an accomplished pianist and had her voice cultured for opera. Her nationality? Well, you figure it out. She says she is English, Irish, Welsh, German and Swiss. Her latest picture is "Unknown Valley" with Buck Jones.

SALLY AKINS, BOULDER, COLO.—Hope this settles the argument. John Gilbert is not related to the Barrymores. Who started that rumor, anyway?

J. NADEL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Twenty years ago Paramount made "The Count of Monte Cristo" with James O'Neill in the rôle of *Edmond Dantes, the Count*. O'Neill made this character famous on the stage for many years. In 1922 Fox made another version of this famous Dumas tale with John Gilbert in the rôle of *Dantes*.

IRENE ROBERTS, CHICAGO, ILL.—Irene, here's what I know about Rafaela Ottiano, the lady who played the part of *Russian Rita* in

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Buster Crabbe, champion swimmer and star of "King of the Jungle" whom the readers have acclaimed. His next film will be "Stairs of Sand"

"She Done Him Wrong." Rafaela was born in Venice, Italy, on March 4, 1896. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 130 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. She was associated with the stage for twenty years, appearing in "The Great Lover," "Sherlock Holmes," "Diamond Lil," "Grand Hotel," and other well-known productions. Made her movie début in "Grand Hotel." This was followed by "As You Desire Me," "The Washington Masquerade," and "Bondage." Watch for her in the new Lilian Harvey-John Boles musical romance, "My Lips Betray."

Mae West is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., born there on August 17, 1900. She has blonde

hair and violet eyes. Her new picture is titled "I'm No Angel."

SUSAN DEAN, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—Greta Garbo returned to California, via the Swedish freighter, Annie Christie, I mean Annie Johnson, April 30. Her contract calls for two pictures a year, the first of which will be "Queen Christina."

DANNIE COSTIGANO, CLEVELAND, O.—Why all the interest in red-heads, Dannie? Here are a few of the popular brick-tops—Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, James Cagney, Ginger Rogers, Charles Bickford, Peggy Shannon and William Gargan. I am sure if you will visit the drug or department stores of Cleveland, you can get the cosmetics you inquired about. If not, you will find an advertisement in this issue which will tell you how to obtain the articles you want.

MARGARETTA MANSEL, CARMARTHENSHIRE, ENG.—John Barrymore is 5 feet, 10 inches tall. Lionel tops him by two inches. In "Grand Hotel" Lionel appeared shorter because his rôle called for him to look "stooped." Carlotta King was the beautiful leading lady in "The Desert Song."

DONALD STAHL, BUCYRUS, OHIO.—Shake, feller! Your kind words cheered me up. Richard Cromwell recently signed a new contract with Columbia and his name now appears on our address page.

MISS ARAH G. MCARM, HAMLET, N. C.—You didn't tell me the name of the director you wanted to reach at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. However, the address of that company is Culver City, Calif.

MRS. H. G. GIBLIN, ALBANY, CALIF.—Gloria Swanson's infant daughter was christened Michele. Gloria has two other children, a daughter by her second marriage and a son by adoption.

RALPH MARTINEZ, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mex.; Rosita Moreno, in Pachuca, Mex. and Conchita Montenegro in San Sebastian, Spain. Ramon is 34 years old; Rosita 23, and Conchita 22. Ricardo Cortez was born in New York City on Sept. 19, 1899. His real name is Jacob Kranz.

MURIEL CARTER, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Fredric March was born on August 31, 1898, and christened Frederick McIntyre Bickel. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Some of his more recent pictures are "Merrily We Go to Hell," "Smilin' Through," "The Sign of the Cross," and "Tonight Is Ours." His latest is "The Eagle and the Hawk."

LAURE KAYNE, SUMMIT, N. J.—Another March follower. Fredric has been doing picture work since 1928. Before that he was on the stage. Among the plays he appeared in were "Shavings," "Tarnish" and "Devil in the Cheese." He was married to Florence Eldridge, well-known stage and screen actress, on May 30, 1927. Last October they adopted a baby girl and christened her Penelope.

A FRIEND, YONKERS, N. Y.—Mustn't fight, Rosie. Haven't you heard about the Armistice? Now to settle the bet. The players in "Our Dancing Daughters" were Joan Crawford, John Mack Brown, Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Kathlyn Williams, Nils Asther and Edward Nugent.

Now! Hollywood's Smartest Fashions for July, 1933

THE STYLES OF THE STARS AT WORK AND AT PLAY!

From the Style Show of the Studios come "Hollywood Fashions". . . a monthly pageant of all that is new and smart in latest motion picture wardrobes! Now you may choose the styles you most admire from costumes of favorite stars!

Faithful copies of the smartest styles worn by the most fashionable actresses at work and at play (see Pages 64-69) are selected by Seymour, PHOTOPLAY's stylist, and sold at modest prices by prominent stores (See Page 110).

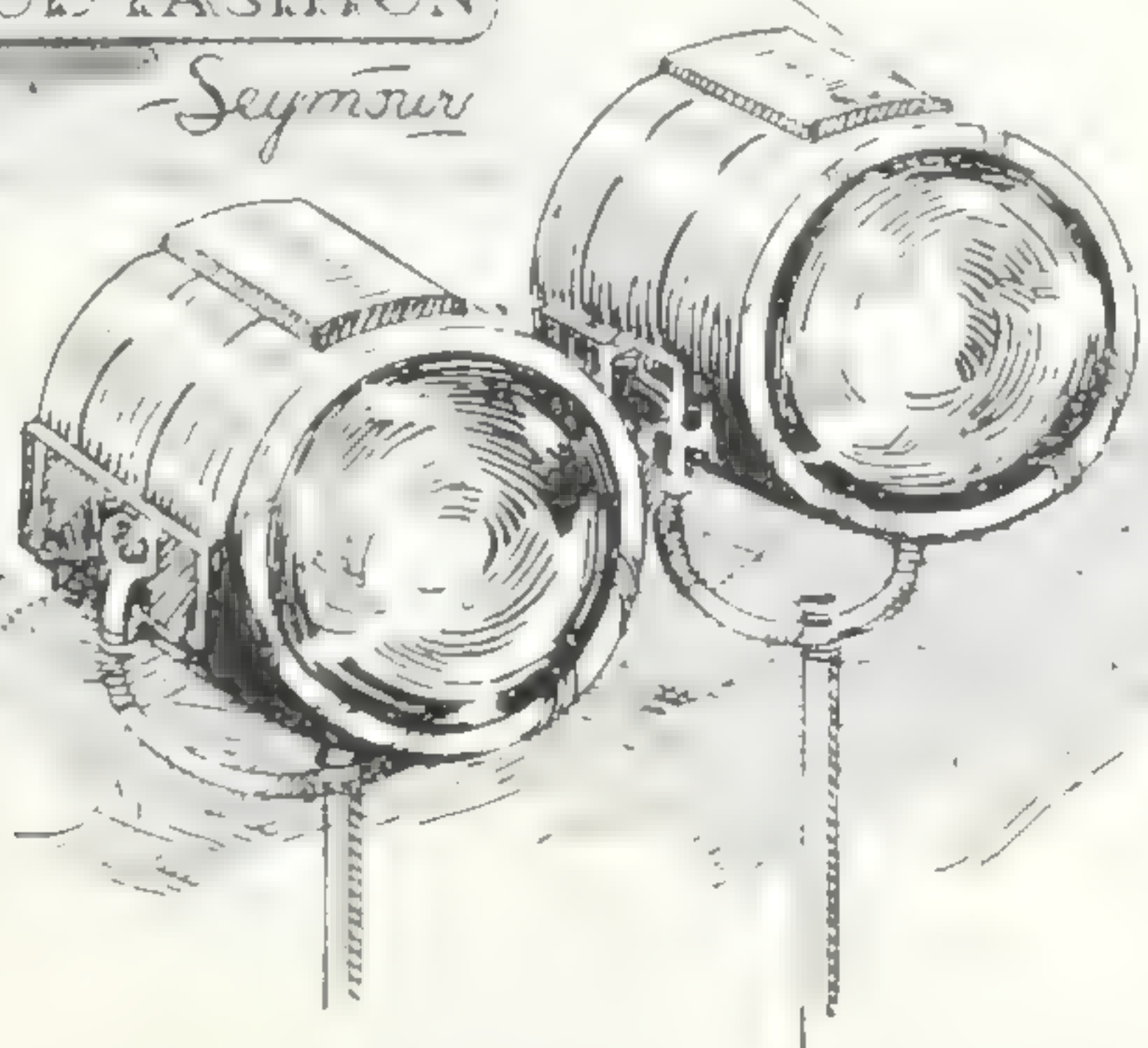


A "Hollywood Fashion" for July is this charming suit of washable silk, only one of the colorful styles shown in PHOTOPLAY's fashion section this month and reproduced through the courtesy of Lilian Bond! Its charming original was chosen for her personal wardrobe by Miss Bond herself; see her in Columbia's smartly costumed picture play, "When Strangers Marry."

PHOTOPLAY Magazine

919 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
In Association with WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc

THIS IS A GENUINE
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
SELECTED BY Seymour



If "Hollywood Fashions" Are Not Sold in Your City

SEND PHOTOPLAY YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND THE STORE YOU PATRONIZE, ON THE MARGIN BELOW

How Sylvia Made Joan Bennett Straighten Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

and nervous. You should have seen the change in her after a few weeks of my treatments.

Now here's something you might not believe, but I swear it's true.

WHEN I first went to Joan Bennett, her complexion was not so good.

Don't ask me about make-up and proper powders and things like that—that's somebody else's job—but what I did for Joan was to work on her complexion from the inside out. I put her on my complexion diet. Remember that she wasn't too fat—except in the calves of her legs and her hips and this I took off with massage and exercise. But I didn't need to give her a reducing diet. What she needed was to get herself in a good condition so that her skin would clear up.

And here's the diet:

First thing in the morning take a half glass of mineral water. That's to clear out the intestinal tract.

BREAKFAST

Any fresh fruit in season with cream (if strawberries and blackberries are too sour use a little sugar)

One coddled egg (and don't tell me you've forgotten how to cook a coddled egg—I told you in the April issue).

Two or three slices of rye crisp (don't faint at that amount. I told you it wasn't a reducing diet) with butter and honey

Clear coffee

At eleven o'clock a glass of orange juice

LUNCHEON

Two heaping tablespoons of cottage cheese

Two lettuce leaves

One whole sliced tomato

(These three foods taken together are wonderful for the complexion)

Lemon juice dressing

Small baked potato with butter (and eat the skin!)

Glass of skimmed milk or buttermilk

At four a glass of tomato juice

DINNER

Celery (and eat the leaves, too)

Jellied consommé or clear soup

Any grilled, broiled, boiled or baked meat that isn't greasy

Three vegetables (one starchy and two non-starchy. Starch is needed in this diet)

Green salad (lettuce, endive or watercress)

Small ice cream, gelatin or fresh fruit

Small piece of angel food cake

Demi-tasse

Before going to bed at night, glass of grapefruit juice.

Now I promise you that this diet won't put on excess weight.

It's well balanced and not heavy. It gives you plenty of nourishment.

But remember this, it won't do your complexion a bit of good if you slump when you walk and sit, because when you slump you

cramp your liver, and a sluggish liver will cause all sorts of complexion difficulties.

I wish you could have seen Joan when I first took her and then again after I had had her under my care for a few weeks. At first her complexion was sallow and her skin was bad from irregular diet. But, believe me, I stirred up her circulation and got her system working correctly.

You must take care of your skin from the outside, too.

Use good creams and powders; but you've got to be well and healthy before you can really have a marvelous skin.

JOAN never varied from my treatment. She took it all like a little soldier. Oh, she's independent, like every Bennett. She's no gentle Julia. She knows her own mind and she speaks her little piece, but she knows her own mind well enough to realize that she wanted to be as lovely as she could be. She was smart as a whip—like every Bennett—and that's why she said, "Yes, darling," when I told her what to do.

Because she knew what I could do for her.

So there, girls, learn a lesson from a Bennett. Take your exercises daily. Clear up your skin with that diet.

Hold your head up. Throw those shoulders back. Walk as if you owned the world, instead of as if you were ashamed to be seen on the street.

Why, look—you feel better and look better already.

And don't let your Aunt Sylvia catch you slumping again!

Answers by Sylvia

NERVOUS BLOTCHING

Dear Sylvia:

Maybe you'll think I'm silly but whenever I get nervous, red splotches come out on my face and hands. I wish you'd tell me what to do about it.

M. L., Portland, Me.

Well, that's an easy one. Don't get nervous. Honestly, that's just what I mean. You can cure and control your nerves. Go on a good, sensible diet. The one I've given this month—the one I gave Joan Bennett for her complexion—would be fine.

Drink plenty of grapefruit juice before going to bed. That will relax you. Take good brisk exercises every morning. Don't take hot baths—warm showers instead.

And stop thinking about yourself! Nine times out of ten nervous people are selfish people.

Get outside interests, and you'll find you're not half so nervous.

REDUCING

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I've followed your reducing diet and have lost fifteen pounds.

Thanks and three cheers! But I still want to take off a lump of fat over each hip and diet doesn't seem to do that.

Mrs. R. L. T., Omaha, Neb.

Diet will reduce you all over but you've got to work on those lumps of fat with the two

MY, you girls are flooding me with letters—but the more there are, the happier Aunt Sylvia is. I know, you see, what these treatments will do—and the more you girls ask me what to do, the more happy, attractive girls there will be. So don't hesitate. Just write me what your trouble is, addressing Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. No obligation, of course—it's my pleasure to help.

SYLVIA

hands God gave you. Squeeze that fat off. You can if you have the courage. Just dig in with your hands and squeeze and break down that fatty tissue. Then, with a Turkish towel over the lumps, pound and pound and pound with the palms of your hands. If you had enough will power to stay on the diet, you've got enough will power to do that!

My Dear Sylvia:

I'm only twenty-three years old. Don't you think it's terrible that I'm getting a "spare tire" around my middle? Do you know anything I can do about it?

W. H. L., Baton Rouge, La.

You bet I think it's terrible. And I certainly know what you can do about it. Here's the exercise. Stand with your hands on your hips and your feet straight to the front. Now move

your torso in a large circle, bending over so that you can feel the upper part of your body smashing down on that spare tire. Do this twenty or thirty times a day. Just break down those fat tissues. As you're doing this knead your waistline with your hands as if you were kneading dough.

Go to it, you're too young to be getting fat. But, for that matter, there's no woman old enough to be fat.

ANEMIA AND REDUCING

Dear Sylvia:

I'd love to get thin but I'm slightly anemic and feel that I shouldn't go on a diet. But I do want to get thin.

P. E. C., Montgomery, Ala.

I love to get hold of you "slightly anemic" girls. You can get thin just like the rest of the girls by curing the slight anemia with simple remedies. Here they are: Eat plenty of liver. Have it every day. Then boil turnip tops in water, letting them simmer slowly until all the juice is cooked out. Squeeze off this juice and drink as much of it as you can—three or four glasses a day. I'll admit it isn't the best drink in the world, but it's not so bad. When you're doing that, you can take my reducing diets.

"LATE DINNER" TROUBLE

Dear Sylvia:

I think your diet is marvelous and a doctor told me that there was plenty of well-balanced nourishment on it, but my job makes it im-

possible for me to have my dinner until about eight o'clock at night. With the light luncheon I eat, I get weak before I have my dinner. Please advise.

F. H., St. Paul, Minn.

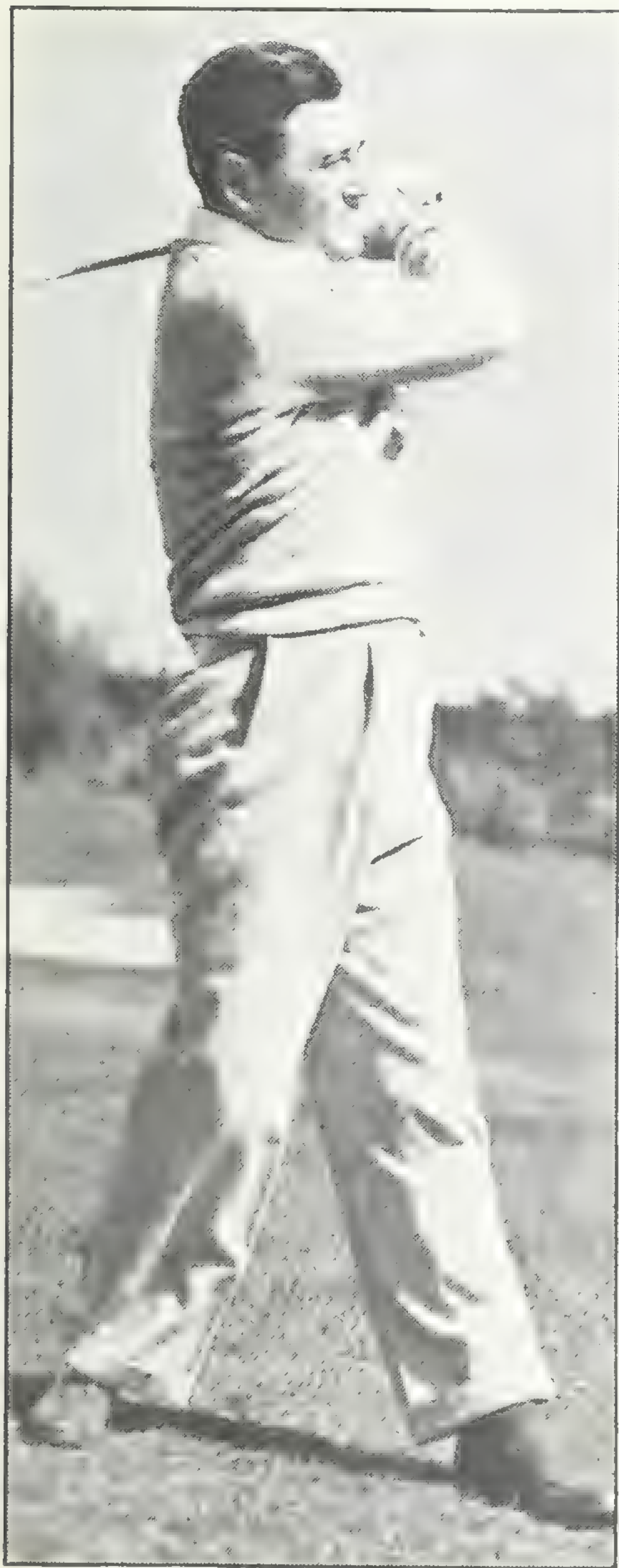
About two o'clock in the afternoon take a glass of tomato juice. At four a glass of orange juice or a cup of tea with lemon. At six you can have another glass of orange juice. That will give you plenty of strength.

DROOPING MOUTH

Dear Sylvia:

The corners of my mouth droop and it gives me such a sullen look. What can I do about it?
B. R., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Did you ever try smiling? That turns up the corners of your mouth. Simple, isn't it? Then every night and morning, gently massage the corners of your mouth with a rotary movement to stimulate the muscles. Also, with the tips of your fingers work hard just under the cheek bones near the ear. Also, work above the cheek bones, just under the temples. Can you feel the muscles around your mouth pulling upwards? You've got to stimulate those muscles and make them hold up the corners of your mouth.



So he whacked at the ball and did it in seventy. Oh, no, pardon us, we've got our sports mixed; that was a fish story. Richard Dix doesn't mind how many times he misses, it's the walking he's interested in—to get dat ole davel waistline down a few notches on the belt. Hard work, eh, Dick?

**“A life-saver
for your skin,
sister”**



**If you want a baby's smooth, clear
skin, use the baby's beauty treatment**

Quick! There's no time to lose if you're going to rival the babies in this matter of skin loveliness. Start right now to smooth up your skin—avoid drying soaps—just the way a baby does. Use pure gentle Ivory Soap.

Did you ever hear a doctor or nurse advise any fancy-smelling, colored soaps for a baby? Of course not. Only white odorless Ivory is safe enough for babies' delicate peach-bloom complexions.

So take a tip from the youngest generation . . . *It's smart to be a baby about your soap!*

Your skin needs Ivory's purity just as much as a baby's. So give your face pure Ivory cleansings to

keep it young and smooth. And take your Ivory bath tonight. Cover yourself all over with Ivory's creamy foam—splash, rinse—not a bit “dried-out” feeling after an Ivory bath.

Be honest, now. Have you ever seen your skin so shining clean . . . so baby-smooth? That's what Ivory cleansings do to the sleepiest grown-up skins. Be grateful, too, that an Ivory bath is an odorless bath. No soap smell lingers to cover up the fragrance of his favorite scent.

And be mum when he murmurs that you're growing lovelier every day. It's your secret that your Ivory beauty treatments cost only a few cents at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap
99 11/100 % pure • It floats

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



Scotty Welbourne

Life is a serious matter for these two young prisoners held in a German war camp. In the war-time drama, "Captured," Leslie Howard is a British officer whose courage and hard work change the filthy prison into a habitable place. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., an ace, is his buddy

THERE'S only one time when Connie Bennett does not rank among Hollywood's leaders of fashions.

She is forced to retire to the ranks during the summer.

She can't tan. And a girl who isn't tanned in Hollywood might just as well be wearing bustles.

DOROTHEA WIECK has upset all of Hollywood's preconceived notions of European actresses.

How she's upset them!

Pose, mystery, aloofness were expected. Garbo and Dietrich stuff.

And then this girl, brought here because of her sensational success in "Maedchen in Uniform" upsets all precedents.

On the train, while crossing the California desert, all the passengers congregated in the air-cooled dining car and entertained each other with tricks.

When it came Dorothea's turn, she pulled back her hair and wiggled her ears.

And she does it for anyone who asks her—including producers.

GEORGE RAFT is going Garbo-ish. He got off the train sixty-eight miles outside of Los Angeles to avoid the crowds waiting to

peep at him. But the joke of it was there wasn't anyone there to see him anyway.

A GOOD friend of his tells us that big Gary Cooper's greatest weakness is his soft heart.

He gets himself involved in romantic attachments—romantic on one side, at least—and hasn't the heart to hurt anyone, so they go on and on and on.

Suggests that Gary take a correspondence course in "How to get out of jams," and practise saying a good firm "no" in front of his mirror for ten minutes every morning.

"WANTED," the sign in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's casting office read, "one small boy with Jean Harlow's platinum hair and Clark Gable's smile."

And they're still trying to find the lad.

THE news that Jack Holt and his wife are divorced will come as a surprise to many people. But the fact that they have been living apart for a year will startle even Hollywood. Jack has always been very quiet and inconspicuous in his private life, and managed to keep it pretty much out of the public eye.

Jack is living at his mother's house. The two children, Timmy and Peggy, are with their mother, but Jack sees them often.

THERE was a big tough-looking extra man on the set over at RKO-Radio who looked like the veteran of many a hard-fought ring battle.

Joel McCrea asked, "How did you get those cauliflower ears?"

"From calling up the Central Casting Office," answered the tough guy.

YOU remember that boy friend of Marilyn Miller?

The one she hitch-hiked to Europe with? Don Alvarado! That's right!



We thought she was going around with Producer Howard Hughes but here is Ginger Rogers out with Lew Ayres. We simply can't keep up with Ginger. She and Lew had a grand time at the closing of the Little Club's social season at the Ambassador

Well, what Don and Martha Sleeper were doing to the beer and the pretzels and the dance floor of the Beverly-Wilshire the other night was just like nothing at all!

JOAN MARSH is covering territory these days, driving the big Cadillac that belongs to Tommy Lee, son of Don Lee, Hollywood dealer.

If it isn't a romance when a lad hands over his car to a girl, we don't know what is.

NOW, sex appeal hasn't been what we've all been accrediting to Lionel Barrymore, but just listen to this!

In a scene in "Dinner at Eight" Billie Burke and Lionel, as husband and wife, kiss each other. And immediately after the kiss, Billie blew up in her lines. Couldn't remember a word. She turned to Director Cukor.

"I'm sorry, but you can't expect anyone to get over Lionel that quickly."

CLARA BOW didn't want to take the cut requested by Fox.

But signing meant ten thousand dollars cash at once.

She signed. For one more picture.

Of course, Clara always has that \$125,000 trust fund but the interest from that, these days, doesn't go far when you count the dependents she supports.

I'm told—on good authority, too—that Clara and Rex had a little difference. Clara didn't feel she could afford to take a mortgage on Rex's mother's house. When will they do away with money so girls like Clara don't have to worry?

She's the kind who'd like to sing and play and ride horseback and forget.

She's gone up to Rex's ranch to do just that until her next picture is ready.

But she can't forget entirely because producer Sam Rork has gone right along to see that she loses those extra pounds she annexed in Europe.

MIRIAM JORDAN has a Pomeranian called "Pretty" from whom she is never separated.

The other evening, Miriam and "Pretty" were watching a movie. The picture got wild. Loud talking. "Pretty" barked.

An usher leaned over to Miriam. "Here's your sixty-five cents, madame. Please leave at once."

Now, we wonder if the usher had known who Miriam was, what would have happened?

IT'S Hollywood!

Dancing at the Beverly-Wilshire were Colleen Moore and her husband, Al Scott. Gazing at them from a nearby table, sat John McCormick, Colleen's former husband.

Dining at Sardi's were the glorious Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer. Alone at a nearby table and stealing sly glances at the two, sat Wally Beery, Gloria's former husband.

Lunching at the Brown Derby, Norma Talmadge, radiant in a red outfit and with her as George Jessel.

Alone at a corner table, gazing at them, sat Joseph Schenck, Norma's estranged husband.

Yes, it's Hollywood!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

*It does away with
hosiery troubles
common to 9 out
of 10 women!*

PHOENIX HOSIERY with CUSTOM-FIT TOP

ARE you among the lucky ones who aren't afflicted? . . .
More likely—you belong to the 90% who do experience

one of these common hosiery troubles—gagged thighs, too loose, too long or too short stocking tops. Now—goodbye to all that! You can have perfect comfort in *Phoenix Custom-Fit Tops*, which fit any size leg. They stretch both ways; up and down, round and round. And they can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs. Wear *Phoenix Hosiery with Custom-Fit Top*, priced from 75c to \$1.95.

NEW! . . . PHOENIX DESERT TONES, smartest hosiery colors for Summer. Featuring **FIESTA**, the all-occasion shade.

SEE PHOENIX HOSIERY BEING MADE AT A CENTURY OF PROGRESS, CHICAGO

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]

A CERTAIN neighborhood in Beverly Hills is a-buzz with gossip. It seems Wally Ford's little six-year-old girl has been visiting among the neighbors, telling them the astonishing news that she isn't really Mr. and Mrs. Ford's little girl. She was really born in Paris, she fabricates and, if they promise not to tell anyone, why, Ginger Rogers is her real mother.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, whose contract with Warner Brothers for \$300,000 for two pictures, entailing approximately ten weeks work, made her the highest priced actress in the history of the screen, may be without a job at all this summer.

Her contract with RKO-Radio is about to expire and probably will not be renewed.

And theoretically, RKO not renewing the contract, Connie will be put on the auction block of the newly organized Artists' Service Bureau to be sold to the highest bidder among motion picture companies.

IT was on the "Jennie Gerhardt" set and Sylvia Sidney, Don Cook and little Cora Sue Collins sat at the breakfast table with cameras and lights turned on them.

Five times Sylvia blew up in her lines with Cora Sue never missing a line or a cue.

During the next scene, Don Cook made the errors and again Cora Sue never missed a word.

"Well," Cora Sue finally said, "I'll just get down and play 'til you two learn your lines."

And you should have seen the look on their faces.

THE next "biggest social event of the season" probably will be the wedding of Eleanor Boardman, recently divorced from King Vidor, to Harry D'Arrast, motion picture director. Such is the latest Hollywood gossip.

At the same time, D'Arrast, Vidor and two or three others are considering forming a company to produce pictures.

SELDOM does an actor have a chance to stand before an audience and have them applaud him hours on end.

This was Lucien Littlefield's unique experience when he played the radio announcer in "Careless." They took all the applause takes at once!

THE cameraman was puzzled. The electricians were stumped. No matter at what angle they turned the camera or the lights during the making of "Dinner At Eight," a dark smudge on Madge Evans' chin still stood out. They worried and fretted and fumed.

At last, Madge, her eyes twinkling, stepped in with the explanation. Perhaps if Mr. Barrymore would shave a bit closer, it might help. "You see, every time he kisses me, his whiskers rub off a tiny bit of my make-up. That's why the dark smudge shows."

GEORGIE RAFT had scarcely completed his personal appearance tour and headed back towards Hollywood before Marjorie

King, his chief interest in life, flew in by airplane.

She, too, is going to try a motion picture career, she says.

JOAN CRAWFORD takes her sun-tan with salad dressing—equal parts of olive oil and vinegar applied generously, then two hours' sunning in her own back yard.

Madge Evans, another sun-tan success, likes her vinegar straight—no oil, thank you!

WHEN Anita Louise left for New York, Tom Brown looked heart-broken. But a couple of days later, the blues were but a memory.

"What's happened, Tom? Get a special delivery letter?"

"No. I'm doing a routine with Patricia Ellis."

HIS old friends heard with a distinct pang that Ernest Torrence had passed away in New York.

Torrence was going to England on the Empress of Britain, but two hours before the ship sailed he decided not to attempt the voyage.

He had muscular rheumatism, he thought.

Two weeks later he underwent an operation for "an intestinal ailment and gall stones."

LATEST on the Blessed Event list—John Considine and Carmen Pantages Considine.

GEORGE RAFT has a weakness for microscopes.

The other afternoon he strolled in the prop department—and there was a microscope. George adjusted things and was busily looking, when up came a prop man.

"Looking for microbes?" asked the friendly p. m.

"Nope," answered Raft. "William Faulkner!" (author)

MARIE DRESSLER looks better than she has for years.

Every precaution was taken to protect her during the making of "Dinner At Eight." A boy placed a chair behind her wherever she was—except in the actual set. Nine times out of ten Marie kicked it out of her way and stood!

What the world needs is just some of that Marie Dressler spirit!



J. P. Graham

Here they are, girls, honeymooning at Del Monte, California. Miss Adah Held, Beverly Hills society girl, and Buster Crabbe, considered the Adonis of the movies. He got his break in films right after the Olympic games in which he took part. You saw him in "King of the Jungle"

IT looks as if all those who called it a divorce for Sue Carol and Nick Stuart may be wrong.

Sue and Nick are starting out on another personal appearance tour, and although Sue is quoted as having made an impulsive declaration to friends—it may be just an “impulsive declaration,” marriage being full of things like that.

Sue wants to return to pictures, although a substantial independent income does not render it imperative. She looks prettier than ever, and we can think of no good reason why she shouldn't regain her once tremendous screen following if she wants to.

FREDDIE and Florence March were holding a dinner table discussion about a certain man. “He's a bore,” dismissed Freddie.

“No fair,” defended Florence, “until you amplify it. Just what is a bore. If he's a bore *why* is he one?”

“Well, it's like this. When you ask him how he is, he *tells* you!”

Freddie won, hands down.

THE stork is hovering over Hollywood again and this time the chimney he has picked on is that of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vidor. Mrs. Vidor is Karen Morley to you. The new arrival is expected about October or November—the beauteous secretary of “Gabriel Over the White House” will retire from the screen until after the stranger shows up, and Hollywood, of course, is hoping that it will be another Karen.

PICTURE, if you can, Jack Oakie dressed to the nines in a brand-new brown suit, foulard tie (Spring-ish) tan shirt and starched collar.

In all this sartorial splendor, he strolled into one of the night-spots—to be met with the sight of Peggy Hopkins Joyce ensconced at a table with Rowland Brown (director).

Exercising admirable restraint, Oakie said not a word. He merely strolled up to their table, ripped off his hard collar and hot tie, flung them with a dramatic gesture at Peggy's feet—and marched out!

THE vows that made Margaret Ettinger and Ross Shattuck man and wife had just been taken when one of the guests sneaked to the cloak room to wipe away the proverbial tears.

And in that cloak room were Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson. They weren't talking. They were cuddling.

Yet, Sally Eilers has gone to Europe with a final statement that the separation is *final*.

MITCHELL, ten year old son of scenario-writer Agnes Christine Johnston, wanted to see “King Kong.” Aggie hesitated. “I am afraid you will dream, dear.” But she capitulated.

A week later, the boy asked to see it again. “I want to go because I don't dream when I see ‘King Kong.’ I don't have to.”

“I'M taking my baby to Europe with me,” Bebe Daniels said. “I may be selfish in taking her, but I wouldn't know a moment's peace without her. Either she goes or those two pictures for British International go unmade.” Incidentally, this is Bebe's first trip across the sea.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

THEN A BIG IDEA HIT HIM

IDEA

by Timmins



YOU HAVEN'T ACTED A BIT LIKE YOURSELF TONIGHT, MARY LOU. ANYTHING I'VE DONE?

OH, NO.....NO, OF COURSE NOT! ...ONLY IT'S SO HOT...NO AIR — I'M STIFLED



“STIFLED?...I WONDER! SHE SEEMED SORE AT ME. YOU'D THINK I HAD “B.O.” OR SOMETHING THE WAY SHE...

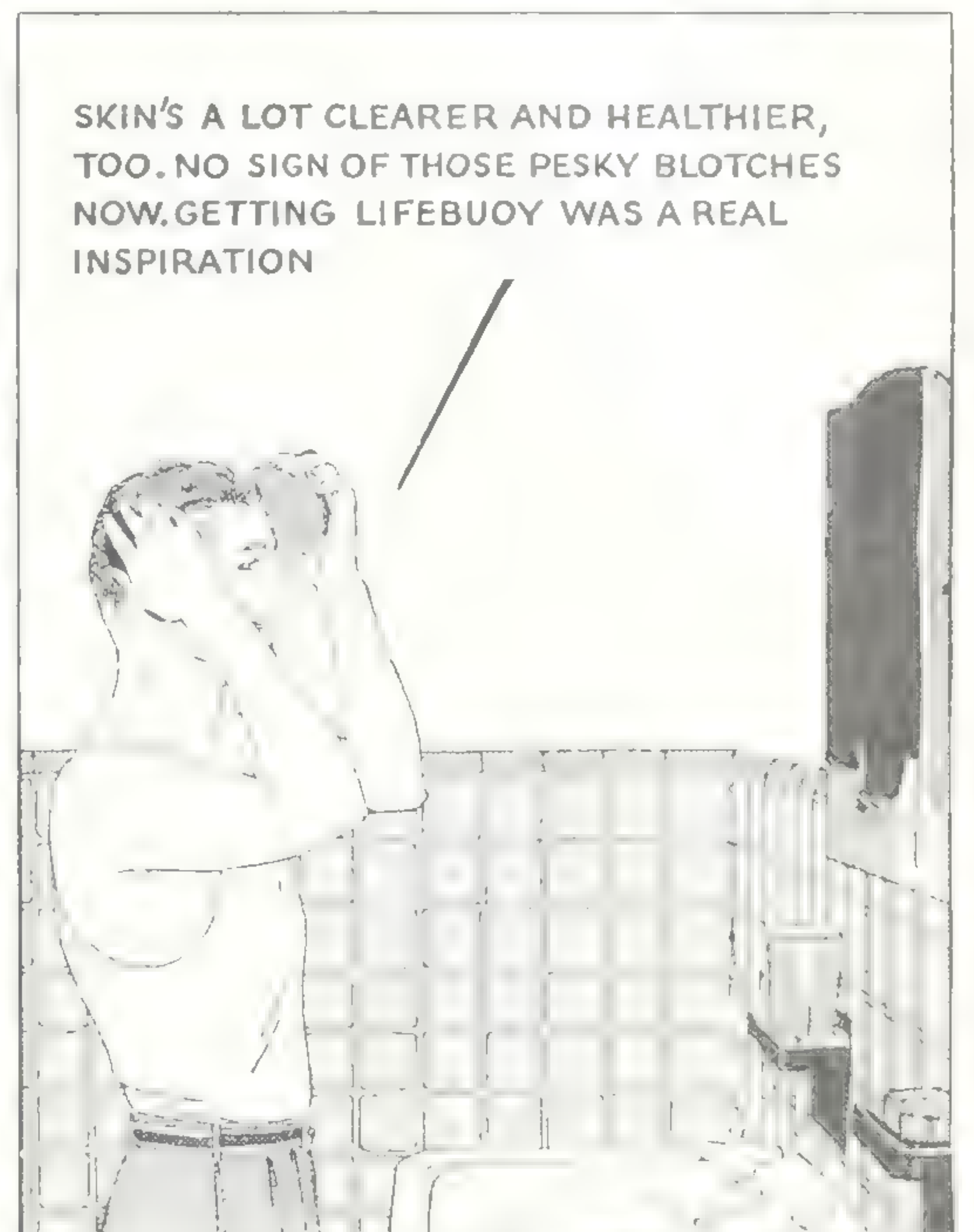
“B.O.”...SAY THERE'S AN IDEA...OF COURSE I COULDN'T BE GUILTY ... BUT I THINK I'LL GO IN AND GET SOME LIFEBOUY.....



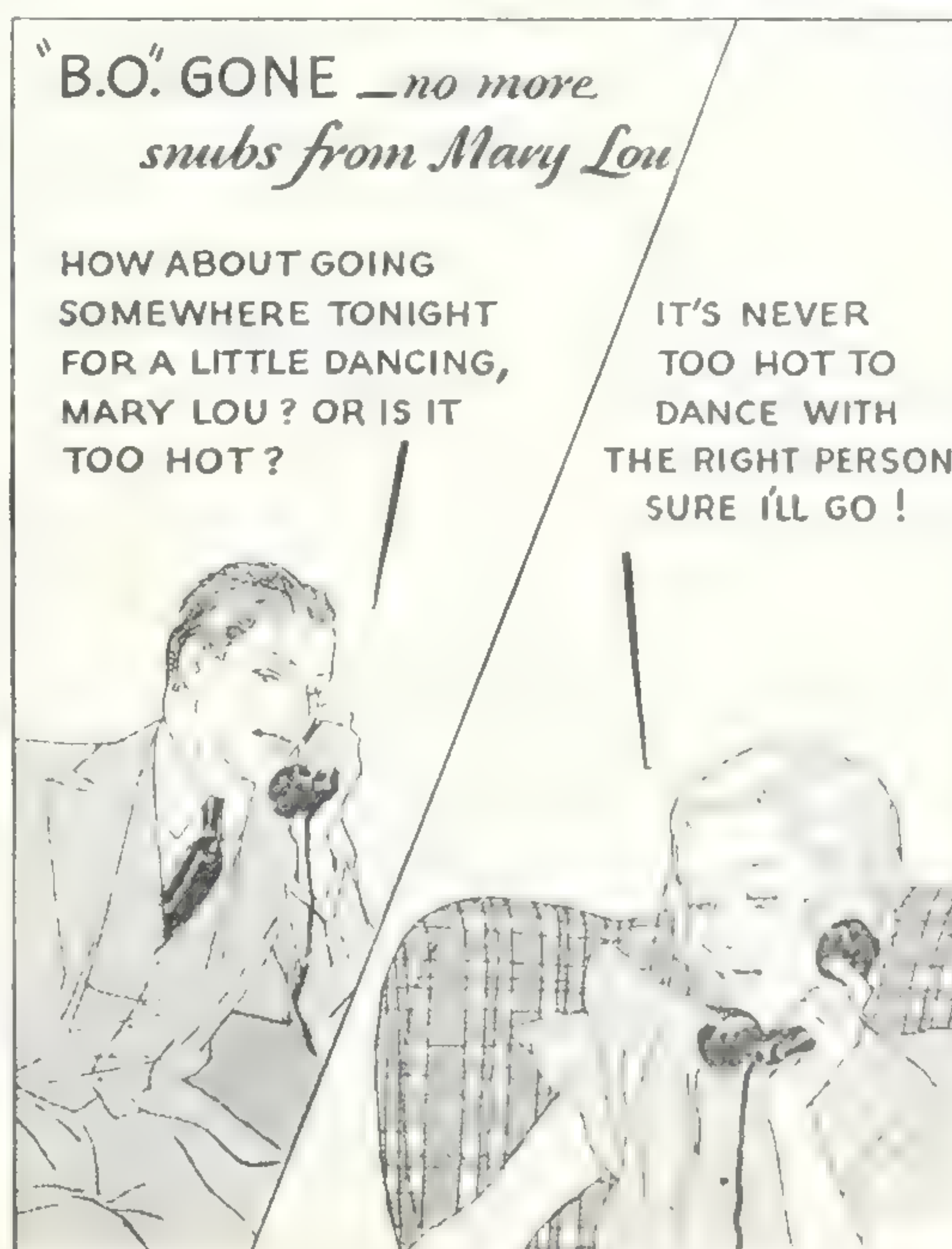
A WEEK LATER

WOULDN'T MISS MY LIFEBOUY SHOWER FOR ANYTHING. NEVER HAD ANOTHER SOAP FRESHEN AND PEP ME UP SO

BET THERE'S NO “B.O.” LEFT AFTER THAT GRAND LATHER



SKIN'S A LOT CLEARER AND HEALTHIER, TOO. NO SIGN OF THOSE PESKY BLOTCHES NOW. GETTING LIFEBOUY WAS A REAL INSPIRATION



“B.O.” GONE —no more snubs from Mary Lou

HOW ABOUT GOING SOMEWHERE TONIGHT FOR A LITTLE DANCING, MARY LOU? OR IS IT TOO HOT?

IT'S NEVER TOO HOT TO DANCE WITH THE RIGHT PERSON SURE I'LL GO!

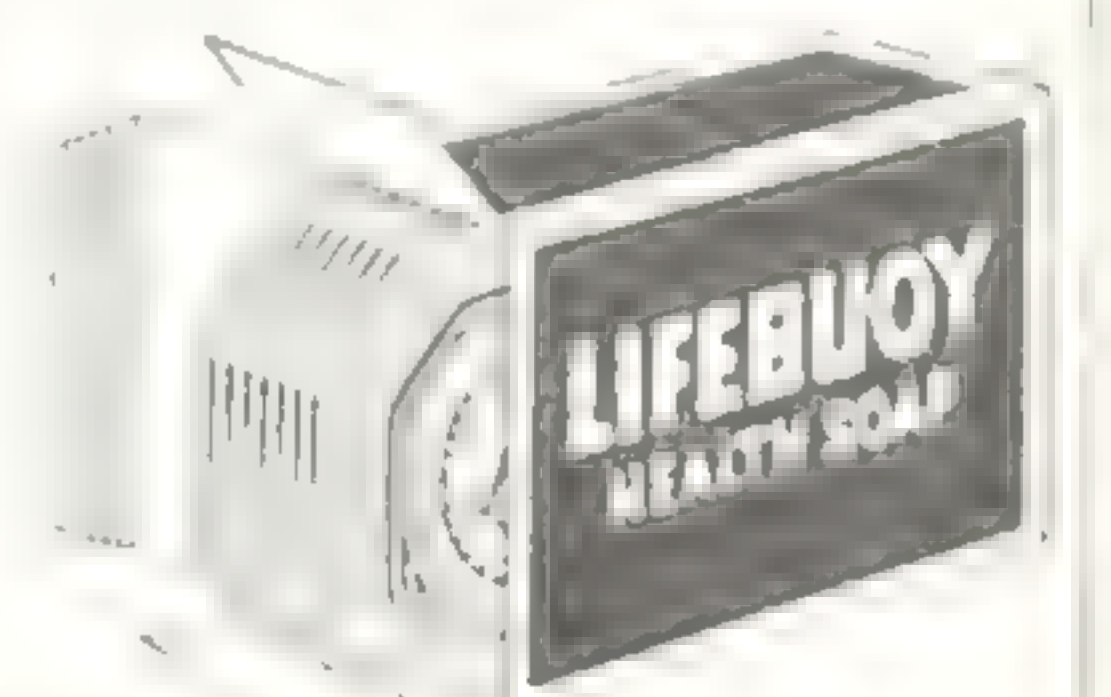
Hot, sticky weather but no “B.O.” if—

(body odor)

BATHE regularly with Lifebuoy. Make it your safeguard against offending. See how much *cleaner* you feel than with ordinary toilet soaps. For Lifebuoy's rich, hygienic lather penetrates and *purifies* pores — stops “B.O.” (body odor). Its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection.

Tones up “tired” skins

Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather gently frees pores of clogged impurities — clears and freshens complexions to healthy radiance.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89]



Two twinkling German girls talk things over during afternoon coffee and cake. Oh, pardon us, may we introduce Marlene Dietrich's guest Dorothea Wieck, who has come from Germany to play in pictures here. She was *Fraulein von Bernburg* in "Maedchen in Uniform." Remember?

GLENDa FARRELL found a different gangster type to admire.

After going around so steadily with Allen Jenkins that we unofficial observers were thinking how nice it was for a boy and a girl, specializing in tough rôles on the screen, falling for each other in real life, Glenda crosses us up and begins going places with Jack LaRue.

And is Allen burnt up!

A CAMERAMAN was trying to get some "stills" of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in close embrace. "Hold her in your arms," he shouted.

Clark seized Jean in a fervent embrace.

"Not so tight in your arms, or so close," the cameraman yelled.

"Listen, mister," Clark twinkled, "this is the way I work. Take it this way or not at all."

The cameraman took it.

DON'T tell me these Hollywood movie actresses can't take it

Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster were making a rough and tumble scene. Norman was to sock Miss Rogers squarely on the jaw.

The first take, Norman let go a wallop which sent Miss Rogers off in a corner, out cold.

A few minutes later she rose to her feet and, swaying groggily, said to the director.

"Was that all right or shall we do it over?"

A LOT of fancy shopping usually precedes a movie star's vacation in Europe. But the first thing Ruth Chatterton bought for her European jaunt was neither a fancy frock nor a hat.

It was ten cartons of good old chewing gum.

Ruth, you know, is a confirmed chewing gum addict.

AT the beginning of "The White Sister," Helen Hayes' mail increased by leaps and bounds. Helen was elated until she began opening the letters.

"And believe it or not," said Helen with a sigh, "They, every single one, began:

"So glad you're going to play with our marvelous Clark Gable."

JANET GAYNOR is going to pass up Honolulu this summer, preferring Europe.

During the past several years Janet has made repeated trips to Honolulu, finally buying a place there.

Her record for journeys there and back was

equalled only by that of Dorothy Mackaill.

However, Dorothy met Neil Miller over there and married him—and quit.

HURRAY! Lilian Harvey has joined the "no hat" club of Hollywood and goes swinging about town with her blonde curls flying free.

Karen Morley is credited with the "no hat" fad as Karen never wears a hat except in movies.

Connie Cummings is another young woman who refuses to be bothered with a hat.

One thing about it, girls, it does save the wave and helps the pocket book along.

THOSE four dogs Alice Brady brought to Hollywood with her know when the whistle blows it is time to quit work and go home.

But the signal is a peculiar one they have learned from long experience in the theater.

Miss Brady may go in and out of her dressing-room a dozen times a day, but as long as she has grease paint on the dogs lie quietly without making any disturbance.

But, when she removes the grease paint they begin to yelp and jump about, scarcely able to contain themselves, for they know it's time to go home.

EVERYBODY knows that Katharine Hepburn takes her shoes off before playing an emotional scene.

But did you know she has been scowling all over the lot because Lowell Sherman, director, swiped her overalls, had them pressed and put into a picture frame?

Patched and bibless, the overalls had been Hepburn's every working outfit since she hit Hollywood.

SYLVIA SIDNEY has twenty-five new costumes for "Jennie Gerhardt," but eighteen of them are calico!

CLARA BOW has never destroyed a fan letter. She keeps them in an especially constructed vault in her Beverly Hills home, so Clara says.

Genevieve Tobin never wears a green dress because the only unsuccessful play in which she ever appeared called for her to wear three outfits. Each one green.

Lilian Harvey, Janet Gaynor and Marian Nixon are three of the tiniest girls in pictures. Lilian weighs 92 pounds, Janet 98, and Marian just 94.

CARY GRANT has been in the hospital twice since the making of "She Done Him Wrong." It may be because Mae West, in order to appear taller in that picture, wore six inch heels which threw all her weight on Cary in the love scenes and practically wore him out. But Cary's willing to stay in a hospital forever, for another chance in a Mae West picture.

PHIL ("So This Is") Harris is part Indian, which must account for the pow-wows he can stir up in some of our best dancing places.

IF there is any lingering doubt in your mind as to whether *la* Harlow is endowed with These, Them and Those—not to mention Which and Whereas—you should watch the prop boys and electricians on her pictures. They are the toughest audience in the world, because, like the bath-tub, they've seen *everything*. And yet, when Jean's maid came over to her on the set to change her slippers, and Jean, in the meanest white satin gown seen in these parts recently, pulled her long trailing skirt half way up to her knee, a prop man sitting well back on the set in a canvas chair leaned over so far to look, that he fell right off on the floor! And was his pan pink!

MARIE DRESSLER is telling this one: A friend of many years induced her to go one afternoon to a meeting of a little literary group where the poems of Robert Browning were to be read and discussed.

With them was the friend's daughter—one of those "sweet young things."

The hours dragged on interminably while one member after the other read or attempted to read Browning's stuff.

On their way home, the mother said to the daughter:

"Well, dear, what did you think of it?"

"I don't blame Peaches for leaving him," the daughter replied.

A CERTAIN *very* fine actor from one of our *very* first acting families, has his own unique method of getting things pretty much under his own control, during any scene with another actor. He plays very close in the other actor's face, and as he talks, his adversary is liberally sprayed with a fine moisture, highly scented with good whiskey and garlic.

A trifle disconcerting, you will have to admit—for the other actor can't help wondering if he will have any make-up left, aside from the general annoyance. No indeed, we will not tell you who he is, because in all probability he is your favorite romantic screen idol, and you wouldn't sleep a wink tonight after such a disillusionment.

FOUR and a half hours in a swimming pool with wet clothes hanging around her. One scene which Connie Bennett made for "Bed of Roses."

And Joel McCrea, her leading man, had to stop to take a rub down so he wouldn't catch cold, while Connie never left the water.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

IMPORTANT To Subscribers

IF you wish to avoid delay in receiving your copy of PHOTOPLAY notify the Circulation Department of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., DIRECT when you move, giving your old address as well as the new.



7 kinds of stains discolor teeth— COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

MANY AN attractive woman wonders why her teeth are often dull, lustreless—even after brushing.

She doesn't know that the things she eats and drinks put *seven kinds* of stains on her teeth.

She doesn't know that ordinary toothpastes *will not remove all seven*. That Colgate's will.

For Colgate's, unlike ordinary toothpastes, does not rely on *one way* of cleansing—it has *two* actions.

Some food stains yield to polishing action, some only to *emulsive* action. Both are needed to give teeth spotless lustre.

As you brush Colgate's over your teeth, it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—completes the job of removing the stains, leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—beautiful—charming.

So stop trying to get teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only *half* the job. Start today using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream for 10 days. Notice what a difference it makes in your appearance—how much cleaner it gets your teeth. The large-size tube at your druggist's, only 25c.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth, use Colgate's twice a day, and see your dentist frequently.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------|
| Group No. 1—Starchy foods | Group No. 6— |
| Group No. 2—Sugar foods | Fruits |
| Group No. 3—Protein foods | Group No. 7— |
| Group No. 4—Fatty foods | Beverages— |
| Group No. 5—Mineral foods | and tobacco. |



COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



New Beauty Secret ...changed her whole Appearance!

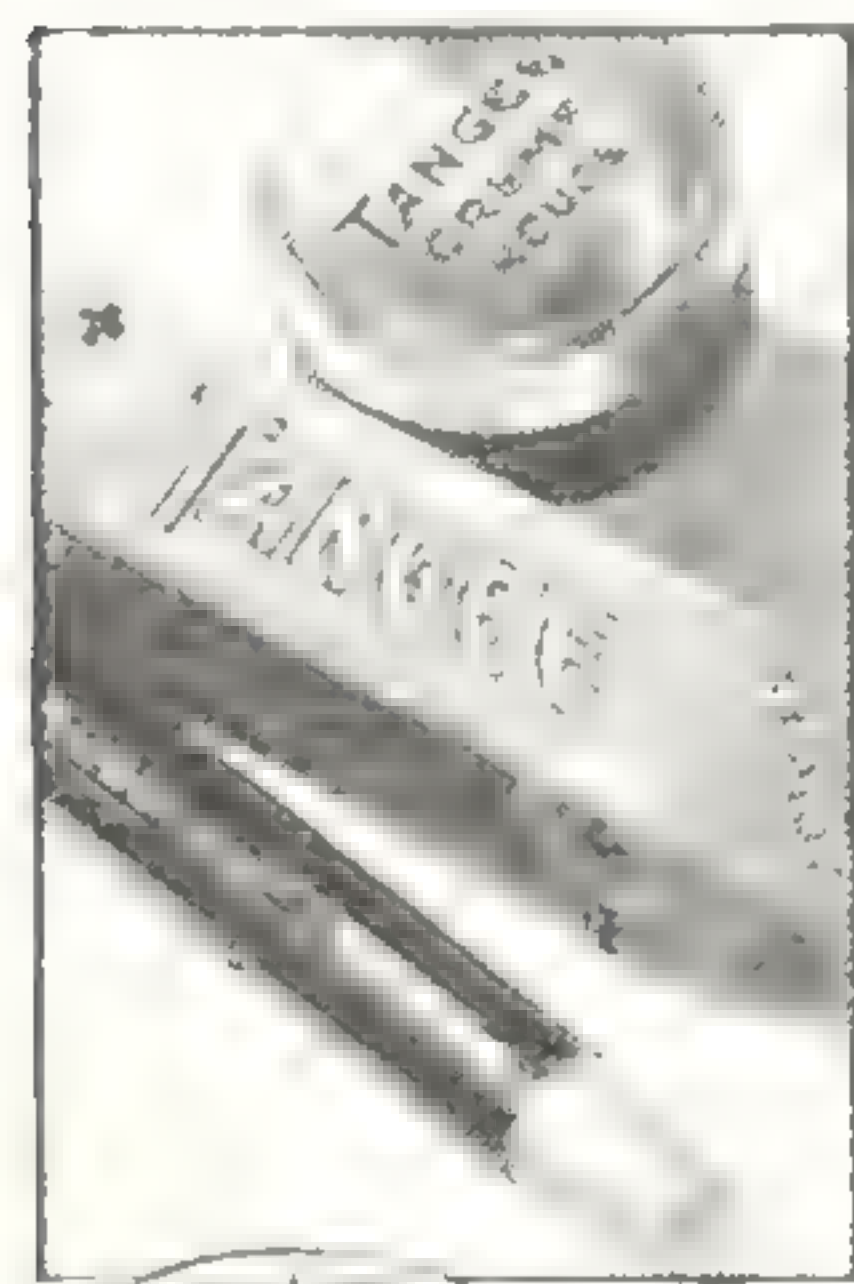
NICE. From a fine family. Yet men were puzzled by the appearance of her lips. *So artificial...so conspicuous.* Reason enough why she switched to a lipstick that flatters the lips with rich, natural color... banishing that painted look!

Lips naturally rose-colored!

The trouble is, you never suspect yourself of a cheap appearance. Yet any ordinary lipstick hardens your mouth with a painted look. Tangee, however, *cannot make your lips look painted!*

Tangee isn't paint. It's different. In the stick, Tangee is orange. Does that mean orange lips, you say? Absolutely no! Put it on. Watch it change color instantly to the one shade of blush rose perfect for you!

Use Tangee—for alluring lips...fresh with natural color the whole day through! Sold at drug stores and cosmetic counters. See special triple offer below.



Tangee Creme Rouge

Use Tangee Creme Rouge for perfect summer make-up! Cheeks glow all day with natural looking color... even in swimming. For Tangee is waterproof. Greaseless... cannot clog pores. Its vanishing cream base protects your skin.

New!
SMALL SIZE 39¢
TANGEE LIPSTICK

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER!

The George W. Luft Co., Inc. P 7
417 Fifth Ave., New York
Rush Tangee Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Lipstick, Rouge Compact and Creme Rouge. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Marlene Is Free At Last

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

dollars of costs before they start. We would have no such burden if we should ever operate on our own."

Marlene paused. Her eyes were on the trees in the Paramount yard beyond the open door. I wondered if she were picturing them as trees of France or Italy or perhaps some tiny island in the Mediterranean.

"Do I understand that you will make pictures only with Mr. Von Sternberg?" I asked.

"Of course. Why must people forget that I came to the United States only because he asked me. I was pushed into being a *film* actress. I am not one in the usual sense, you know. I will act in his pictures or I will be his cutter or his assistant director. When he wants me to work with him, I will do so. And it does not make any difference whether it is in Hollywood or Australia.

"They have said we have separated. That is ridiculous. On the contrary, this last month has made me more certain than ever that I have always been right. If he wants me to, I will make pictures only with Mr. Von Sternberg! No, I will not make personal appearances in Europe. I will not make films for foreign companies."

MR. VON STERNBERG has not announced his entire plans. Contrary to reports from Europe, he did not confer with European producers about work for himself or Marlene. He refused to grant interviews and all reports of his activities over there were hearsay.

He did make an agreement with the editor of a Netherlands magazine that he would talk to him about American pictures but *not* for publication. The day following the two hour conference, this editor wrote requesting Mr. Von Sternberg to release him from his promise because, as an editor, he felt he owed the people of Holland the Von Sternberg view of American pictures. The director replied:

"You must not be angry with me if I prefer to continue to remain silent. It's a matter of absolute indifference to me whether I am praised or censured. Nothing I can say would ever be important. My screen work alone might be of consequence and I am not too certain about that."

Despite this international silence, Josef Von Sternberg will have his office in Hollywood. And the business of that office will be the making of pictures.

He needs little financing from even himself. I haven't a doubt that he will be able to repeat with his fair partner helping to edit, direct and cut—in addition to acting. For she spoke the truth when she said, "I am not a film actress in the usual sense, you know."

MARLENE DIETRICH is the most interesting and the most baffling of them all. I know her better than many; I understand her less. Even Garbo is easier of interpretation.

I did not believe at one time that Marlene was sincere in what may seem to us an almost fanatical devotion to Von Sternberg's work. I questioned whether she would refuse the huge sums which I knew American companies would offer. But I believe, now. Fact proves that she has been constant to her statement, "I only came to this country to make pictures for him; I will return for the same reason." German conditions have made only one change.

She will vacation in France.

As I sat watching her on this afternoon so soon before she would leave us, my mind reverted to the first time I had seen her. She was the honor-guest at a luncheon. She had just arrived; this was her initiation.

No woman could have looked more feminine. A blue chiffon gown trailed about the toes of her slippers; a large, floppy hat of the old garden variety hid everything except that translucent complexion and those intense eyes. Yet she appeared stolid, even Frau-ish, as Americans interpret the term. She looked more matron than actress. The betting odds among writers were six to one against her.

She was there to be bet upon; to be viewed and written about as a prospective celebrity.

But when we left I had an odd feeling. I had the unprecedented sensation that I was not just one of an audience watching the monkey in its cage, but that I was, indeed, the monkey. I wondered what her description of us would be, even as I was leaving to describe her. She still does that to me. I retreat from an interview with her feeling the exhaustion which rightfully belongs to the one-being-interviewed.

I REMINDED her of that first personal appearance. I told her she had looked stolid.

"It was the *dress* that day," she explained. "But I had on this suit, this same suit I am wearing today, when I came to America."

That suit is a perfectly-padded and tailored man's gray, smooth serge. She was wearing a reddish-tinged, strictly masculine shirt and red tie with it. Man's shoes. Even the shirt was the one she had planned to wear when she landed in New York.

She had come onto deck in it, ready for her first step on American soil. A Paramount official took one glance and said, "But you can't. You can't see the reporters in that—"

When she finally saw them, she was in dainty gown, elaborate fur coat. The same official had pinned coquettish orchids upon her shoulder.

The next day she prepared to call upon New York friends. Another male suit, shirt, tie, hat. "But you can't. You can't. They wouldn't let you walk through the streets of New York. In Hollywood, maybe—"

SO she looked to Hollywood with the same longing of freedom with which she is now looking to Europe.

But when she appeared here in the attire which had been her customary garb in Europe (except for teas and evening), the world claimed she was imitating Garbo.

"You *can't* be said to be imitating Garbo," they protested.

It was then that she became the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. Her ultra-feminine costumes out-styled those of either Tashman or Kay Francis. And there was always a corsage on her shoulder. Flowers had become synonymous with feminine apparel to her!

She was miserable. "I was *so* fed up. I could not stand them."

There were other "you can'ts and you mustn'ts." She had come to the land of *freedom* to find less freedom than at any moment since she left school.

Only one understood her. His understanding had induced her to come to this country; it kept her here. She and Von Sternberg became partners, co-workers fighting for freedom—freedom to express themselves through pictures. It was the American public that gave her the initial courage to return to the clothes to which she was accustomed. She wore a dress suit in "Morocco." The public adored it. The white male suit in "Blonde Venus" reiterated this approval.

But it was during her first return to Europe that she recaptured almost complete independence. She returned with Maria, the seven-year-old daughter who is more important to her than countries or careers. She brought trunks filled with newly tailored male

suits. She wore them. She took a home. She refused to talk to the press and refused to read what they had written about her. She led her own life according to her innate desires.

There was only one restraint. Her contract. She could insist upon freedom in her work to only a certain point. "They blamed Mr. Von Sternberg for me. In fact, I hid behind him. He was blamed for what I thought and I let him be blamed."

She once told me, "I forget everything that is unpleasant so easily. I remember only the happiness and there has been much happiness, too. Maria adores it here."

And today she added, "I have become used to my home. There is a little sadness in taking the dear things from their regular resting places. But in a week, I will forget. I will be free—"

And she will return free. She will return to work again with the man who discovered her exactly as she came to work with him in the first place.

Marlene Dietrich is the only woman I know who has spent nearly three years in this country without having some stamp of our "melting pot" branded upon her. Including Garbo. Garbo has received, at least, our bureau-of-engraving-greenback impression. She has learned the American value of money. Dietrich still considers it completely unimportant in relation to happiness. And has proved this by refusing heretofore the most astonishing offers ever tendered an actress.

She wants only the European freedom to do as she pleases.

And, at last, she has it! Until October, when she will return.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

HELLO SISTER—Fox

COMEDY situations by the inimitable ZaSu Pitts help this considerably. The age-old plot where the boy, having temporarily broken off with her because of false accusations by a smart-aleck pal, rescues his sweetheart from a burning building. The romance of two lonesome kids in a big city—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory. Fair entertainment.

SAMARANG—B. F. Zeidman Prod.

AN unusually good study of Malaysian life, with a native male lead who outpoints Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe on all scores. The lady, too, is excellent to look upon—and since the camera kept on grinding after she lost the brassiere she had fashioned for the occasion, "Goonie Goonie" takes a back seat in its specialty. Thrilling pearl diving, and shark and octopus fights; finely done, utterly sincere and charming.

CORRUPTION—Wm. Berke Prod.

PERFECTLY acceptable entertainment; a lot worse pictures have been made by major studios at greater cost. Not exactly a new story about the boy mayor (Preston Foster) who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town, but this version is capably handled and the mysterious murder twist is a peach. You'll get plenty of action and an excellent performance by Evalyn Knapp.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE— Paramount

SOMEBODY sure spilled the whole bag of nuts this time. Representatives of all nations gather in China to buy Dr. Wong's invention, and everybody goes crazy, including



Palmolive green

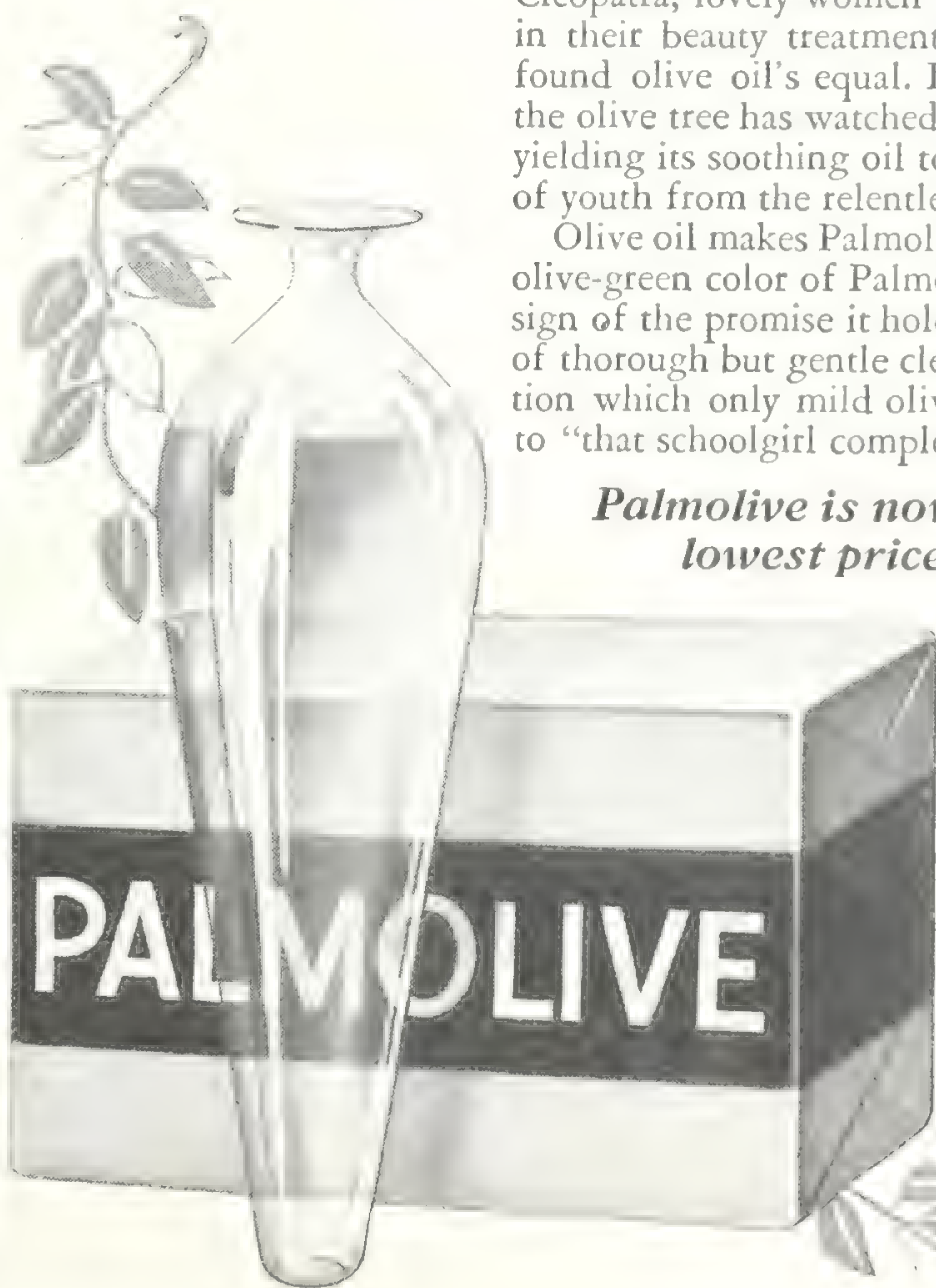
... the signal of safety

it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

THOUSANDS of beauty fads and fancies have come and gone. But ever since the days of Cleopatra, lovely women have treasured olive oil in their beauty treatments. For never have they found olive oil's equal. Like a sentinel on guard, the olive tree has watched over feminine beauty—yielding its soothing oil to shield the radiant skin of youth from the relentless attacks of age.

Olive oil makes Palmolive green and the natural olive-green color of Palmolive is the unmistakable sign of the promise it holds for you—an assurance of thorough but gentle cleansing—of skin protection which only mild olive and palm oil can give to "that schoolgirl complexion."

***Palmolive is now selling at the
lowest price in history***



This much olive oil goes into every cake of Palmolive

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. Is it surprising that 20,000 beauty experts endorse Palmolive Soap, among them the celebrated Vincent, of Paris?

"She's pretty—"
 "She's lively—"
 "She's a good dancer—"



why on earth doesn't she...?

CAN you blame him for blaming her? For wondering why she doesn't do something about it?

A girl who has everything to make her popular, yet fails to "click"!

And the pity of it is, it's *her own fault, her own carelessness.*

It's hard to forgive a girl who has the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it is so easy to be always sweet and dainty—with Mum!

A quick fingertipful of Mum applied to each underarm when you dress—that's all there is to it. Just a little half minute and you're protected for all day or evening!

The beauty of Mum is that you can use it *any time.* For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing, you know.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can use it immediately after shaving under the arms.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It just prevents its ugly odor. Don't let this disagreeable thing stand between you and popularity. Play safe with Mum. 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

STILL ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS WOMEN—As a deodorant for sanitary napkins Mum has the gratitude of countless women. It *insures* protection.

the audience. Rapid fire stuff with gags a la machine gun—the Four Marx Brothers not even missed. Movie stars, radio stars—and, oh yes, the matrimonial star, Peggy Hopkins Joyce—take part.

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal

A WELL constructed story interspersed with pep and action brings this Western up among the top notchers. Ken Maynard, a feature rider with a Western show, turns detective, runs down a band of criminals and scares up no end of excitement. The picture keeps up the interest throughout and has plenty of good riding and beautiful scenery as well. Adults will enjoy this one as well as kids.

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount

TO translate this bizarre title, let it be said that the eagle is the American one, and the song is the saga of an honest old brewer (Jean Hersholt) who accepts prohibition only to be murdered by gangsters when 3.2 becomes legal. Thereupon his wife (Louise Dresser) and his son (Richard Arlen), with aid from the son's A. F. F. buddies, mop up on the villains. Spotty handling keeps it from being a "Cavalcade" of beer.

THE MAN FROM MONTEREY—Warners

A WESTERN action dish, with Spanish sauce; John Wayne defeats crooked efforts to do a Spanish Don out of his land in the days when Uncle Sam was taking over California. He has a good "Mark of Zorro" scene with a sword, and of course he snaffles the Don's daughter (Ruth Hall). Luis Alberni adds excellent laughs. Aimed largely at the kiddie trade; and they'll love it.

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio

BILL BOYD, a hospital house surgeon, outwits the gangsters but loses his buddy Bill Gargan, an ambulance driver; while Wynne Gibson contributes a lovely nurse. Would stack up in the current epidemic of hospital pictures, with more even action and some operations on the dialogue. And what would happen to hospital pictures if the customers ever discover that doctors do not visit nurses in their rooms?

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio

A COMBINATION travelogue and thriller, with Richard Halliburton at the microphone. Hindoo religious customs, some of them horrible to Occidental minds, and shots of the Himalayas, with an expedition to rescue a white girl from Buddhist fanatics, and a fight between a lion (yes, in India!) and a tiger thrown in to enliven proceedings. We're doubtful.

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount

CAROLE LOMBARD goes spooky, under Halperin direction; but the results do not cry for a repeat effort. It seems that, thanks to some psycho-medical hocus-pocus, worked by H. B. Warner, the soul of fiendish Vivienne Osborne, executed for murder, gets into Carole. She then has a yen to murder Alan Dinehart, who's meantime been trying to crook her with fake medium stuff. Unconvincing.

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures

THEY certainly weren't kind to Helen Chandler, when they put her into this limping exposé of alimony as a racket. What makes it worse is the fact that the situation is entirely authentic, and deserves ripping up; but this attempt to do a needed job simply fizzles out through a variety of faults.

THE WORLD GONE MAD— Majestic Pictures

A MIXED-UP melodrama, with crooked bankers as the villains behind the gangsters, for a change. To avoid exposure they have the district attorney murdered; whereupon reporter Pat O'Brien works on gun moll Evelyn Brent to get at the truth, and new district attorney Neil Hamilton finds himself torn between love for Mary Brian and his duty of prosecuting her papa, chief banker-crook John Sainpolis. Too scrambled to be good.

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.

DRAMATIC bits borrowed from successful films of the year and thrown together in a hodge-podge, about a racing driver accused of being yellow. Even the work of James Murray, Joan Marsh and Jackie Searl couldn't redeem it.

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures

THIS exposé of the spiritualist racket is an exposé of bad picture making. A vicious swami uses seances and crystal readings to fleece wealthy dupes. But if his victims are naïve, he's doubly so; he carelessly employs an unknown young man who happens to be a reporter. Before justice is done, though, the story creaks through an hypnosis and two murders.

A Rebel Against Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

wondered what on earth the girl could be thinking of. No actress in her right mind was supposed to turn a deaf ear to Hollywood's song of Lorelei.

But the Hopkins girl wasn't thinking of Hollywood. She was thinking of New York.

She was madly in love with the place. Her own ebullient youth was stimulated by the magnificence of its buildings, shops, art galleries, libraries and every kind of human being. Humanity has always fascinated Miriam. In New York there were hundreds of opportunities for study of it.

Hollywood wasn't used to being refused. They raised the ante.

Miriam went West—protesting—but she went.

Again the unexpected happened. Her screen début was far from auspicious. She got off to a slow start in a bad picture.

FOR quite a while she tottered perilously on the brink between hit and failure; too interesting a personality to be a flop and not good enough material to be a sensational success.

It took "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" to make the picture-going public realize that here was a girl who could not only sketch the periphery of life but the core and center as well.

Paramount began calling her their next big star. PHOTOPLAY called her the screen's most bewitching siren.

But Hollywood itself never got used to Miriam Hopkins. They tried to fit her into one of its many grooves. It was no use.

They couldn't understand that she had achieved that state of blessedness in which she simply did not do anything she didn't want to do.

When the homesickness for New York became unbearable, she just hopped a plane for the East. No fuss, no explanation, no publicity!

CLOSED



NEW

OPEN



Perfume Container

[A SENSATIONAL OFFER]

A neat, non-leakable perfume container to carry in your handbag—always ready for immediate use.

These exquisite perfume containers come in six popular colors and make ideal gifts for your friends. Write for yours *now*!

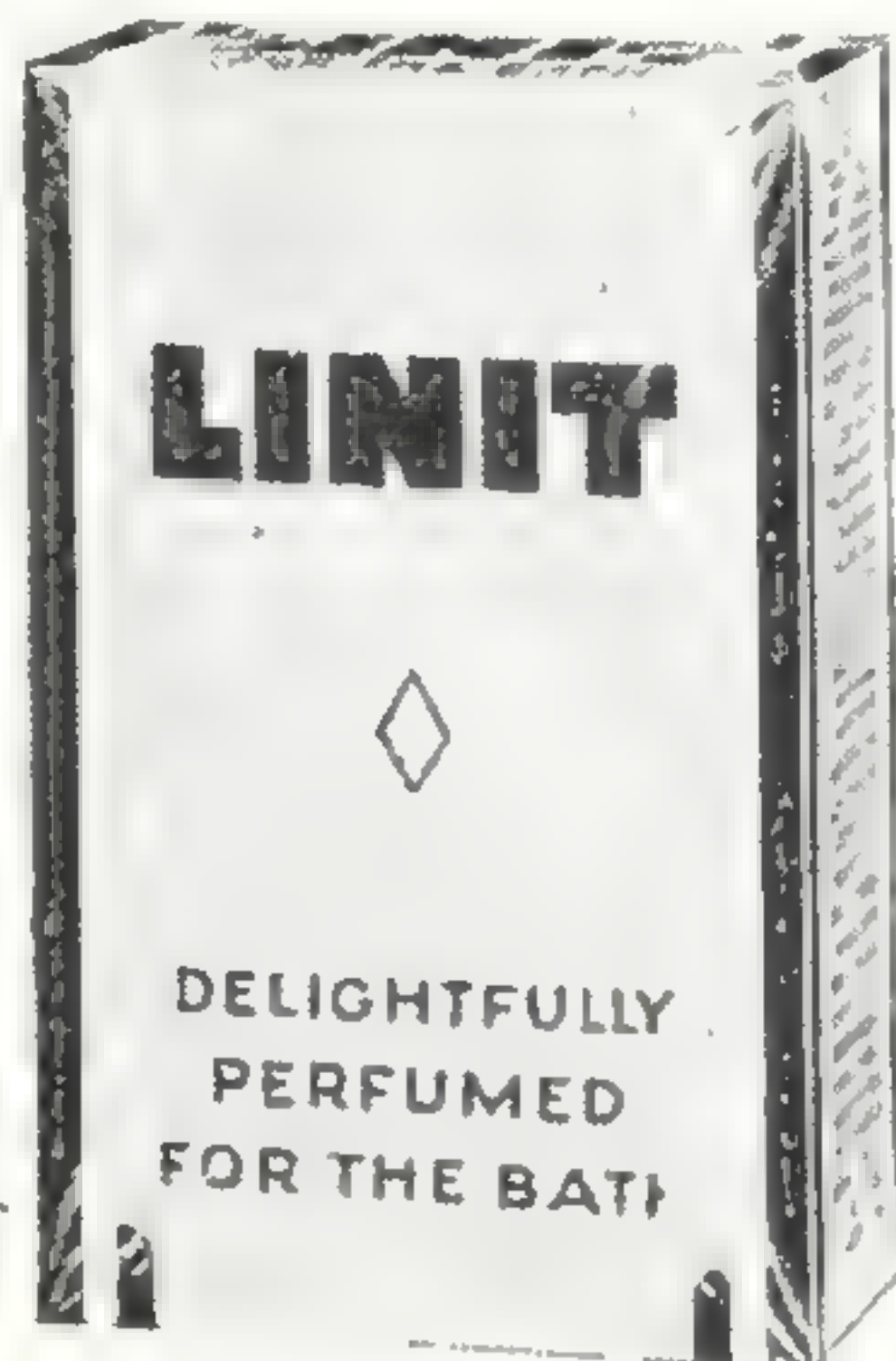
Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

Instantly . . . A SKIN AS SOFT AS VELVET

Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

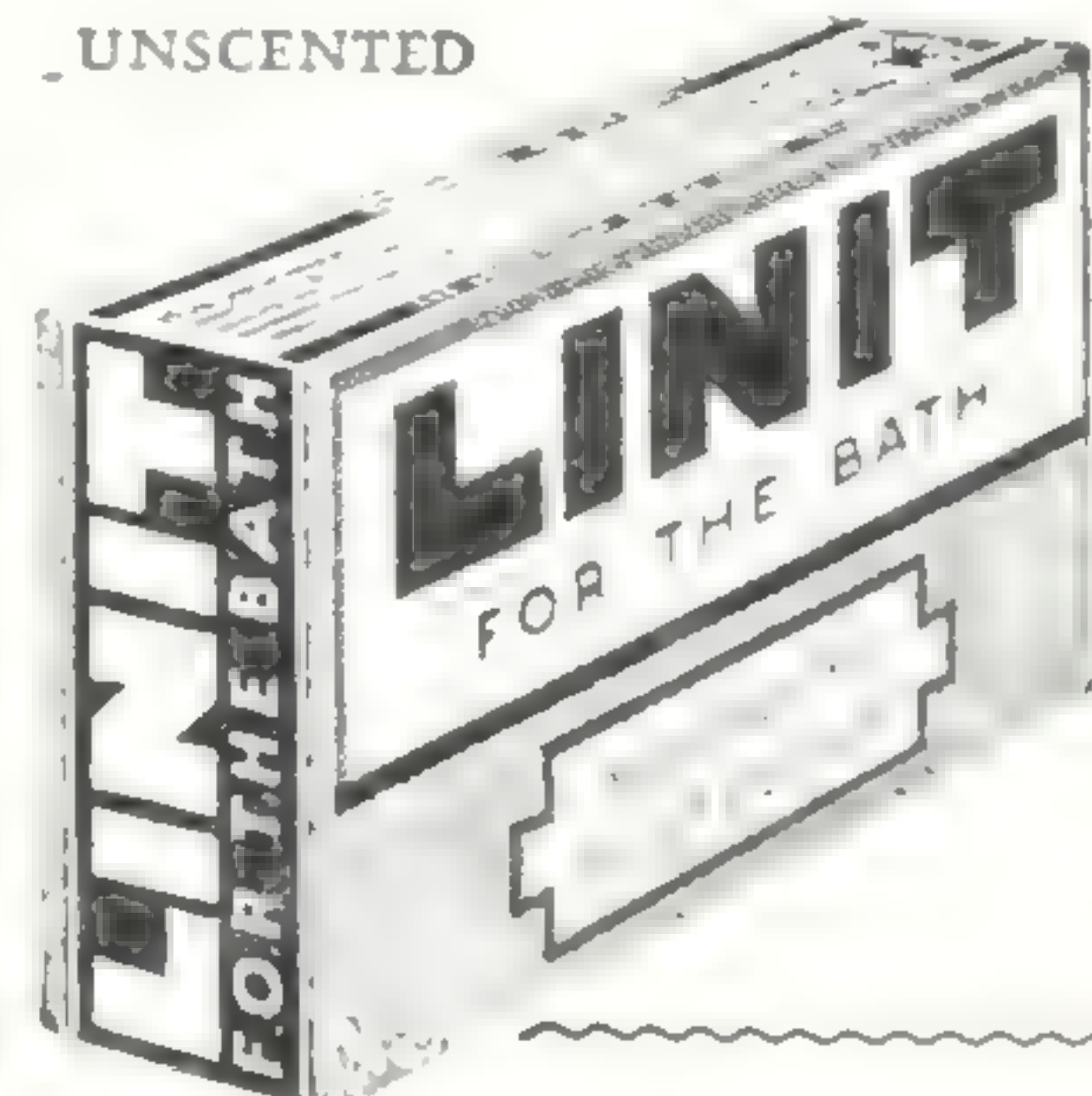
LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you!

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Immediately gossip said that she had had a row with the studio, that she was returning to the stage, that she had a sweetheart in New York.

None of these things was true.

More recently, she threw the whole studio into a panic over her refusal to make "No Man of Her Own" with Clark Gable.

Shades of Hollywood! Gable was the world's great lover of the moment, and most feminine stars would have bartered their birthright for the chance of playing opposite him.

For Hollywood, and its hard working men and women, are just as susceptible to any personality that comes up over the horizon as are the inhabitants of the country's most obscure village.

Miriam's reasons for refusing to make "No Man of Her Own" were definite and sensible, according to her light. She felt the part was utterly unsuited to her, and voluntarily went off salary for many weeks while the studio engaged Carole Lombard for the part.

But ugly rumor again reared its head and declared that Miriam's real complaint was based on a couple of scene-stealing episodes which would fall to the lot of Dorothy Mackaill in the picture.

MIRIAM never took the trouble to deny it, or anything else that was said. She never makes explanations. "Your friends do not need them and your enemies do not believe them," she says.

It was the same with her marriage and divorce from Austin Parker, and subsequent adoption of a small baby boy. These things kept Hollywood guessing for months.

Recently we talked of this.

"I have to lead my life as it seems right for me, not how it will please others," she said. "I want to live actively, not passively. Happiness is one phase of life. We do not know where we shall find it; in marriage, or friendship, or motherhood. Only through joy and

sorrow can we develop. I am willing to experience life, to feel, in order that I may think clearly. Life is exalting, however, under any circumstances."

HUNGER is a great driving force, whether it be for food to nourish the body, or for the soul's stimulation. I feel that Miriam Hopkins is hungry for the things in life which come through the development of the finer sensibilities.

It is slightly ironical that this should be so, when there is no one on the screen more capable of portraying voluptuous chastity, or voluptuousness not so chaste, as Miriam Hopkins.

More apple carts to the four winds.

We strolled out into the garden where the baby was basking in the sun with his nurse. Michael is adorable beyond description. Brown as a chestnut, with broad shoulders and sturdy legs, just beginning to pull himself up with the aid of a chair. That day, only an infinitesimal pair of green knitted trunks covered his small person. Miriam has had him since he was ten days old. She denies, laughingly, that she has any great maternal instinct, but the way she holds him and looks at him speaks her adoration of him more forcibly than any words could do.

"There are several advantages in having an adopted child," she answered to a question of mine. "In the first place, I couldn't possibly have had one of my own as perfect as the precious one I found. Furthermore, it gives me an advantage over real mothers. Not being part of me, it's perfectly proper for me to rave over the beauty of him all I want to. And have you ever seen anything so lovely?"

I looked at Miriam bending over the baby and realized that despite the fresh looking youth of her, the twinkling eyes and tumbled hair, that here was a woman capable of living life right down to its palpitating depths; and that she would so live it.



International

They'll probably be married when you read this—Doris Kenyon Sills, widow of Milton Sills, and Arthur Hopkins of Syracuse, N. Y., where both used to live. Doris is resuming screen work after a short retirement. Here you see them holding one of their congratulatory telegrams

She'll never conform. But her superb sense of humor will save her from carrying the rebellion too far. One is conscious of it in everything she says or does.

Even her screen vamping is done with humor and a sense of grace, an impudent vulgarity that makes her misbehaviors seem well behaved.

At that time, Miriam was getting ready to begin work on "Sanctuary," William Faulkner's book on the South. It has been released to the public as "The Story of Temple Drake."

As one Southerner to another, I was curious to get Miriam's reactions to the story. It had produced such a revulsion of feeling within me I could not finish reading the book.

REMEMBERING her mother's admonition, "Miriam always does the unexpected," I should have been prepared for her answer, but I wasn't. I wasn't prepared for the tolerance, the kindness of her thought.

"I do not agree with many people that Faulkner writes of the characters that he does just to be—shall we say—off color. The incidents around which the story of 'Sanctuary' was written actually occurred. Faulkner is a fine writer, and as such, realism in all forms appeal to him. There are conditions of life today, and individuals, who do not fit into our civilization, but they are a part of this world we live in. We should know about them."

"But, Miriam," I protested, "sewage makes just as deep a cut in the ground as pure water, and aren't we better off not knowing certain things which must leave their imprint upon us?"

Her answer was that infectious giggle which is so typically her own.

"You've been talking to my mother," she laughed. "She was terribly upset to learn that I was to play in 'Sanctuary.' She thinks it a very bad book indeed. But the picture will not be offensive. Certain situations will be handled with great delicacy. And if we can present characters who are 'misfits' according to our standards, and present them sympathetically, doesn't that help all of us to a better understanding of our fellow creatures?"

Someone once said that life betrays the revel. But I have a distinct feeling that Miriam Hopkins, no matter what destiny is hers, will not be defeated.

Splashing Into Films

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

This is not as simple as it sounds, for the fixtures in most indoor pools are mainly tile and steel. On the occasion when swimmers waited ten minutes for Johnny to go through his ritual, the race might never have started had it not been for a resourceful bystander.

He held out a match. Johnny solemnly knocked on it, and the meet continued.

As a swimmer, Johnny was the result of calculated experiment.

BACHRACH combined the arm action of Norman Ross, the high-riding arch of Duke Kahanamoku, Hebner's speedy under water turn with a fast flutter kick, and developed them all in Weissmuller, then a long, gangly, ambitious youngster.

"Bach" was well rewarded, for in 1921 his protégé began to make the record book look like a stock market ticker tape in 1929.

In the next few years, Johnny smashed all the free style marks, and most of the back stroke marks on the list, became to swimming what Nurmi was to running, and set up a new method of swimming known as the American Crawl.

But he took his coach's advice of "don't

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No soap spots to be rubbed out in the rinse when you use Ivory Snow! Ivory Snow has no flat pieces that can cling to fabrics and make soap spots. Keep the rinse water the same temperature as the wash water—just **LUKEWARM.**

Press up-and-down and crossways!

Roll garment in a thick towel to press out loose water. Then shake it out and pull it into shape. While still damp, place on a softly padded ironing board and press on the *wrong* side of the material with a moderately hot iron. Press both up-and-down and crossways until thoroughly dry.

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worry" so thoroughly that on one occasion, at least, "Bach" nearly tore out what little hair he had.

It happened in 1927 at Ann Arbor, Michigan, where Johnny was scheduled to meet the inter-collegiate champion, Paul Samson, in two match races, the 100 and 220.

Although he trained religiously, Weissmuller had gotten into the habit of doing anything and everything to take his mind off an important race; so that morning he sneaked off to play a round of golf with some friends who knew better than to talk about swimming. They wound up by playing twenty-seven holes—enough to retire anyone for the day.

BY the time Johnny got back to the hotel, his coach could never be recognized as the man who had invented the "Don't worry" slogan. "Bach's" eyes were wild. He was pacing the floor.

"Good grief, Johnny!" he yelled. "Where have you been? You've only got twenty minutes to get over to the pool and into a suit!"

Johnny grinned. "Once you get to worrying—" he admonished his frantic coach, as he pulled on his silk racing suit.

He arrived at the starting mark just in time to reel off the hundred in record time.

After an early dinner, Johnny slipped off to a movie and that evening in the 220 he hung up a new world's mark of two minutes, eight seconds; and to my knowledge, no one has come within four seconds of it since.

This carefree attitude was certainly a boon to Johnny when he made his screen debut. Imagine stepping in front of a camera for the first time, clothed in nothing but a loin cloth and a big grin, and being at ease!

"I got the idea of going into the movies right here in the club," Johnny said. "You know Carl Johnson?" He pointed upward at the gym.

Carl Johnson, one time Olympic champion, now wrestling instructor at the club, has traded head-locks for toe-holds with most of the male stars in Hollywood for years.

"I was working out when Carl came up and said, 'Say, Johnny, why don't you get a screen test? They're looking for somebody to play *Tarzan*.'"

Cyril Hume, working on the screen adaptation, was in the club at the time, so Johnny was introduced to the novelist then and there; and when Weissmuller stripped to the waist before the director, that settled it. He was a movie actor.

Tarzan, the movie actor, is still Johnny, the swimmer, to his old friends.

He still wears a jersey and muffler instead of a shirt.

He still refrains from smoking.

He still runs around hatless.

About the only change a year on top of Hollywood has made visible to the naked eye is a couple of extra inches of hair—and that is for his next picture.

ELEANOR HOLM, Warners contract player—and Olympic backstroke champion, bobbed up from a long, clean dive into Ambassador Hotel pool and shook the water out of her short brown hair.

"Are you working out for a part in a picture?" I asked her from the diving board.

"No. My contract calls for a double in any swimming scenes," she called as she slithered through the water on her back.

"What!" I almost fell off the board with astonishment.

Eleanor Holm, the Olympic champion, using a double for swimming scenes! I sprinted down the pool in nothing flat to catch her.

"What do you mean, double?" I asked.

As we plowed lazily back to deep water, she explained.

"I had offers from four major studios during the Olympic games, but they all wanted me to swim. I wanted to keep my amateur standing, so I turned them down. Then Warner Bros. came around with a contract, and said that they didn't care about me as a swimmer, anyway.

They thought I was screen material in other clothes besides bathing suits. So I signed with them."

I first met Eleanor at the 1929 Nationals in San Francisco.

At fifteen, she was an Olympic games veteran, the defending champion in the backstroke and medley, and an attractive little number.

Various comment swept the grandstand when Eleanor graced the salty waters of Fleishacker pool.

"Charlie, wot a pip she'll be in a couple years!"

"Naw, Gawge, them muscle molls are all alike. She'll look just like Jim Londres. You can have 'em."

Whether or not Gawge is interested, Eleanor does *not* look like Jim Londres. Swimming develops long, smooth muscles, anyway, not the knobby knots which come from weight-lifting, wrestling or, for that matter, toe dancing.

THE breath-taking Miss Holm has everything: Looks, personality, a great sense of humor. And she can lash out a song in a most entrancing fashion.

This I learned by accident recently.

During a lull in conversation while we were sun-bathing on the edge of a pool, I began to hum the chorus of a tuneful ditty, "Shuffle Off to Buffalo."

Eleanor sat up abruptly and directed upon me the prettiest frown I have ever stopped.

"Hey, lay off that tune!"

"What's the matter?" I asked. "It's a good tune, isn't it?"

"Yeah, but you see I sang 'Shuffle Off to Buffalo' in every town from Hollywood to New York on the '42nd Street' Special. I like it, but I'm ready to leave it alone.

Eleanor likes everything about Hollywood—with one exception: The reports which go flying around about her love life. Dame Rumor has had her engaged to, or in love with, any number of young men. "Including a wrestler whose name I have never even heard," she said, laughing. "The truth of the matter is, I am not engaged and not in love. I'm too busy with a couple of careers."

FOR the past five years I have had plenty of chance to watch Buster Crabbe's meteoric rise closely. I've trailed him across the Silver Gate in San Diego bay, up and down a pool at Manhattan beach, and through the surf in a mile race at Santa Monica. I have had some good close-ups of Buster's feet in action.

Crabbe has been in training since he was two years old, when his family left Oakland, California, for Hawaii. Later, when he was in grammar school, he spent all his afternoons and vacations in the water, playing with the gay beach crowd, and instructing tourists in the art of riding the long, rolling breakers with a surf-board.

It was swimming that taught Buster relaxation, but it was handling a surf-board that gave him his powerful shoulders and perfect sense of balance.

While attending Punahou High School, Buster began to take swimming really seriously. Dad Center, veteran coach of the Outrigger Canoe Club, told him to swim a mile every day in the big memorial pool. Buster's home, however, was situated a mile up the coast from the club, and Buster did not like that mile hike. So, each day after school, he hopped off into the breakers, swam the mile down the coast to the pool, took his workout and polished the day off by swimming another mile back home. Three miles—and they say swimmers are lazy!

While thus preparing to follow in the footsteps of the renowned Duke Kahanamoku, Buster was unconsciously training himself for the screen.

All his life, Buster has denied himself things which would interfere with his swimming. He didn't smoke, he didn't drink.

But he did have one dissipation. Chewing gum.

One amusing incident in regard to that gum

sticks in my mind. It was before a big race. Buster was in the water. This is a common practice. Swimmers loaf around in the water to loosen up, cool off, and relax in general before swimming an event.

All during these preliminaries, Buster calmly chewed his gum, but he had to do something with it during the race, for it would have hindered his breathing.

Plop it went down on the edge of his starting mark.

Bang went the gun. Off Buster sped.

EIGHT laps later his hand slapped the finish mark. Then his other hand reached over, picked up the gum, and he was chewing calmly while the others were still thrashing down the straightaway.

So, if you want to be a movie star, relax, stick your gum on the side of the pool, move to Hawaii at the age of two, and knock regularly on matches!

Garbo's Gamble

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

In return for the complete long breath Wanger then was able to draw, he promised Garbo all her old crew back on the job for the picture. Garbo thanked him profusely.

As usual, Garbo is seen every morning walking briskly along unfrequented roads, but she is combining her morning exercise with house hunting, for she has stopped and looked over several places in her daily hike. At this moment, she cannot make up her mind which of three possible homes in Brentwood she likes best.

But despite the remarkable ovation Garbo received when she recently stepped from the "Annie Johnson" at San Diego—a reception dramatically contrasting to that of seven years ago when she first arrived, an unknown, frightened immigrant—crowds now milling about for hours hoping to catch a glimpse of the hard-to-see famous star—there was one thorn to mar the beauty of the glory she knew still was hers.

IT was the news that her hairdresser, the one woman in the whole world who could change Garbo's entire facial expression by her clever arrangement of the Garbo coiffure, was gone. Gone beyond recalling. For Ruby Neely had been killed in an automobile accident last winter while Garbo was in Sweden.

And Greta knew nothing of the accident until someone broke the news to her the day she came back. Garbo wept, openly, frankly, unashamed of the emotion which the news had stirred within her.

It was a tribute which Ruby Neely's friends say the departed hairdresser, the girl who loved the Garbo tresses with a personal devotion, would never have forgotten.

Who will direct Garbo's next picture? Maybe Lubitsch will be borrowed from Paramount. Maybe Josef Von Sternberg, who should know everything now about movie stars wearing men's clothes.

For it wasn't so long ago that Marlene Dietrich was going places on the arm of Josef Von Sternberg, all trigged out in a man's tuxedo. Remember?

It is interesting to look forward with Garbo from this point. No one knows what her future will be. It is as much her own gamble as everyone's concerned. No one knows, not even her bosses, how long she plans to remain in America.

And not a few people are speculating with the idea that when the public sees Garbo in masculine attire in "Queen Christina" a new vogue will spring up—a vogue more sweeping than that which Dietrich inspired.

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Clara "Once Overs" London and Berlin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

magnitude of it!" Hot cha cha—cha cha cha haaah!

Now I can't decide if I want to live in a wild place like our ranch, or on a country estate like Tom's, near Epsom Downs. Such beautiful gardens and ponds. Makes you think England is just one big park when you drive through the country. And such very green grass!

Spent the morning seeing the stables and kennels. Spent lunch time eating oysters and drinking champagne! Who said country life was simple? Country life in England is about as simple as a De Mille set. But the nicest part of it is that the landowners really don't have to do anything but go in for sports or bridge, or drink tea—which they do more than anything else.

And such tea! Strong as Johnny Weissmuller's biceps. Their servants do everything for them and give them the sort of devotion that the *massa* and the *missy* got down South before the Civil War.

Spent an afternoon on Epsom Downs having my picture taken with April V, and giving reporters the low-down on England. Imagine me being photographed with a race horse!

ENGLISHMEN may be good-looking—but German girls are divine!

I never saw such a city for beautiful women as Berlin. Take it from me, none of them wear hats that make them look like old-time duchesses, or clothes that make them look like their grandmothers. *Chic* is the word—and *how!* I don't know how anyone ever got the idea that German girls were fat and looked like housekeepers.

If they used to be that way, somebody like Madame Sylvia must have started a beauty course and cleaned up.

How they get the money to buy the *chic* clothes they wear, when conditions are so terrible, I don't know.

The Fox people gave an elegant party for me. A whole crew of German film celebrities were there. Lilian Harvey, who was the darling of the movies in Europe, and who is now in Hollywood; her boy friend, Willy Fritsch; Eric Pommer, who produces pictures like Lubitsch does; and Eric Charell, who directed "Congress Dances"; and lots of others.

Lilian helped to show us the night life of

Berlin, which kept us on the go all the time. It's much gayer than London or New York—and everybody said it is much more exciting than Paris.

Judging by what we saw, I should say it was! A regular riot!

Oh—is Berlin sophisticated? We Hollywooders are just babes in the woods compared to them!

The waiters and shopkeepers and people like that kept on calling me "Gnadige Frau." In German that means *high-born lady*. I felt like saying to them, "Come on, be yourselves!"

I WENT to the "Tiergarten," which is German for zoo, and means *animal garden*. I can't make up my mind whether it is better than the Bronx Zoo or not.

It's quite a problem, because I consider myself an authority on zoos—never miss one wherever we are.

I simply went crazy over two baby lions they had there, and over a sea horse, of all things. I had quite a crush on the sea horse and visited him often. I scared Rex to death by insisting on feeding the baby lions. But I waited till the keeper took mama and papa out into another cage.

"Safety first" isn't always my motto—but I guess you have to draw the line at being reckless somewhere!

They try to make all the animals feel perfectly at home by fixing up the cages, or tanks, or whatever they live in, to look exactly like the places where the animals lived. So one minute you're looking at a scene in the tropical jungles, and the next, you're shivering in the Arctic.

It's very interesting to study the habits of the animals, too. I think it improves your mind, and makes you understand human beings better. It's a regular education to watch the way the males treat their females, and *vice versa*. It gave me some real, deep ideas about life.

WE were on the move from the time we left St. Moritz. The Riviera was a whirl, and although we had a grand time there, and won some money at Monte Carlo, I was all worn out and glad when we were on the ship. Fun is fun, but enough is enough.

I was beginning to worry about how I would take off some of the extra padding that



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No, you'd never guess it if you kept on trying till doomsday! So we won't keep you in suspense any longer, so here goes—the handsome chap is none other than Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. some years back, and the smiling youngster is Doug, Jr., when he was eight years old—really not so long ago

sneaked up on me, what with champagne cocktails and German "apfel strudel" and French cream puffs. If the foods on the "Rex" weren't so easy to take, I wouldn't have had such a hard time.

They serve ices that taste like real fruit. American ices are so insipid! I ordered tangerine and apricot ice. It tasted just like chilled California tangerines and apricots. Marvelous!

So to get even with my appetite, I'd swim in the open-air pool every day.

The passengers thought I was stark mad—but I loved it. Anyway, I'm naturally warm-blooded.

Nobody else would dare it—because it was pretty cold.

AFTER my plunge, I'd put on a white bathrobe and lay on deck for a couple of hours.

The other passengers were very chummy, and the stewards were the most courteous I'd ever met.

We spent a lot of time with Harry Harper. He was once the pitcher of the New York Giants, and is worth oodles of money now. Retired.

Well, finally we saw the Statue of Liberty and li'l ole New York. One of the thrills of my life.

So that ended that—a glorious trip, and a glorious experience. Wonder when I'll be going again?

Anyway, the next time it's going to be 'way off the beaten track. Me and Richard Halliburton—we don't believe in laid out tours. We like taking our travel without any schedule or rubberneck buses.

I suppose I'm just a vagabond at heart. But why not be natural?

Joan Looks Forward

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

nervous she could not do her motion picture work well, she charged.

Once, because of this nervousness, the complaint said, she was forced to take a three weeks' vacation alone.

Fairbanks, Jr., continued to show an unreasonable objection to her friends, some of whom had been in the habit of visiting her for a long time, she said.

During the interview I suddenly recalled the gossip rumor about her reported romance with Franchot Tone. Folks everywhere were asking about this. I ventured to broach the subject to Joan herself. I asked her about her future "prospects."

SHE didn't look startled. She didn't flare up. She merely looked at me with those great, piercing round eyes of hers and said:

"I don't want any future 'prospects' if that's what you mean. Of course, if something happens to me, it happens, that's all. I'll try to take advantage of it. Anyhow, it will mean a new experience—and I'll play it fair and make the most of it."

Two years ago I had a talk with Joan Crawford when her emotions and thoughts were overflowing with plans of what she and Doug were going to do.

Then she had no dream that was not built around her young husband. And it was with almost childish pride that she autographed a photo "Joan Fairbanks."

At that time, Hollywood, and all America for that matter, recognized that Joan had won what she wanted, that her cup of happiness was brimming, that she was on the verge of her greatest ambition.

For, make no mistake about it, Joan did not regard her marriage as an exciting adventure on the sea of matrimony, but rather took it as a final anchorage in the snugest

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- 2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
- 3—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
- 4—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.





Lots of stars wear swimming suits but few stars wear them as well—or as often—as Joan Blondell. She swims for fun, swims for health, swims at every opportunity. She is wearing the new Jantzen Molded-Fit Formal. It is really three suits in one because it has three distinct back designs: the square back, the cross strap and the necklace tie for sun-bathing

Advertisement

harbor of all filmdom. Joan wanted a home, the security of marriage and an assured place in the magic circle of Hollywood.

She had already sailed all the adventurous seas she cared to sail—and she valued fully this thing she had worked so hard to win.

Joan Crawford did not regard hers as the typical Hollywood romance—fast and furious while luck held out—something to be regarded as just another rôle, to be thoroughly enjoyed while it endured and lightly forgotten when it ended. No, Joan had the man she wanted and she wanted the man she had—and everything he represented.

Proudly she brought him to her white home she loves so well, with its cool white rooms and its sunny white garden. So far as Joan was concerned, the goose was hanging high.

No, she was not deaf, either, to the gossip and predictions, nor blind in knowing looks and head wags. She knew that if ever a marriage was publicly booked for the rocks, hers was. In fact, the wise ones about Hollywood said it wouldn't live to a six months' anniversary, and as for lasting more than a year—well, that was actually funny.

In other words, this girl knew that her marriage was considered the most brittle in all Hollywood's collection of thin romances, and that the smart ones along the well-known Boulevard de Bunk would prick the balloon themselves, should the opportunity afford itself, just to prove the truth of their predictions.

Joan knows all these things. She has thought of them often in the past few months since her divorce action from Doug. I asked her how she felt about it and she said:

"HOW do I feel toward those who wished me bad luck? Well, I don't know that anyone really did that. I think I wished myself less luck because of my habit of exaggerating things. Because some people predicted my marriage would be a failure, I exaggerated it to the extent of thinking everybody wished that. That was silly—and it hurt me. It held me back from making many friendships I should have enjoyed. And we all need friendships to help us forget our little problems and to help us develop so that we can create something worthwhile. Now I want to really create something.

"Worrying about what people think of us will beat anyone. We can go through very trying experiences if we do not worry about

them. So, from now on, I'm going to give no thought to what other people think. I'm just going to do what I feel is right, and let it go at that."

The day we talked of these things Joan was sitting in her sunny garden, soaking up old Sol's rays and trying to add a little more tan to her already mahogany coloring. She was reading stories, conferring with a supervisor and planning for a comedy. If she is pining away, she is doing it in a very husky manner—and if she is living in the glories of yesterday's romance, she has a very peculiar way of showing it, as all she talks about is *tomorrow*.

Previously Joan Crawford insisted upon dramas for her pictures. Now she wants to do a comedy. I asked her why.

"SOMETHING a little gay wouldn't hurt me right now," she answered, "and I seriously think at this time America needs light and happy films. In these days of depression and—"

Is Joan bitter? If she is, she hides it remarkably well. Her manner and attitude are free from rancor. If she feels she has a grievance against those who predicted so broadly and freely the collapse of her marriage, she in no way expresses it, either in words or action. Instead, she seems to feel that whatever is, is for the best.

We were speaking of another actress, a woman whose romance has recently gone on the rocks, and Joan expressing, no doubt, her own innermost feelings remarked:

"She needs other interests and I've tried to make her get them, tried to make her share herself a little with us. Other interests would take her mind off her misfortune. It is a shame this thing had to happen to her, and it hurts us to see her suffering silently over it.

"She knew all about it, long before it happened. But any woman hates to admit a thing like that. She hates to admit the man she loves is unfaithful to her—she hates to admit she has failed. What my friend needs now is a little fighting spirit—and other interests," Joan told me.

Joan is very game. She's taking all the comment, the ugly insinuations, the cut-backs and the predictions with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. But deep down, buried beneath the gaiety and the carefree spirit she displays since her broken romance, there is an intensity which Crawford is actress enough to hide—and hide well.

Barbara Bennett Talks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

clever arguments that in self defense and desperation, he unmasked and lo—it was none other than our own dear daddy, Richard Bennett.

Then I recall those days when we lived on Eighty-second Street and Park Avenue, rather far uptown from the noise and clamor which had begun to creep in around us in Greenwich Village. Constance was a tomboy. She had run with urchins down there and made mud pies in back yards, getting herself generally mussed up every day with youngsters in those neighboring streets where Judy O'Grady's children play on an equal footing with the children of Fifth Avenue aristocrats.

WHEN we moved to the uptown house, Constance sulked for days for the children down there. She refused to stay dressed up. Her sashes and laces simply wouldn't stay put. But Joan, quite the opposite, was a model little girl with her ruffles and pinking and curls, always like a child in a picture book. Joan always loved clothes. It is amusing sometimes when I think how "grand lady" Constance became when she was sixteen and boys began to

tell her she was pretty. Joan had always been a nice little girl, very feminine, very demure, very retiring. And she is that same way today. But Connie had a complete turn-about of personality when she outgrew her childhood.

IF Joan were hurt, even to bruising her little finger or scratching her face, she would go quietly off in a corner and wait until the pain subsided. If Constance were hurt, she'd let you know about it quickly and she'd insist upon having the very *best* doctor at once.

Now I don't mean this as a slam at Connie. I mean it was part of her make-up; an entirely different sort of person from Joan, as different and as interesting as sunlight compared to moonlight.

Then came those trips to Europe—to Paris, London, to the gay watering spots of the Continent when we girls felt our first adolescent pride in popularity.

I admit that Constance was by far the most popular of any of us. She had a way of reaching out, figuratively, and catching from life whatever it was she wanted at the moment. Maybe it was only a new sweater or a new

place to stop or a new boy friend or a brand-new set of ritzy mannerisms. Anyway, there always was something about Constance which forced life to give her what she wanted. Joan and I, though very fortunate in getting what we desired, were the sort of girls who sat quietly back and let life drop its gifts into our laps.

I recall the first time Constance had to admit that she was wrong—and had to take a punishment for her error.

There had been a football game at Princeton and Constance had been invited to go with one of the local swains. She was about sixteen years old at the time and Mother had kept her in very simple, girlish clothes.

CONNIE wanted a fur stole—they were the fashion rage then. Mother was horrified. And refused to allow it. But Connie wanted a fur stole with all her heart and she was miserable because she couldn't have it.

So what do you suppose happened? Maybe Dad understood that longing; maybe Connie had inherited the adornment trait from him. But in any event, Dad saw that Mother's wardrobe was left ajar that day and that no maid was about, just about the time Connie was ready to start for the game. Needless to say, Connie breezed out wearing Mother's pet neckpiece—ridiculous, of course, for a girl of her age. She flung it with a grand gesture about her slender shoulders and strode out of the house with the air of a duchess on parade.

Everything might have been all right if Connie, in her excitement of cheering on the football players, had not dropped the fur through the crevice of the grandstand. It could not be retrieved.

For days she telephoned that stadium office trying to locate the neckpiece. And Mother, unaware that it had even been "borrowed," never missed it until one night she was going to the theater in a hurry.

There was a terrible to do about it. Connie walked the floor alone in her bedroom for hours, wondering what to do. But, just like Connie, who has always faced life's issues squarely, she voted in favor of making a clean breast of it. It was this spirit which made Dad and Connie kindred souls from that day forth.

And she took her punishment like a soldier, later remarking that the punishment was worth the thrill she had had that day with the beloved fur stole about her shoulders. She's been like that ever since, asking nothing from life but what she's willing to pay for, regardless of the price in personal sacrifice. She has given up most of her young life to long hours of work in the studio because Connie enjoys her film fame. She has given up many other of life's gifts because she has a keen sense of values and knows how to balance the budget of her happiness.

IT was in this spirit that Constance eloped with that same boy from Princeton, Chester Morehead, because she thought marriage was one of the things she wanted at the time. Mother had the marriage promptly annulled.

Then, at a Park Avenue tea she found Phil Plant being presented. And she knew at once she was going to marry Phil some time. He made love to her, as she had expected. And it wasn't long after Constance became Mrs. Phil Plant. Now, of course, Connie is the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray!

As for Joan, when the telephone wasn't ringing for Constance, Joan's boy friends managed to sandwich in a few calls for her. She was popular, in the delicate, retiring sort of way. That she has developed the spark of intensity which came to her later in Hollywood has always been utterly amazing to me. Little Joan, the youngest of us three, had always been very flower-like and babyish.

Once, when she was sailing for Europe to meet Mother, living then in Paris, I went down to see her off. A college boy I'd met in Seattle on a visit, was on the boat. I introduced him to little sister Joan, admonishing him to take

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no matter—

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Other germs found in film are associated with dread "trench mouth." Still others are linked with pyorrhea. And all of these are incubated in the coating dentists know as *mucin plaque*—and we call film.

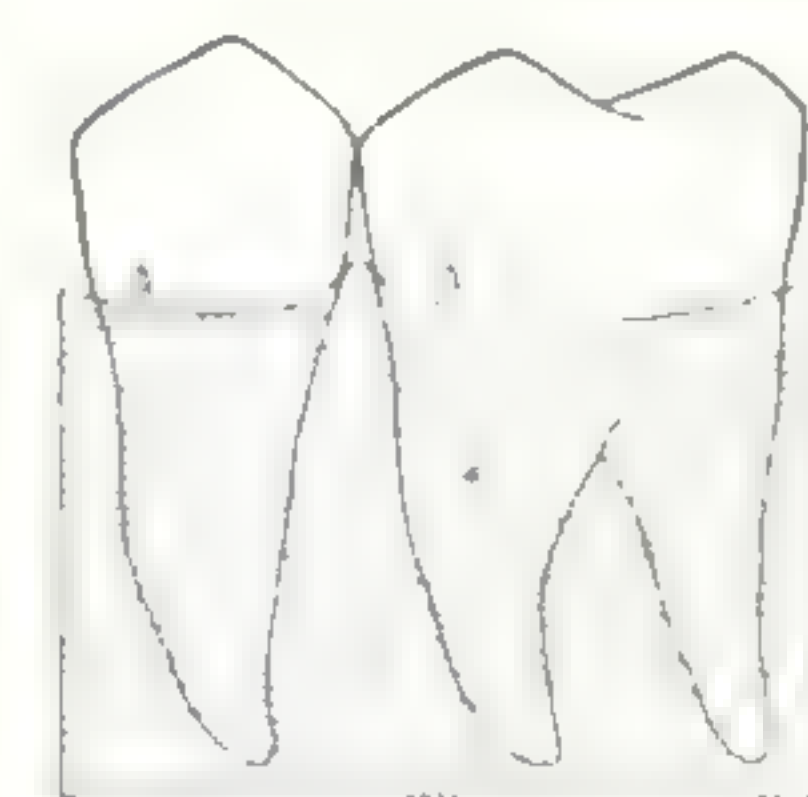
"What can I do to fight decay?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because the true value of a tooth paste is determined by its polishing material.

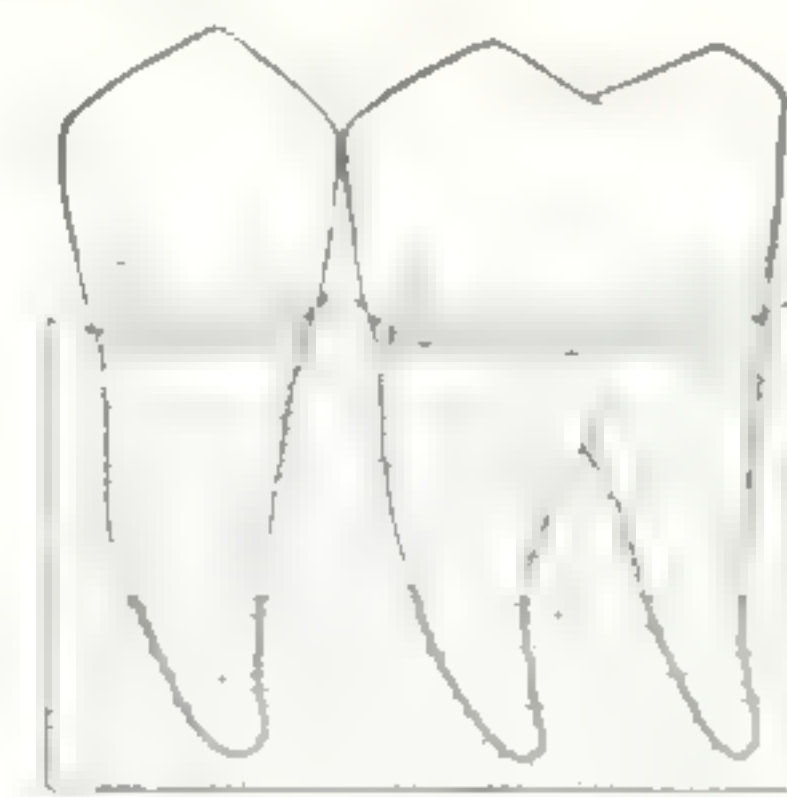
The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Its power to remove film stain is revolutionary!

And so, when tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use it twice a day and see your dentist at least twice a year.

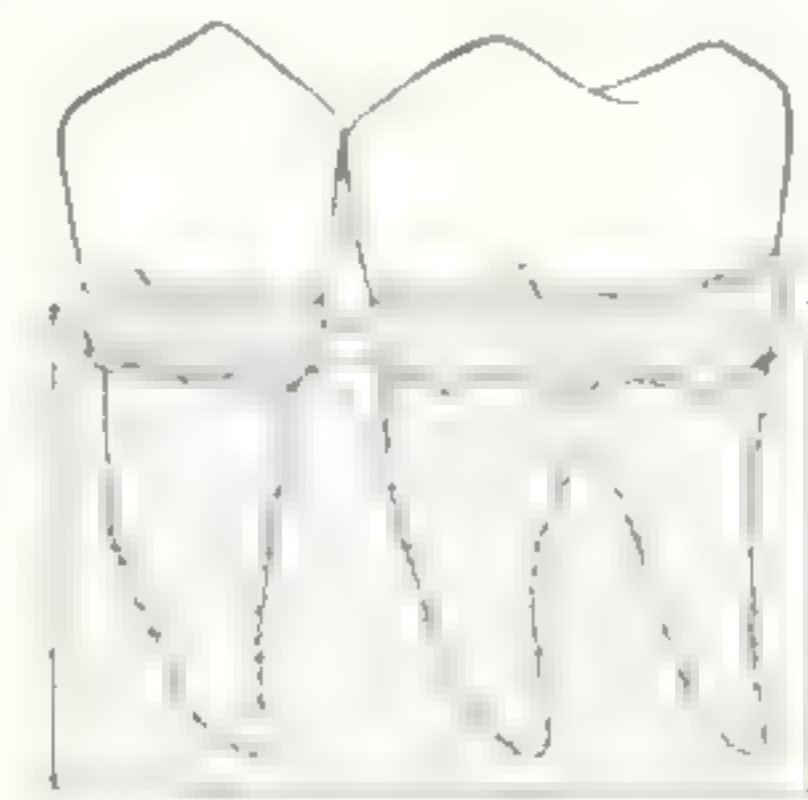
How *Film* leads to bleeding gums!



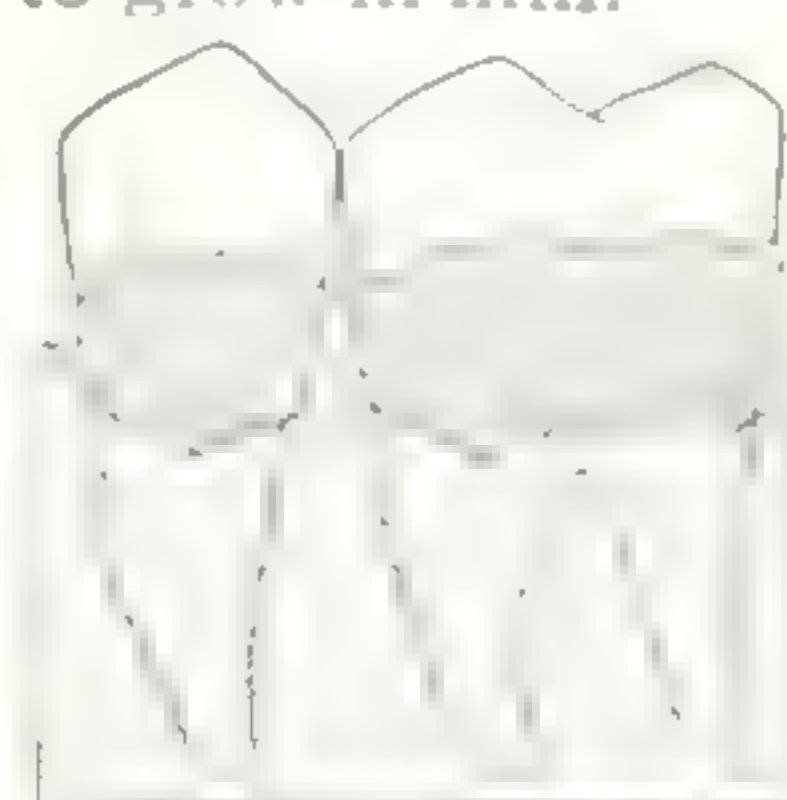
1 Normal clean teeth. (A) is gum line.



2 Film (C) begins to form near gum line. Bacteria begin to grow in film.



3 Film combines with minerals in saliva and hardens into tartar which produces irritation, causing gums to recede.



4 Tartar continues to form. Gum tissue is further destroyed. Gums bleed and the way is opened for serious infection.

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good care of her. He did, all right. For before the boat docked at Cherbourg, he had asked Joan to marry him and she had consented.

But Mother had something to say again. Joan was still in school, in fact that's why she was sailing, to finish her education in France. When Mother heard the news, she didn't try to cross the youngsters. She had tried that with Constance, only to have her elope.

MOTHER used different tactics then with Joan. Believing it only a passing infatuation, she bargained with them to wait a year until Joan had finished school. They agreed. Mother was amazed when, at the end of the year, the children stood before her and announced they would be married that very day—graduation day!

It was of this marriage Joan became the mother of her adorable little girl, Adrienne, now called Diana, and five years old. The marriage was not successful and both the youngsters were miserable before long. So it ended in divorce. Since then, of course, Joan has become Mrs. Gene Markey and from what I know, having just returned from a visit to her in Hollywood, I am sure she is entirely happy.

I was always the home-loving type of girl. I still am. I don't care anything about a career and I never have. I'm satisfied just being Morton's wife. And now that I have become the mother of my adorable baby son—not even a year old yet and the image of his handsome radio star daddy—I am entirely contented.

Life seems to have given me everything I ever wanted and I am happy.

Yes, there was a time when I liked to play around picture studios. I was making a film called "Syncopation" up at the old Cosmopolitan Studios in Harlem, New York, when I met Morton Downey. We knew each other just three weeks when we married. It was a case of mutual understanding from the start—that sort of electric spark which runs like a dotted line from eye to eye—when we were first introduced. Morton asked me to lunch with him that day. There was something awfully nice about him, I couldn't tell you even now just what it was. Perhaps it was his inner self which I had glimpsed. He says he saw clear through me, too, knowing that I would turn out to be just the type of girl he discovered as those weeks went on.

There seemed no reason in the world to wait for a longer time when we both knew each other that way from the start. So we stepped gaily out one day and were quietly married and have lived happily ever since, just like the story book romances.

PERHAPS it's well we never know what the future has in store for us. But I'd be willing to wager this about it: Constance will always get from life what she desires because she always has; Joan will get her heart's desires, too, because she inspires sympathy and protection. As for myself, I believe I'll always be happy because I'm just plain lucky!

Who Is Brian Aherne?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

There is another angle in the story of how Brian Aherne came to Hollywood, too, and far more interesting from the human point of view. It had nothing whatever to do with movies, money or publicity, but had to do exclusively with Marlene Dietrich, opposite whom he was to play.

It seems that during her strike interlude on "The Song of Songs," Frau Dietrich had gone to see "Lucrece," and had been greatly impressed with the artistic possibilities of Mr. Aherne. For his part, he subsequently told Frau Dietrich that he was "intrigued" by her art on the screen; and there you are.

WHEN Mr. Aherne did let down the bars of his theatrical conscience and consented to debase his ability for the edification of the movies, both of them apparently intrigued the other more than ever. For, during the filming of "The Song of Songs," Frau Dietrich and Mr. Aherne were everywhere in each other's company; at the Brown Derby, the Cocoanut Grove, The Beverly Wilshire, Sardi's, and where have you.

Furthermore, although Mr. Aherne held himself distinctly aloof from the whole studio and all that was in it, lunching by himself in solitary state for the first couple of days, thereafter he lunched with Frau Dietrich and it was her habit to prepare breakfast for him, at seven A. M., in her studio bungalow. Also, there soon appeared upon Frau Dietrich's dressing-table, alongside Maurice Chevalier's picture and crowding it a bit, another picture—this of Mr. Aherne; and in response thereto, on Mr. Aherne's dressing-table there appeared a photograph solitary in its single glory—and this photograph, *mes amis*, was of Frau Dietrich.

It did not take Mr. Aherne at all long—especially for a Briton of rather more than traditional reserve—to catch on to Hollywood's rather intimate ways.

Mr. Aherne, during his entire stay in Hollywood, was true to his protest against the press. He would have nothing to do with interviewers—nor, as far as that goes, and excepting only a

couple of English writers, both old friends, with anyone else; always excepting, of course, Frau Dietrich. So, when he recently left Hollywood to do a play in England, Hollywood knew no more about him than when he came.

Frau Dietrich, incidentally, has also taken a European trip. She expects to visit her colorful Paris while Mr. Aherne is playing in London.

Hollywood accepts Mr. Aherne—as though he gave a darn—as an Englishman, although his ancestry on both sides, not to mention his photographs, is Irish. He went on the stage at the age of three in some amateur productions of his mother's, and showed such promise that he was sent to the famous Italia Conti school in London. But he tired of the stage and became a clerk in a mercantile house; tired of that and went back to the stage.

It is interesting to note in passing that in his own biography he said that he went back to the stage only because he was down to his last five shillings and had to find a "temporary way of keeping going" until he could find something else to do. But obviously, since he subsequently became something of a matinee idol, he could not have been down to his last five shillings when he consented to act for the screen.

HE first came to America in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and scored such a distinct success over here that movie offers, as aforesaid turned down, deluged him. His only concession to the movies at that time was the neck scarf, almost a ringer for the one worn by the broken-down movie actor in "Once In a Lifetime," which he constantly wears.

In appearance he is very much of a younger edition of Percy Marmont, whom, as a screen idol of a few years back, everybody remembers well. Hollywood considers him, probably rightly, not so much ritzy as reserved; and on the Paramount lot, while he was shooting, the other moonstruck girls went so far as to say that he was reserved—for "The Song of Songs" and Frau Marlene Dietrich.

Hollywood At Play

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

THE STARS IN COCOANUT GROVE

(Shown in the photograph on pages 40 and 41)

THE extreme left-hand couple on the floor is Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow. Next, Viola Dana and Sidney Lanfield, and third from the left, Hoot Gibson smiles at his partner. Behind Hoot, Dick and Mrs. Arlen, and in the lower right hand corner of the page, Marie Prevost and Buster Collier.

On the right-hand page in the foreground are (left) Helen Vinson with Al Hall, and (right) Skeets and Mrs. Gallagher. Behind these couples we see, left to right, Zeppo and Mrs. Marx, Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, Clive and Mrs. Brook, Carole Lombard and Bill Powell.

On the steps at the left, Ruth, Tom and Mrs. Mix are being shown in, while to the right on the stairs a similar service is being performed for Adolphe and Mrs. Menjou (Kathryn Carver).

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and Day?" she asked Phil several weeks before it was heard in Hollywood. "Get it." And he got it. Somehow, Joan's prophecies concerning song hits always come true.

And then there's Joan dancing around rather dreamily with Ricardo Cortez or Gary Cooper or Clark Gable, often to the strains of "Waltzing In a Dream," and holding a creamy white gardenia between her teeth.

You should have seen Mr. Sight-See-er Tourist the first night he beheld that. And a visiting Elk leaned out of the balcony so far he lost his balance, clutched a palm tree and swung on the same limb with a petrified monkey until help came.

But, by gosh, he was goin' to make sure he saw what he thought he saw, and tell the folks back home the latest way to sport a corsage.

DIGNIFIED little Joan Bennett moves gracefully about the floor with hubby, Gene Markey. Joan has a very stately way of holding her aristocratic head and she carries herself straight as an arrow when gliding around. She looks up and sees sister Constance with the Marquis coming down the stairway. Joan smiles . . . then she sees Gilbert Roland just behind Connie and knows that it is to be his tango instead of Hank's.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., moves from table to table for a little chat with friends. His quick eye takes in the panorama and stops for a brief moment on a table across the floor. It is Joan, smiling dreamily into the handsome face of Franchot Tone.

Doug moves on. The next moment he is gliding beautifully across the dance floor with—Katharine Hepburn. Glamorous, interesting, unusual Katharine who keeps Hollywood puzzled as much as Doug does. There should be something in common, at least, between these two personalities when they begin chatting. It's Harris, night after night, behind the waving baton, who instantly senses the stars' moods. Knows, almost, what these world-famous people are thinking.

There was something about the way little Alice White smiled, something big and hurt about her eyes, as she sat at her table near the dance floor, which told Phil the story of what was to come. The parting of the ways with her fiancé, Cy Bartlett. The baton waved a bit slower that night, the music beat and throbbed in sympathy.

It happened the next day, that break. And it was Phil who knew again instantly when Cy and Alice made up. That evening he played "Say It Isn't So," and Alice smiled.

Above the softly lighted floor are balconies. It's interesting to watch the progress of a shy



BY THE DAY

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PHOTOPLAY'S MOVIE MUDDLES CONTEST

Turn to page 33 in this issue for conditions of contest. See how simple it is, and it is open to everyone.

and blooming new romance. They sit at their balcony table, far in the background. At a glance, Phil takes it in, and knows. Gradually, with carefully selected music, he brings them out. A waltz, a tango or a love song and, sure enough, they're smiling over the rail for all the world to see.

THE romance of Dick Powell and Mary Brian bloomed in the Cocoanut Grove. A balcony bloom. Cary Grant first saw the lovely Virginia Cherrill from behind a palm tree in the Grove.

There was the night a few years back when the lovely Jean Harlow sat at a ringside table and Howard Hughes sat directly across. Howard and Jean hadn't known each other. But that waving, fluttering baton, that steady smile and, finally, the music to "Can't We Be Friends," did the trick. Jean and Howard were dancing. This was long before tragedy stalked into Jean's life—before her first break in Hughes' picture, "Hell's Angels."

The red carnation, the very dark, crimson flower in the button hole of Phil's dinner jacket, had all the up and coming movie boys on the jump. Hollywood florists were almost hysterical trying to find the same flower. But the nearest they could come to it was an anemic light red. While Doug Jr., who knew the secret, smiled and said nothing. As a matter of fact, the flower is especially dyed each day for the orchestra leader. And, is that an idea?

It's to the strains of the Argentine tango that Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard do their fanciest stepping. The dips, the glides, the twirls of Charlie and Paulette, are something to write long letters home about.

It was in the midst of the dreamiest waltz, one Tuesday, that a commotion was heard at one end of the orchestra platform. The door to "The Little Club," just adjoining, had opened and, in a body, out stepped the Four Marx Brothers. Phil immediately sensed danger, took a firmer hold on the baton and "Take Me In Your Arms" floated out over the Grove.

Without a word or a minute's planning, the four Marxes stepped to the front of the platform and immediately began singing "Dinah." Which had absolutely no connection with the music being played.

"Dinah, is there anything finer," they yelped, while the waltz went on. "In the state of Carolina," they quartetted while the drummer hesitated and missed two beats and a bang. The saxophonist was playing half "Dinah" and half waltz. The piano player was feebly wiping his brow. "Dinah" kept right on going. The dancers, after trying to "Dinah" and waltz at the same time, stopped in utter astonishment.

With a bang of the baton, the orchestra immediately swung into "Dinah" just as the Marx Brothers decided that "Take Me In Your Arms" was a better tune anyway, and, heaven help us, here was the orchestra on "Dinah" and the Marx Brothers on "Take Me In Your Arms." and half the audience rolling on the floor and the other half up the palm trees with the coconuts.

At the sad, very sad, conclusion, the Marxes took a bow and announced that, really, all they were looking for anyhow, was the check room.

And twenty-seven gentlemen, including Joel McCrea, Richard Arlen and Gene Raymond, rushed them to the check room, while "Take Me In Your Arms" got off to another start.

FROM Harris' bandstand, it's interesting to note how the different stars dance. He can give you the low-down on them all. Gloria Stuart and her husband, both beautiful dancers, glide quickly and swiftly across the floor. Gloria with her eyes closed. Joan Crawford and her partner are rather slow, dreamy dancers. Joan always with her head thrown back, as if listening to far off music, and the everlasting gardenia between her teeth or resting fragrantly in the palm of her hand.

Dorothy Mackaill, the jolliest dancer on the floor, calling to this one, or chatting with that one. Mae Murray, once a professional, is a smooth, perfect tangoer.

Carole Lombard is in perfect rhythm with Bill Powell. Joan Blondell and Georgie Barnes step lively.

When a certain player wishes to publicly announce that all, alas, is over, he attends the Grove with a new heart interest. And the world accepts it as a public announcement. Los Angeles newspapers recently carried the



"As artist to artist" in the Ambassador's gay Cocoanut Grove. When Thelma Todd and husband Pasquale De Cicco were still good friends, shown in a momentary aside with Phil Harris, who waves the baton for his famous orchestra. Phil has a prominent rôle also in "Melody Cruise"

announcement that a certain actor and his wife had parted. "Couldn't be," Hollywood shrugged. But when the star appeared at the Grove the very next Tuesday night with another lady, Hollywood knew that he wanted to tell them it was true. The same thing happened to Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello. To Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor. "The Declaration of Independence," the Grove has been dubbed.

Here, among the palms and lights, come motion picture executives and officials. Searching for talent. More casting is done in the Coconut Grove than is really done at the studios.

For instance, there were those two RKO-Radio scouts who sat night after night, at a table near the orchestra. With one eye cocked downward, Phil went through his program. Wondering. Glancing over the floor to see who might be spotted for what was, evidently, a big rôle. Thinking perhaps that by certain selections he might bring out their good points. And then, at the end of two weeks' watching, the men arose and walked over to Phil. "Like to see you," they said. So, behind sheltering palms, they told him. Carefully they'd been watching him, that grin, that red, oh so red, carnation, and would he make a picture for them?

For once, the baton wouldn't wave. It merely fluttered. And so Phil Harris came to the movies in that grand three reeler, "So This Is Harris." With more pictures to come.

In fact, they wanted only a two reel short, but the thing turned out so well, the powers that be decided not an inch of those three reels could be cut.

NO wonder the boy friends of those lady stars watch with a jealous eye when Phil steps up to the edge of the platform and begins his song. And Phil, standing there with the lights pouring down upon him, knows what's going on.

"When It's Darkness on the Delta" he sings, while all the time to himself he thinks, "Look at that bozo. Trying to edge that blonde cutie away. Doesn't want her to listen, eh? Well, she'll listen and he'll like it." And on the song goes, and she listens and the boy friend does like it. Never dreaming, of course, that behind those twinkling blue eyes of Phil's and those deep, full teasing notes, a comedy all his own is going on.

There are always certain people of the movie colony who make spectacular entrances. With the music swelling a little louder or growing a little softer.

Mary Pickford, for instance, always draws a grand sweep from the orchestra, and Mary usually has more than one escort.

Claudette Colbert, with her own husband, Norman Foster, also draws a special serenade. Here is an occasion.

But it's Maurice Chevalier, zat gay Maurice, with the lovely Lilian Harvey, who makes ze one grand splash. Zowie.

Down the steps they come, the Frenchman and the English star. Every eye fastened upon them. The trumpets trump, the flute flutters, the drums roll and Phil's grin grows wider.

While right behind them, always, comes the tall, French secretary of Maurice's. It's always a threesome, never a twosome, for Chevalier.

And can he dance? *Mon Dieu* and a hot cha-cha. Ask Phil.

OCCASIONALLY, an erring husband comes tripping blithely in with a cutie on his arm. Immediately, Phil seizes the large, ebony baton and makes a sweeping no-no-no across instead of the usual up and down gesture. The gentleman knows to take to his heels. Wife is probably present.

But the climax of climaxes was reached recently. The beautiful Peggy Hopkins Joyce had arrived in town. The Grove was abuzz with excitement. Everyone knew the lovely Peggy would certainly be at the Grove



"I recommend them,"

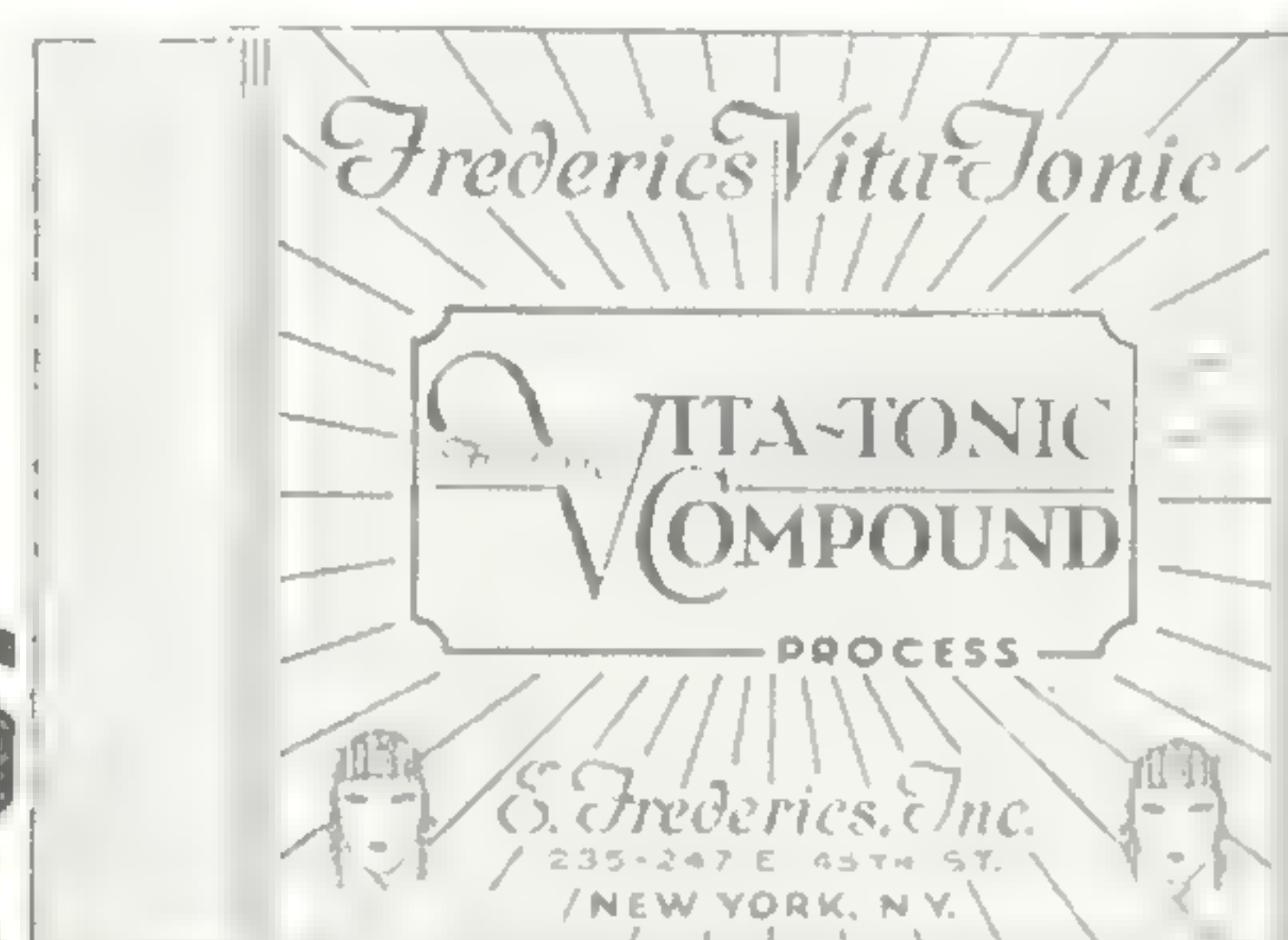
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in a blazing mass of diamonds that would have even the stuffed monkeys throwing coconuts at the customers.

And then, Tuesday night arrived. Ten o'clock came. No Peggy. No diamonds. No handsome prince of an escort. Eleven o'clock came. Twelve o'clock. And then, suddenly, even the orchestra let out a sour, surprised note.

There, at the top of the stairs, stood Peggy.

Without a single piece of jewelry and clutching the arm of Jack Oakie in a white sweat shirt. Only Phil's quick action in snapping the orchestra into "Only a Shanty in Old Shanty Town," saved the day.

Oh, it's a place of comedy. Of tragedy. Of heartaches. Of heart throbs. Of romance. This Coconut Grove of Hollywood. While above it all stands Phil Harris, looking down. Waving a gay baton. Seeing. Understanding.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19]

PENAL CODE, THE—Freuler Film.—An ex-convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (May)

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (May)

PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

★ **PICK UP**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humanly done; good comedy. (June)

★ **PICTURE SNATCHER**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

★ **PRIVATE JONES**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (April)

★ **RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS**—M-G-M.—All three Barrymores in one film, plus Ralph Morgan and Diana Wynyard, provide a display of personal art rarely exceeded in pictures. Don't miss it. (March)

REBEL, THE—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) heads a revolt. Great scenery. Vilma Banky. Worth seeing. (June)

ROME EXPRESS—Gaumont British-Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

SAILOR BE GOOD—RKO-Radio.—Barrelhouse humor features this appearance of Jack Oakie, as a bibulous gob. (March)

SAILOR'S LUCK—Fox.—Riotous "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

SCARLET RIVER—RKO-Radio.—A so-so "low-down" on filming Westerns with Tom Keene, Dorothy Wilson, Creighton Chaney, Rosco Ates and Ed Kennedy. (March)

SECOND HAND WIFE—Fox.—A slow tempoeed Kathleen Norris tale; Helen Vinson the mercenary wife who tosses hubby Ralph Bellamy to the high-minded secretary, Sally Eilers. (March)

SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE, THE—M-G-M.—Too bad the Madame X theme can't be given a well-earned rest. Jean Parker rather grabs the show from Irene Dunne. (March)

★ **SECRETS**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford flees her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (April)

SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

★ **SHE DONE HIM WRONG**—Paramount.—First-class rough stuff about the gay Nineties on the Bowery, with Mae West, Cary Grant, Noah Beery and others. Not for tender minds. (March)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied.—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (June)



Keystone

The French—they think of everything. The good-hearted souls began to feel sorry for all the people who waited for French trains without anything to do, so they have opened up a picture theater at the railroad station in Paris, or the Gare St.-Lazare, if you want to be ritzy. The cinema house features news reels and shorts and who cares if the trains aren't on time?

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lit'ry." (April)

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warners.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (April)

SO THIS IS AFRICA—Columbia.—Wheeler and Woolsey slip the loud and raucous razzberry to the animal pictures. (March)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

★ **STATE FAIR**—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (April)

STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (May)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

★ **SWEEPINGS**—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (May)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtsman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as drama a bit incredible. (June)

TERROR TRAIL—Universal.—Tom Mix foils a hypocritical leading citizen, some horse thieves, and rescues Naomi Judge in proper Mixonian style. (March)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (May)

★ **TODAY WE LIVE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

★ **TONIGHT IS OURS**—Paramount.—A deftly done bit of Graustarkian adventure and romance, with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. (March)

★ **TOPAZE**—RKO-Radio.—John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslacks life and the slickers. Superb. (April)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (May)

VAMPIRE BAT, THE—Majestic Pictures.—"Dracula" horror stuff that creaks in the telling, although Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray and Melvyn Douglas lend considerable interest. (March)

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (April)

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (April)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable.—Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (May)

★ **WHISTLING IN THE DARK**—M-G-M.—Ernest Truex and Una Merkel are a riot in a tale about a crime writer made to invent a perfect crime for use by his captors. (March)

★ **WHITE SISTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount.—Co-operative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (April)

WOMEN WON'T TELL—Chesterfield.—An abandoned child found on a city dump grows up into a great tennis star; rubber stamp plot thereafter. (March)

★ **WORKING MAN, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (June)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)

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"Is It True You Are Not Getting a Divorce?"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Meetings of the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences were called. Mass meetings were held at Pickfair.

It was finally voted, after the Four Marx Brothers had been thrown out for the third time, that Jimmy Cagney should land Lilly a sock on the jaw that would end her scandal snooping forever.

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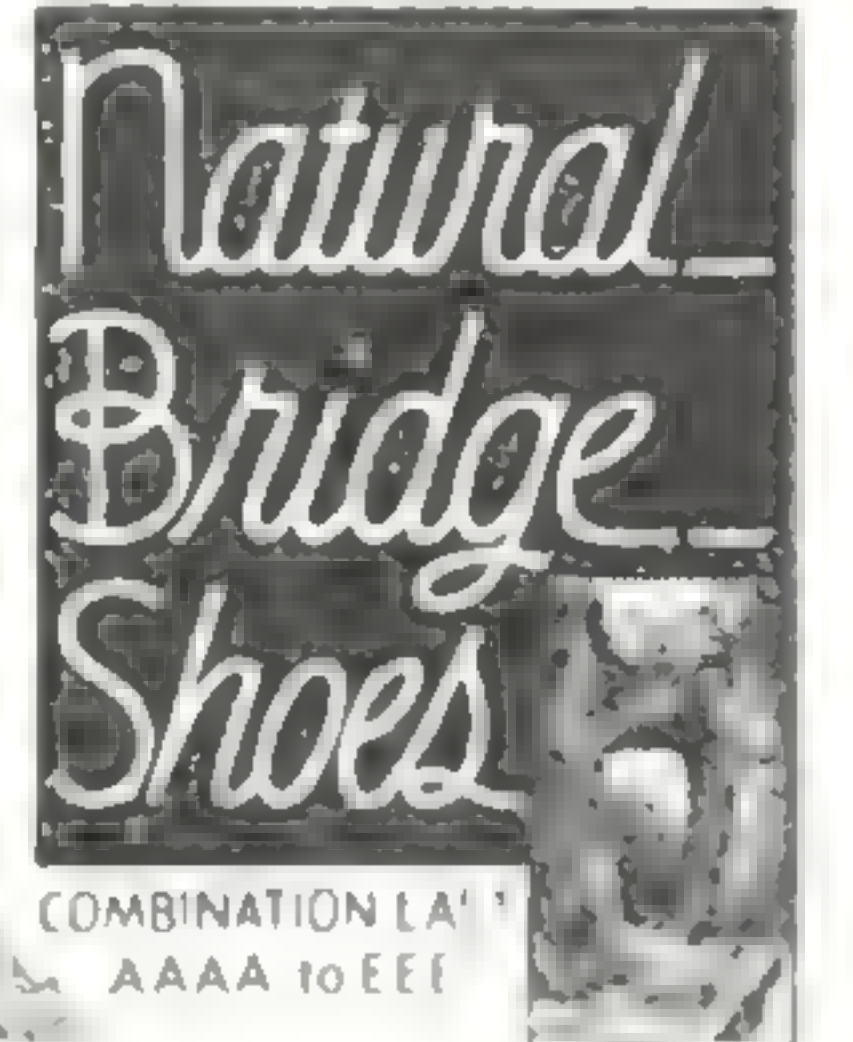
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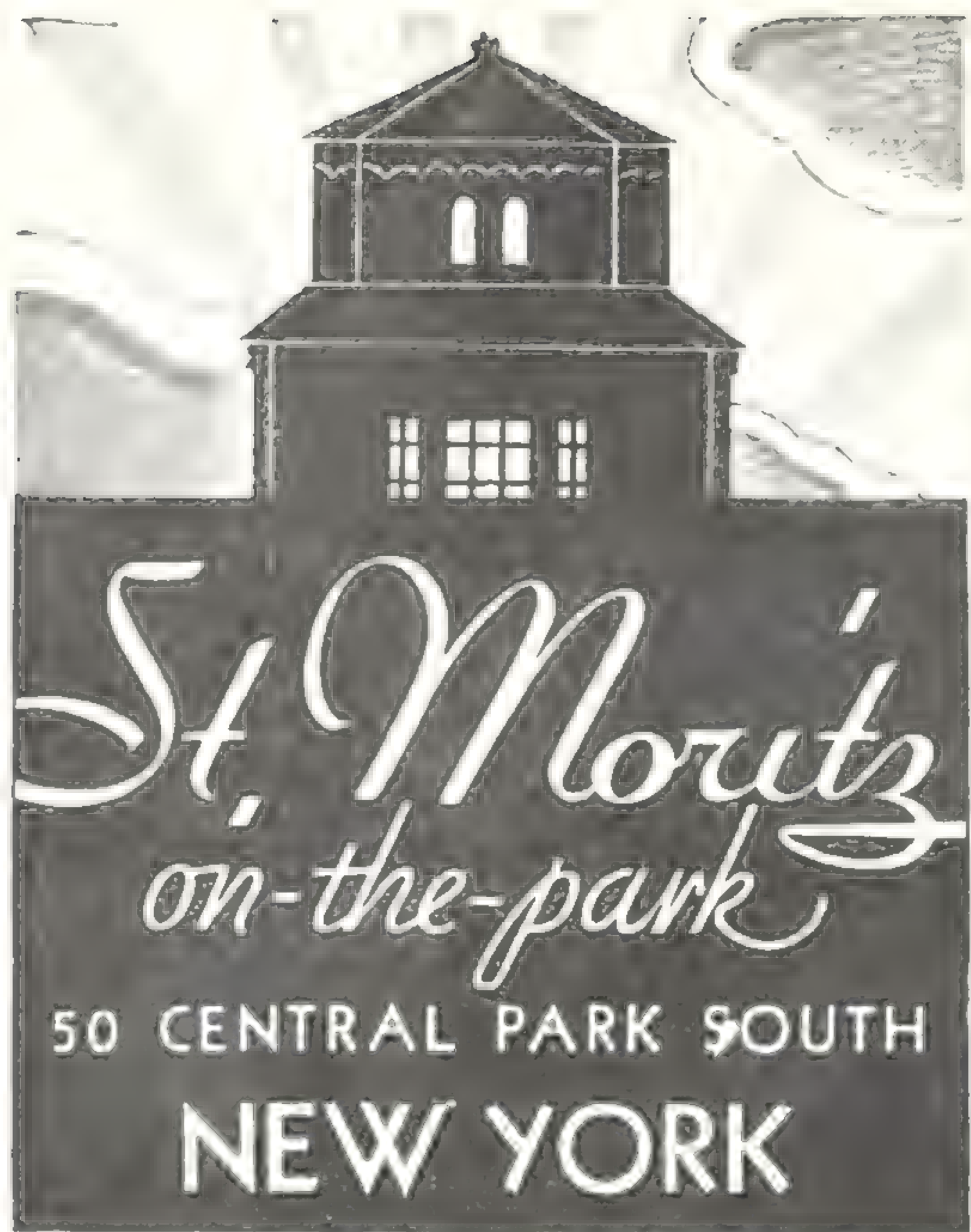


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Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne	Miriam Hopkins
Adrienne Ames	Roscoe Karns
Lona Andre	Jack La Rue
Richard Arlen	Charles Laughton
George Barbier	John Davis Lodge
Richard Bennett	Carole Lombard
Mary Boland	Barton MacLane
Grace Bradley	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Sari Maritza
Kathleen Burke	Herbert Marshall
Burns and Allen	Jack Oakie
Maurice Chevalier	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Mari Colman	Lyda Roberti
Gary Cooper	Charlie Ruggles
Ricardo Cortez	Randolph Scott
Buster Crabbe	Sylvia Sidney
Bing Crosby	Alison Skipworth
Marlene Dietrich	Sir Guy Standing
Patricia Farley	Kent Taylor
Wynne Gibson	Jerry Tucker
Carv Grant	Helen Twelvetrees
Shirley Grev	Mae West
William Harrigan	Dorothea Wieck
Verna Hillie	

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel	Alan Livingston
Frank Atkinson	Boots Mallory
Warner Baxter	Philip Merivale
Joan Bennett	Jose Mojica
John Boles	Ralph Morgan
Clara Bow	Herbert Mundin
El Brendel	George O'Brien
Henrietta Crosman	Una O'Connor
James Dunn	Kane Richmond
Sally Eilers	Will Rogers
Norman Foster	Charles (Buddy) Rogers
Henry Garat	Raul Roulien
Janet Gaynor	Harvey Stephens
Lilian Harvey	Merle Tottenham
Miriam Jordan	Spencer Tracy
Victor Jory	Claire Trevor
Howard Lally	June Vladek
Elissa Landi	Harry Woods
Wm. Lawrence	

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Constance Bennett	Tom Keene
Bill Boyd	Edgar Kennedy
Bruce Cabot	Francis Lederer
Joseph Cawthorn	Eric Linden
Chic Chandler	Anita Louise
Dolores Del Rio	Helen Mack
Richard Dix	Mary Mason
Irene Dunne	Joel McCrea
Betty Furness	Gregory Ratoff
William Gargan	Ginger Rogers
Hale Hamilton	Bert Wheeler
Ann Harding	Dorothy Wilson
Katharine Hepburn	Gretchen Wilson
Dorothy Jordan	Robert Woolsey
Arline Judge	

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor	Al Jolson
Charles Chaplin	Mary Pickford
Ronald Colman	Gloria Swanson
Douglas Fairbanks	

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly	Adolphe Menjou
Donald Cook	Toshia Mori
Richard Cromwell	Jessie Ralph
Jack Holt	Dorothy Tree
Tim McCoy	Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Lillian Moore
Billy Gilbert	Our Gang
Oliver Hardy	ZaSu Pitts
Stan Laurel	Thelma Todd
Dorothy Layton	

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander	Jean Howard
Elizabeth Allan	Benita Hume
Nils Asther	Walter Huston
Ethel Barrymore	Anthony Jowitt
John Barrymore	Muriel Kirkland
Lionel Barrymore	Otto Kruger
Wallace Beery	Myrna Loy
Alice Brady	Ben Lyon
Charles Butterworth	Jeanette MacDonald
Mary Carlisle	Margaret McConnell
Virginia Cherrill	Una Merkel
Mae Clarke	John Miljan
Jackie Cooper	Robert Montgomery
Joan Crawford	Frank Morgan
Marion Davies	Karen Morley
Marie Dressler	David Newell
Jimmy Durante	Ramon Novarro
Nelson Eddy	Maureen O'Sullivan
Stuart Erwin	Jean Parker
Madge Evans	May Robson
Muriel Evans	Ruth Selwyn
Clark Gable	Norma Shearer
Greta Garbo	Martha Sleeper
C. Henry Gordon	Lewis Stone
Lawrence Grant	Franchot Tone
William Haines	Lee Tracy
Louise Closser Hale	Ernest Truex
Jean Harlow	Johnny Weissmuller
Helen Hayes	Diana Wynyard
Jean Hersholt	Robert Young
Phillips Holmes	

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vince Barnett	June Knight
Tom Brown	Paul Lukas
Andy Devine	Ken Maynard
Buck Jones	Gloria Stuart
Karloff	Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright	Alice Jans
Loretta Andrews	Allen Jenkins
George Arliss	Ruby Keeler
Richard Barthelmess	Guy Kibbee
Joan Blondell	Lorena Layson
George Brent	Margaret Lindsay
Joe E. Brown	Aline MacMahon
Lynn Browning	Helen Mann
James Cagney	Frank McHugh
Maxine Cantway	Paul Muni
Ruth Chatterton	Theodore Newton
Bebe Daniels	Dick Powell
Bette Davis	William Powell
Claire Dodd	Edward G. Robinson
Ruth Donnelly	Barbara Rogers
Ann Dvorak	Jayne Shaddock
Patricia Ellis	Barbara Stanwyck
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Lyle Talbot
Glenda Farrell	Sheila Terry
Preston Foster	Helen Vinson
Kay Francis	Renee Whitney
Geraine Gear	Warren William
Eleanor Holm	Pat Wing
Ann Hovey	Loretta Young
Harold Huber	

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

A Pipe Is His Scepter

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

I decided I'd make my gorilla picture anyway—and make it right here. After Edgar Wallace and I got together a few times, the gorilla outgrew even the rest of those monsters and became *Kong*."

That's how the most thrilling freak that ever came out of Hollywood reached the screen.

Cooper remains as unlike the typical studio big shot as chalk is unlike cheese.

THE "I" so conspicuous in the conversations of many others is absent from Cooper's vocabulary. In everything he has ever done he gives the bulk of the credit to somebody else.

He does not visualize himself as a movie Mussolini.

"I don't know why they picked on me to run things," is the way he puts it. "I guess they were just hard up for somebody and had to take a chance on me. But it's fun to be in the spot where you make the wheels go 'round."

Cooper, even though he never talks about it, has always made the wheels go 'round. He will tell you how Schoedsack, his partner on their jungle pictures, stood in a pit in Siam and ground away at his camera while that avalanche of elephants charged over his head; but he won't tell you that he himself ground away at another camera, smack in front of those pounding pachyderms, without the protection of a pit.

"Schoedsack was by far the better cameraman of the two of us," he said, "so usually he worked the camera while I worked the gun." He doesn't add that it would have been just too bad for the both of them if the man with the gun had ever failed.

He speaks of all his adventures, of all his pictures—including "King Kong"—much as a schoolboy recounts his escapades. There is no boasting or bombast; just a shy grin on his bronzed face as though he was still wondering how he ever got away with it. Particularly is this true of "Chang," where the charge of those elephants had an amusing, if embarrassing aftermath.

It seems that after he and Schoedsack had built the corral, they gathered up all the huge beasts they could find, interspersing tame ones among the captured wild ones, and then, for the purposes of the picture, turned the whole horde loose.

"WHEN we got through there were elephants scattered all over Siam," he grinned, "and what they did to the countryside was plenty. It took the natives weeks to round them up again—and they were plenty mad at us."

Throughout all their expeditions, Cooper and Schoedsack never suffered any hurt and rarely lost a man. Their preparations were made with the infinite care which alone insured safety and success. Of course, Cooper explains accidents will happen. Such as the time when a part of their safari got it the way of an ordinarily peaceable hippo; or when some of the wandering tribesmen in "Grass," swimming their horses across the river with inflated goat skins for water-wings, were swept away and drowned.

"Grass" was not in any sense a staged picture," Cooper remarked. "The migration of the tribes in search of food occurs every year, and we were able to photograph it. While we were doing so, Schoedsack and I always slept on the bare ground with only a couple of blankets and a piece of canvas to cover us. We were always in the best possible physical trim.

"But now," he added disgustedly, "every time I get in a draft in this office I get the 'flu."



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Which shows you pretty accurately Mr. Cooper's unique viewpoint about Hollywood in general and about himself as a studio big shot in particular.

Except as a means of making pictures Merian C. Cooper cares nothing about money.

The accumulation of wealth, as typified by Hollywood's golden bathtubs, is in his opinion just as futile as going to Hollywood parties. He wastes no effort on either.

HIS motion picture career actually began when his naval career ended, although some years passed before he got his hands on a camera or enough money to carry out the idea. In his graduating year at Annapolis, while on his last foreign cruise as a midshipman, he went ashore skylarking.

On the one leave he gathered enough demerits to set him down.

Thus the United States Navy deprived itself of an outstanding admiral. Somehow you feel, though, that even as an admiral he would prefer that old brown hat and coat to the usual cargo of gold braid.

After leaving Annapolis by request, he wandered among the cities of America as an itinerant newspaperman, and finally drifted down to North Carolina to try writing. A travel magazine then told him he could accompany a private movie expedition if he wanted to act as the magazine's correspondent and was willing to work his way. He did, and was.

It is quite characteristic of Cooper that while sketching this phase of his life, he quite "forgot" to mention that during the war he was commander of an air squadron and an American ace.

The expedition with which he went out took off aboard an old sailing yacht for Singapore, the East Indies, Suez and the East coast of Africa.

Shortly after their arrival at Nairobi, the lion-hunting base, the cameraman quit. Schoedsack was sent out to replace him, and that is how he and Cooper first met.

While on this expedition the things they saw being done wrong gave them an idea of things they could do right.

When their current job was washed up, they started out together with a camera, a gun and two blankets apiece—wandering over the greater part of Asia looking for something to shoot. The immediate result was "Grass," which took audiences all over the world by storm.

"JUST the same," said Cooper, "I have never yet done anything I've been satisfied with. Somehow, I always felt fed up with what I was doing, and when I had finished I knew I had missed."

"That goes even for 'King Kong,' which was like doing laboratory work compared with making pictures in the field; and I hope that I always feel that way. Whenever I come to the place where I'm satisfied with what I've done, I'll know automatically that I'm through."

Beside his desk stands a plain geography globe. To him that globe is the crystal ball of his existence, the focusing point of all his thoughts.

Put your finger anywhere on it and the odds are that he has been there. More, the odds are that he will go back.

"Yes, I hope to start out again some day," he will say quietly, dreamily, that far-away look accentuated in his eyes. "I should hate to think that the fun's all over."

And he will. It's in the cards that sooner or later he will get out his pith helmet and spine pad, squint down the barrel of his rifle, wipe off the lens of his camera, and be on his way.

And his voice will be jubilant again as he cries the magic word:

"Hejii!"

Which, in the language of those who remain behind, means safari, outfit, caravan.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

WARTIME grimness did not prevent us, in July, 1918, from showing how Charlie Chaplin could fill the gap caused by the death of his "villain," Eric Campbell, in an automobile accident. Someone had suggested William Jennings Bryan as substitute—so with a retoucher's aid, we showed how this would work.

Charlie, meantime, had just gone speechless, while he, Mary Pickford and Doug, Sr. were touring the country selling liberty bonds. And to complete our record on Charlie for the month we reviewed "A Dog's Life" and said, "Mr. Chaplin is the one buffoon in pictures who imparts into his most hilarious moments recognizable human emotions." Was that recognition of genius, or what?

Wartime psychology had trapped Wally Reid into a funny one. During a Red Cross benefit, he auctioned off a fine dog snatched from the audience—only to find that he had



Charlie Chaplin

sold his own birthday present to Mrs. Reid! For a sadder note, we recorded the death of Mary Maurice, long famous as Vitagraph's "screen mother."

Among newcomers, we told an eager world that Mary Miles Minter was "sweet sixteen" on April Fool's Day last, while Paramount was promising a new star, not yet sixteen: Lila Lee, known as "Cuddles." Tallulah Bankhead was a candidate for screen stardom, and Texas Guinan, erstwhile of Westerns, was

doing a Broadway girl in "The Love Brokers."

Polly Moran, Mack Sennett "sheriff girl," had obtained a divorce, and for lighter reading we explained Bill Hart's tricky way of lighting matches. The perennial "best dressed woman" argument lay between Elsie Ferguson and Alla Nazimova at the time.

Of stars at the peak, we had stories on Sessue Hayakawa, Louise Glaum, Alice Brady, Louise Huff, Pauline Starke. Cover: Doris Kenyon.

10 Years Ago

SOME handy milestones of movie history found their way into our issue of July, 1923. In speaking of Mary Pickford, we said it was then fourteen years since she had entered movies—and her entrance came just fifteen years after the movie had been invented. To complete the parallel, Mary was born in the same year that Edison invented the first successful projecting device, the peephole kinoscope.

Although a spring release, "The Covered Wagon" was still commanding national attention. In this issue we told why J. Warren Kerrigan made his "comeback" in it, after a long absence from the screen. He had been away, to be with his invalid mother; and she had died. Lois Wilson of the same film was, we took pleasure in reporting, one woman to whom all Hollywood pointed proudly in refutation of claims that movie people couldn't live normal, fine lives.

Another current sensation was Harold



J. Warren Kerrigan

Lloyd's "Safety Last"—and we told how those hair-raising skyscraper shots had been obtained. Harold had built part of a skyscraper on the roof of a real one—and if he had fallen, he would have hit the roof two stories down, instead of the far distant street. Camera angles did the rest.

After seeing Griffith's "The White Rose" we hailed a screen newcomer—Neil Hamilton, who got his first chance to show his real ability in that film. Another

"arrival" was Colleen Moore—just signed to a long term contract by First National. Of the established stars, Doug, Sr. was working on "The Thief of Bagdad," Mary on "Rosita," and First National had just bought the rights to Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie." The title rôle was given to Blanche Sweet (this was two years before Garbo had been heard of in America, and five before she played the rôle.) Cover: Pauline Garon.

5 Years Ago

IN July, 1928, the "sex appeal" business had been bruited sufficiently so that our plain duty seemed to lie in throwing scientific light upon the matter. Dr. Louis Bisch, therefore, gave us the psychological "lowdown," while Elinor Glyn laid out complete courses of action under the intriguing title, "How to Get a Man and How to Hold Him."

Jack Gilbert was warming up in the second installment of his life story, dwelling with his start in pictures—as an extra in Inceville Westerns. His first day's job was being a dead miner in a burning mine—and he ruined the take by getting up when the flames had half-consumed his shoes. His first part was a bit with Bill Hart—which led to a real part a year later.

The "news of the month" in casting circles was provided by Samuel Goldwyn. His Ronald Colman-Vilma Banky team was fine, but too expensive; so he was importing Lili Damita for



Joan Crawford

Ronald and Walter Byron for Vilma. Lili averred that gold would not lure her from France, but to play with M. Colman—ah, *zal was somezing!*

A young lady attracting considerable attention these days was ornamental Joan Crawford, of whom fine things were predicted once she got a chance. Of course, the many rumors of a Fairbanks marriage didn't lessen public interest in Joan a bit. Hollywood was interested likewise in Philippe de Lacy, an

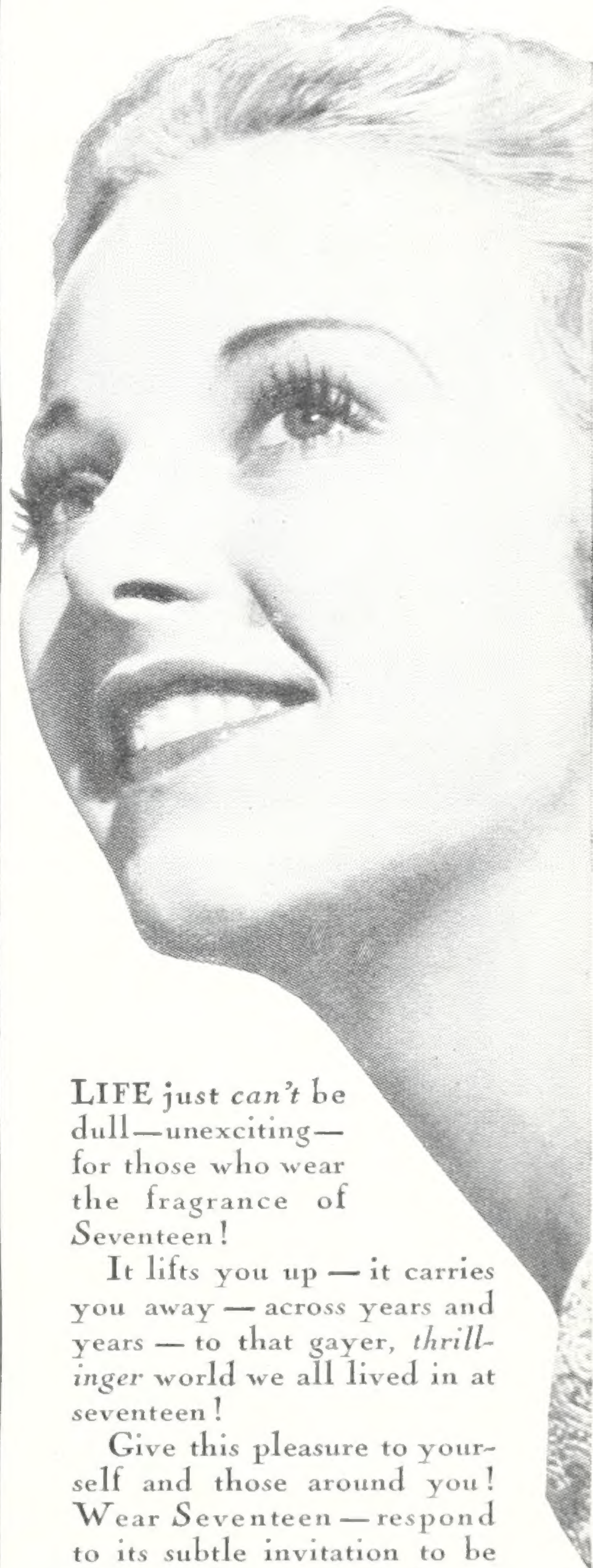
adopted war orphan called "the screen's handsomest boy." He lived in the house occupied by Barbara La Marr before her death, and this was considered something of a jinx.

Richard Dix had just pulled through an attack of appendicitis that all but killed him, and he told us how it felt to expect death. George Currie, head of a noted dramatic school, told at length about training Marion Davies and others. Ruth Taylor had the cover.

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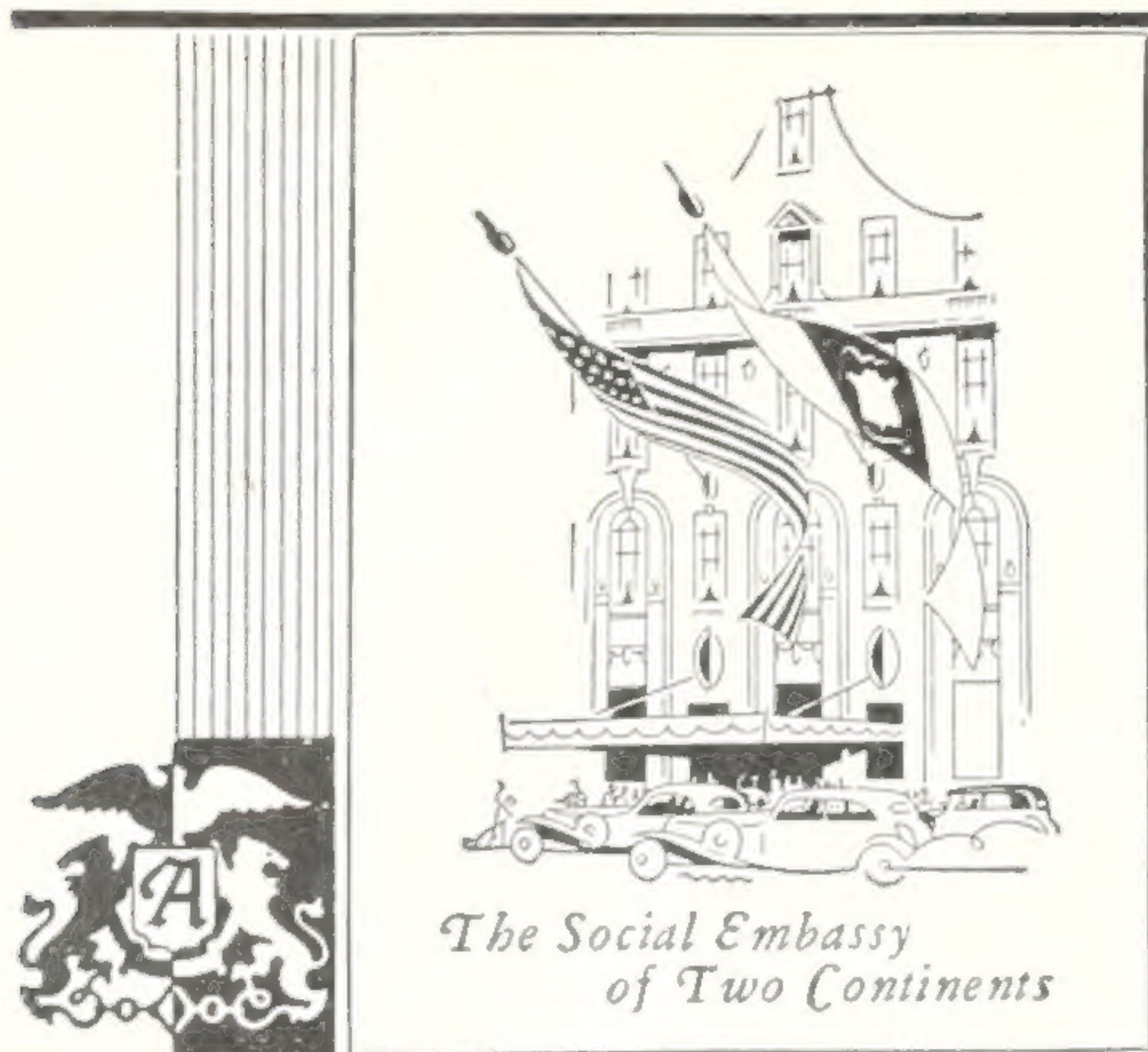
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALIMONY MADNESS"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by John Thomas Neville. Directed by Breezy Eason. The cast: *Joan Armstrong*, Helen Chandler; *John Thurman*, Leon Waycoff; *Joel Mason*, Edward Earle; *Eloise Thurman*, Charlotte Merriam; *Mrs. Van*, Blanche Friderici; *Mary*, Alberta Vaughn.

"BONDAGE"—FOX.—From the novel by Grace Southcote Leake. Screen play by Arthur Kober and Doris Malloy. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Judy Peters*, Dorothy Jordan; *Dr. Nelson*, Alexander Kirkland; *Ruth*, Merle Tottenham; *Irma*, Nydia Westman; *Mrs. Wharton*, Jane Darwell; *Earl Crawford*, Eddie Woods; *Beulah*, Isabel Jewel; *Mazie*, Dorothy Libaire; *Miss Triggs*, Rafaela Ottiano.

"CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Anthony Abbott. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Thatcher Colt*, Adolphe Menjou; *Josie La Tour*, Greta Nissen; *Kelly*, Ruthelma Stevens; *Flandrin*, Dwight Frye; *Sebastian*, Donald Cook; *Dugan*, Harry Holman; *Rainey*, George Rosener.

"CORRUPTION"—WM. BERKE PROD.—From the story by C. Edward Roberts. Directed by C. Edward Roberts. The cast: *Ellen Manning*, Evalyn Knapp; *Tim Buller*, Preston Foster; *Charlie Jasper*, Charles Delaney; *German*, Tully Marshall; *District Attorney*, Huntly Gordon; *Asst. District Attorney*, Lane Chandler; *Regan*, Warner Richmond; *Voikov*, Mischa Auer; *Coroner*, Sidney Bracy; *Police Commissioner*, Jason Robards; *Mae*, Gwen Lee; *Pat*, Kit Guard; *Bud*, Fred Kohler, Jr.; *Tony*, Nick Thompson.

"DIPLOMANIACS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Willy Nilly*, Bert Wheeler; *Hercules Glub*, Robert Woolsey; *Dolores*, Marjorie White; *Fifi*, Phyllis Barry; *Winklereid*, Louis Calhern; *Chinaman*, Hugh Herbert; *Schmerzenpuppen*, William Irving; *Puppen Schmerzen*, Neely Edwards; *Schmerzens Schmerzen*, Billy Bletcher; *Puppenpuppen*, Teddy Hart; *The Captain*, Richard Carle; *The Buller*, Charles Coleman; *Indian Chief*, Edward Cooper; *Peter the Great*, Dewey Robinson.

"EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Monk Saunders. Screen play by Bogart Rogers and Seton I. Miller. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Jeremiah Young*, Fredric March; *Henry Crocker*, Cary Grant; *Mike Richards*, Jack Oakie; *The Beautiful Lady*, Carole Lombard; *Major Dunham*, Sir Guy Standing; *Hogan*, Forrester Harvey; *John Stevens*, Kenneth Howell; *Kingsford*, Leyland Hodgson; *Lady Erskine*, Virginia Hammond; *General*, Crauford Kent; *Tommy*, Douglas Scott; *Major Kruppman*, Robert Manning; *Fanny*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *French General's Aide*, Jacques Jou-Jerville; *Flight Sergeant*, Russell Scott; *French General*, Paul Cremonesi; *Taxi Driver*, Yorke Sherwood.

"EMERGENCY CALL"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by John B. Clymer and James Ewens. Screen play by Houston Branch and Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by Edward Cahn. The cast: *Joe Bradley*, Bill Boyd; *Mabel Weenie*, Wynne Gibson; *Steve Brennan*, William Gargan; *Alice Averill*, Betty Furness; *Sammie Jacobs*, George E. Stone; *Dr. Averill*, Reginald Mason; *Tom Rourke*, Edwin Maxwell; *File Clerk*, Merna Kennedy; *Phone Operators*, Alberta Vaughn, Helen Lynch; *Dr. Mason*, Paul Fix; *Dr. Lenahan*, Cyril Ring; *Night Operator*, Gertrude Sutton; *Dr. Schwartz*, Oscar Apfel; *Dr. Wilson*, Larry Schoebel; *Mildred*, Ruth Fallows; *Head Nurse*, Jane Darwell; *Secretary*, Arthur Hoyt.

"GIRL IN 419, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Jules Furthman. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson, Allen Rivkin and Manuel Seff. Directed by George Somnes and Alexander Hall. The cast: *Dr. Daniel French*, James Dunn; *Mary Dolan*, Gloria Stuart; *Dr. Martin Nichols*, David Manners; *Peter Lawton*, William Harrigan; *Nurse Irene Blaine*, Shirley Grey; *Slug*, Johnny Hines; *Sammy*, Jack LaRue; *Olto Binglehoffer*, Vince Barnett; *Detective Jackson*, James Burke; *Patrolman Rankin*, Hal Price; *Mr. Horton*, Clarence Wilson; *Telephone Operator*, Kitty Kelly; *Lucy*, Gertrude Short; *Mrs. Young*, Effie Ellsler; *Lieut. Riley*, Edward Gargan.

"HELLO SISTER"—FOX.—From the play by Dawn Powell. Screen play by Leonard Spigelgass. The cast: *Jimmy*, James Dunn; *Peggy*, Boots Malory; *Millie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mac*, Terrence Ray; *Mona*, Minna Gombell.

"HIGH GEAR"—GOLDSMITH PROD.—From the screen play by Rex Taylor, Leigh Jason and Charles Saxton. Directed by Leigh Jason. The cast: *"High Gear" Sherrard*, James Murray; *Anne Merrill*, Joan Marsh; *Jimmy Evans*, Jackie Searl; *Jake Cohen*, Eddie Lambert; *Larry Winston*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Mrs. Cohen*, Ann Brody; *Ed Evans*, Mike Donlin; *Howard*, Lee Moran; *Mamie*, Marion Sayers; *Mrs. Willoughby*, Winifred Drew; *Mulligan*, John Sinclair; *Major Edwards*, Gordon DeMain; *Dr. Spalding*, Alvan Cavan; *Smitty*, Wesley Girard; *Percy*, Douglas Haig.

"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Max Miller. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Julie Kirk*, Claudette Colbert; *Joseph Miller*,

Ben Lyon; *Eli Kirk*, Ernest Torrence; *McCoy*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Orlegus*, Maurice Black; *Old Chris*, Harry Beresford; *John Phelps*, Purnell Pratt; *Silva*, George Humbert; *Mrs. Silva*, Rosita Marstini; *Mother Morgan*, Claudia Coleman; *Randall*, Wilfred Lucas.

"I LOVE THAT MAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *"Brains" Stanley*, Edmund Lowe; *Grace Clark*, Nancy Carroll; *Labels*, Lew Cody; *Driller*, Robert Armstrong; *Mousey*, Warren Hymer; *Ethel*, Dorothy Burgess; *Stenographer*, Susan Fleming; *Publisher*, Walter Walker; *Public Stenographer*, Inez Courtney; *Harper*, Harvey Clark; *Dentist*, Grant Mitchell; *Maria*, Belle Mitchell; *Angelo*, Luis Alberni; *Cohen*, Lee Kohlmar; *Abe*, Leon Holmes; *Babe*, Esther Muir.

"INDIA SPEAKS"—RKO-RADIO.—Produced by Walter Futter. Narrative by Richard Halliburton.

"INTERNATIONAL HOUSE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Lou Heifetz and Neil Brant. Screen play by Francis Martin and Walter DeLeon. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Peggy Hopkins Joyce*, Peggy Hopkins Joyce; *Professor Quail*, W. C. Fields; *Tommy Nash*, Stuart Erwin; *Carol Fortescue*, Sari Maritza; *Doctor Burns*, George Burns; *Nurse Allen*, Gracie Allen; *General Petronovich*, Bela Lugosi; *Doclo*, Wong, Edmund Breese; *Sir Mortimer Fortescue*, Lumsden Hare; *Hotel Manager*, Franklin Pangborn; *Herr von Baden*, Harrison Greene; *Serge Borsky*, Henry Sedley; *Inspector Sun*, James Wang; *Newsreel Reporter*, Ernest Wood; *Mr. Rollins*, Edwin Stanley; *Cameraman*, Clem Beauchamp; *Ticket Agent*, Norman Ainslee; *Hotel Clerk*, Louis Vincent; *Chinese Girl—Cigar Counter*, Bo-Ling; *Peggy's Maid*, Etta Lee; *Chorus Queen*, Lona Andre; *Chorus King*, Sterling Holloway. Also Rudy Vallee, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Cab Calloway and his orchestra, Baby Rose Marie.

"KING OF THE ARENA"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Harold Berger and Ray Bouk. Adapted by Alan James. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Firebrand Kenton*, Ken Maynard; *Mary Hiller*, Lucile Browne; *Governor*, John Sainpolis; *Bargoff*, Bob Kortman; *Baron Petroff*, Michael Visaroff; *Colonel Hiller*, James Marcus; *Saunders*, Jack Rockwell; *Tin Star*, Frank Rice; *Jimmy Hiller*, Bobby Nelson; *Rodriguez*, Jack Mower.

"LILLY TURNER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Philip Dunning and George Abbott. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Lilly Turner*, Ruth Chatterton; *Bob*, George Brent; *Dave*, Frank McHugh; *Edna*, Ruth Donnelly; *Doc McGill*, Guy Kibbee; *Rex*, Gordon Westcott; *Mrs. McGill*, Marjorie Gateson; *Sam*, Arthur Vinton; *Fritz*, Robert Barrat; *Dr. Hawley*, Grant Mitchell; *Mrs. Turner*, Margaret Seddon; *Earle*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Mrs. Durkee*, Mayo Methot; *Mrs. Flint*, Katherine Claire Ward; *Mother*, Lucille Ward; *Hazel*, Mae Busch.

"LUCKY DOG"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Zion Myers. Directed by Zion Myers. The cast: *Wilson*, Charles (Chic) Sale; *Buster*, Himself; *Delective*, Tom O'Brien; *Mr. Burke*, Harry Holman; *Mr. Rogers*, Frank Beal; *Knife-grinder*, Hector Sarno; *The New Owner*, Isabelle Carlisle; *Buller*, Jack Fowler; *Cook*, Mary Gordon; *Cafe Owner*, Monte Montague; *Physician*, Broderick O'Farrell.

"MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Lesley Mason. Directed by Mack V. Wright. The cast: *Capt. John Holmes*, John Wayne; *Duke*, Duke; *Dolores*, Ruth Hall; *Felipe*, Luis Alberni; *Don Pablo*, Francis Ford; *Anita Garcia*, Nena Quartaro; *Don Jose*, Lafe McKee; *Don Luis Gonzales*, Donald Reed; *Juanita*, Lillian Leighton; *Jake Morgan*, Charles Whittaker.

"NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK"—M-G-M.—From the story by Chandler Sprague and Howard Emmett Rogers. Adapted by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Joe Stevens*, Lee Tracy; *Dorothy*, Madge Evans; *Dr. Prescott*, Frank Morgan; *Floppy*, Charles Butterworth; *Calhoun*, John Miljan; *Miss Rutherford*, Virginia Cherrill; *Kelly*, David Landau; *Mrs. Mannheim*, Greta Meyer; *Willy*, Herman Bing; *Beaumont*, Samuel Hinds; *Fred*, Sid Saylor.

"PEG O' MY HEART"—M-G-M.—From the play by J. Hartley Manners. Adapted by Jane Murfin. Screen play by Frank R. Adams. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Peg*, Marion Davies; *Jerry*, Onslow Stevens; *Pat*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Ethel*, Juliette Compton; *Mrs. Chichester*, Irene Browne; *Alaric*, Tyrell Davis; *Brent*, Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Brent*, Doris Lloyd; *Innkeeper*, Billy Bevan.

"PILGRIMAGE"—FOX.—From the story by I. A. R. Wylie. Screen play by Philip Klein and Barry Connors. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Hannah Jessop*, Henrietta Crosman; *Suzanne*, Heather Angel; *Jim Jessop*, Norman Foster; *Mary Saunders*, Marian Nixon; *Mayor*, Francis Ford; *Dad Saunders*, Charlie Grapewin; *Janel Prescott*, Betty Blythe; *Mrs. Rogers*, Louise Carter; *Mrs. Simms*, Adele Watson; *Jim Saunders*, Jay Ward; *Nurse*, Frances Rich; *Major Albertson*, Robert Warwick; *Mrs. Worth*,

Hedda Hopper; Gary Worth, Maurice Murphy; Mrs. Hatfield, Lucille LaVerne.

"PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62"—WARNERS.—From the story by Raoul Whitfield. Screen play by Rian James. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: Donald Free; William Powell; Janel, Margaret Lindsay; Amy, Ruth Donnelly; Bandor, Gordon Westcott; Whitley, James Bell; Tracey, Arthur Byron; Mrs. Burns, Natalie Moorhead; The Girl, Sheila Terry; Maid, Theresa Harris; Alice, Renee Whitney; Rose, Ann Hovey; Cab Driver, Irving Bacon; Hogan, Arthur Hohl; Burns, Hobart Cavanaugh.

"REUNION IN VIENNA"—M-G-M.—From the play by Robert E. Sherwood. Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: Rudolf, John Barrymore; Elena, Diana Wynyard; Anton, Frank Morgan; Father Krug, Henry Travers; Frau Lucher, May Robson; Poffy, Eduardo Ciannelli; Ilse, Una Merkel; Kathie, Bodil Rosing; Musician, Bela Loblov; Musician, Morris Nussbaum; Countess Von Stainz, Nella Walker; Count Von Stainz, Herbert Evans.

"SAMARANG"—B. F. ZEIDMAN PROD.—From the story by Lori Bara. Directed by Ward Wing. The cast: The Mother, Mamounah; Her Elder Son, Ahmang; Her Younger Son, Ko-Hai; The Girl, Sai-Yu; Captain of Pearl Schooner, Ariff; The Ourang-Outang, Kimbu.

"SILVER CORD, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the stage play by Sidney Howard. Screen play by Jane Murfin. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Christina Phelps, Irene Dunne; David Phelps, Joel McCrea; Hester, Frances Dee; Robert Phelps, Eric Linden; Mrs. Phelps, Laura Hope Crews; Delia (the Maid), Helen Cromwell.

"SONG OF THE EAGLE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Screen play by Casey Robinson and Willard Mack. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: "Nails" Anderson, Charles Bickford; Bill Hoffman, Richard Arlen; Otto Hoffman, Jean Hersholt; Elsa Krenzmeyer, Mary Brian; Emma Hoffman, Louise Dresser; Mud, Andy Devine; Gus, George E. Stone; Charlie, Gene Morgan.

"STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by William Faulkner. Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Stephen Roberts. The cast: Temple Drake, Miriam Hopkins; Trigger, Jack LaRue; Stephen Benbow, William Gargan; Toddy Gowan, William Collier, Jr.; Lee Goodwin, Irving Pichel; Judge Drake, Sir Guy Standing; Aunt Jennie, Elizabeth Patterson; Ruby, Florence Eldridge; Tommy, the Feeb, James Eagles; Pap, Harlan E. Knight; Van, James Mason; Miss Reba, Jobyna Howland; First Judge, Henry Hall; Lunch Wagon Proprietor, Clarence Sherwood; District Attorney, Oscar Apfel; First Jellybean, Kent Taylor; Second Jellybean, Harold Goodwin; Third Jellybean, Clem Beauchamp; Wharton, Arthur Belasco; Bob, Grady Sutton; Doctor, George Pearce; Minnie, Louise Beavers.

"SUCKER MONEY"—HOLLYWOOD PICTURES.—From the story by Willis Kent. Directed by Mrs. Wallace Reid and Melville Shyer. The cast: Swami Yomurda, Mischa Auer; Clare Walton, Phyllis Barrington; John Walton, Ralph Lewis; Jimmy Reeves, Earl McCarthy; Lukis, Fletcher Norton; Hunter, Al Pridge; Mame, Mae Busch; Ada, Anita Faye; Mr. Meehan, J. Frank Glendon; Princess Karami, Mona Lisa; Harry, Harry Todd; Janitor, Kit Guard.

"SUPERNATURAL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Garnett Weston. Screen play by Harvey Thew and Brian Marlow. Directed by Victor Halperin. The cast: Roma Courtney, Carole Lombard; Paul Bavian, Alan Dinehart; Ruth Rogen, Vivienne Osborne; Grant Wilson, Randolph Scott; Dr. Houston, H. B. Warner; Robert Hammond, William Farnum; Landlady, Beryl Mercer; Warden, Willard Robertson; Max, George Burr McAnnan; John Courtney, Lyman Williams.

"TOMORROW AT SEVEN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Ralph Spence. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: Neil Broderick, Chester Morris; Martha Winters, Vivienne Osborne; Clancy, Frank McHugh; Dugan, Allen Jenkins; Drake, Henry Stephenson; Winters, Grant Mitchell; Simons, Charles Middleton; Marsden, Oscar Apfel; Mrs. Quincy, Virginia Howell; Henderson, Cornelius Keefe; Coroner, Edward LeSaint; Pompey, Gus Robinson.

"WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE"—FOX.—From the play by Julian Thompson. Adapted by Ralph Spence. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: Antiope, Elissa Landi; Hippolyta, Marjorie Rambeau; Sapiens, Ernest Truex; Theseus, David Manners; Pomposia, Helen Ware; Buria, Maude Eburne; Heroica, Claudia Coleman; Sapien's Major, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Pokus, John Sheehan; Homer, Lionel Belmore; Sergeant of the Guards, Helene Madison.

"WORLD GONE MAD, THE"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the story by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Andy Terrell, Pat O'Brien; Carlotta, Evelyn Brent; Lionel Houston, Neil Hamilton; Diane Cromwell, Mary Brian; Christopher Bruno, Louis Calhern; Ramon Salvadore, J. Carrol Naish; Ralph Henderson, Buster Phelps; Graham Gaines, Richard Tucker; Grover Cromwell, John Sainpolis; Evelyn Henderson, Geneva Mitchell; Avery Henderson, Wallis Clark; Osborne, Huntly Gordon; Cohen, Max Davidson; Nichols, Joseph Girard; Baird, Lloyd Ingraham; Susan Bibens, Inez Courtney.

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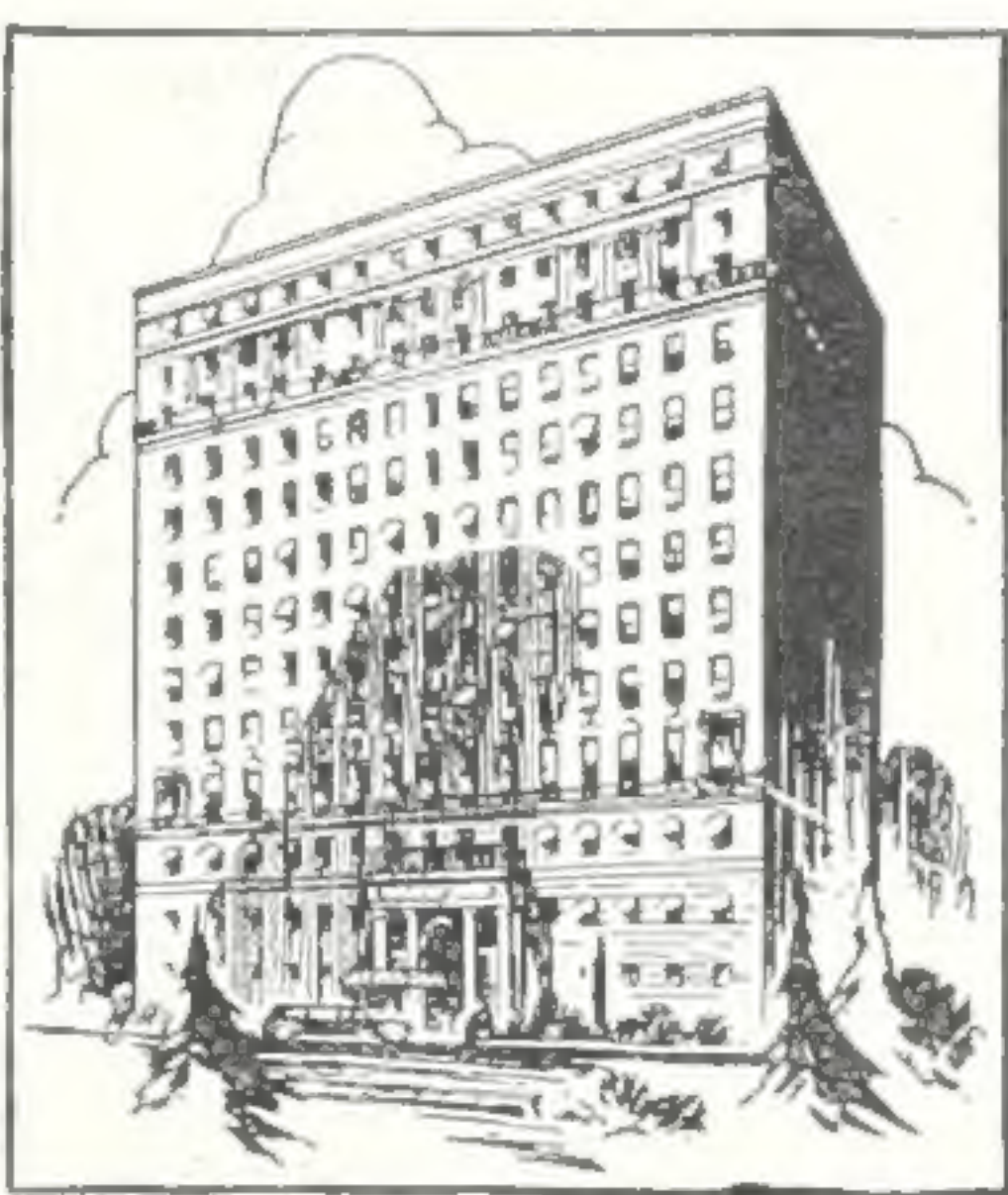
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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]



Lola Lane, recently divorced from Lew Ayres, steps out with Herb Somborn, one of Gloria Swanson's ex-husbands of the dear, dim past. Herb and Lola were snapped at the Cocoanut Grove, where Gloria and Lew may sometimes be seen—but not together, of course. Lola is all smiles

IRENE DUNNE has solved that injuries-from-bicycling problem. After taking five serious spills, she ordered herself a tricycle.

WHEN Dolores Del Rio built her new home several years ago, she included a swimming pool.

She's never been in it, but wears her colorful swimming suits for *sun*-bathing.

JOAN BLONDELL is running right down the chromatic scale, when it comes to hair shades. Has gone from platinum to strawberry pink.

The irrepressible Blondell says she is going to try a lovely plaid effect next, working gradually into a Japanese sunset with curled-noodle bangs.

WHEN Irene Dunne left for her vacation at La Quinta (rival desert resort for Palm Springs), she was wearing a little wash dress which looked like linen and which had cost her exactly \$3.50.

NOW that Loretta Young has transferred her affections to Bruce Cabot and Lew Ayres has allowed his option on Lola Lane to lapse, Herbert Somborn, former husband of Gloria Swanson, and Lola are consoling each other.

JOAN CRAWFORD apparently has given up the thought of disposing of the house in Brentwood that was her home and Douglas'

for practically all of the years they were married.

Probably because the real estate market is so low at the moment, she has decided to keep it and continue to live in it.

And although she had it completely redone inside only a short time ago, she again is having it redecorated, this time outside as well as in.

Which is a natural sort of thing to do, no doubt, because, as it was, it suggested too many memories.

Douglas is expected to go on the stage.

KATHARINE HEPBURN was approached by a magazine-writer, who asked for a description of the traveling dress she wore when she arrived back in Hollywood. The m. w. waited, pencil poised, for a full, detailed description.

"Well," elucidated *la* Hepburn, "It's a sort of a gray flannel or something, with long sleeves and nickel plated gadgets to hold it together. Oh yes. And it has a skirt."

GAIL PATRICK, one of the "Panther Women" prize winners, is a Southern girl.

She electrified the set a few days ago by announcing seriously that she had been invited to run for Governor of Alabama.

And Dick Arlen, the old Paramount George Bernard Shaw, remarked, "You're equipped o. k. physically, Gail—but how are you mentally?"

SALLY EILERS went to Europe without hubby Hoot Gibson. They want to think things over during the separation and decide whether their marriage will continue.

And when she boarded the train, she found that some wag had placed an owl in her drawing room. In hope, I suppose, it would "hoot."

LIONEL BARRYMORE had been wanting a certain painting for years. It was recently offered to him at the extremely low price of \$250. He shook his head. "Too much. And if you don't think \$250 is a lot of money today, just try to borrow it."

MAYBE Janet Gaynor is lonely now that she and Lydell Peck are divorced, but people who sit up late at the dance places are already beginning to remark how Janet, Charles Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, are frequently in the same party.

While she and Lydell were married Janet was rarely seen at night clubs.



Bert Longworth

Oh, grandmother, what big curls you have! But it isn't grandmother, children, nor the wolf. It's George Arliss as *Voltaire*—a serious rôle in a serious drama. When "*Voltaire*" was recently completed, Arliss called it the best movie he had made